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ACTUAL VISITS TO
P & G HOMES *No. 16*

It takes spry suds to keep these two little dirt-catchers spick-and-span

Though it happened six months ago, we still remember the day we met Alice. Such an absurdly charming, altogether engaging midget of an Alice—engrossed at the moment with a long skirt and a much-too-big garden hat!

We happened upon her one day last summer when we were tapping door knockers to discover what the women of an eastern town thought about soap.

"Won't you come in?" asked Alice in her most dignified grown-up voice. "Mother's shopping, but grandmother's here——"

And seated in a shady spot was the nicest kind of grandmother with sparkling blue eyes.

"Laundry soap?" she repeated, when we had explained our mission. "We use P and G Naphtha to keep our two little dirt-catchers clean. Just now, Bobbie was so surprised by Alice in her mother's old finery, that he forgot to watch his feet, and——"

Here Bobbie shyly appeared. And, sure enough, he displayed a big grass stain.

"P and G'll take that out with hardly a rub," said his grandmother cheerfully. "I never saw such spry suds."

"You know," she confided, "Bobbie's wash suits and Alice's posy frocks are so cunning I do them myself. Now that the furnace is out, P and G soaks the dirt free in cold water just as well. We use P and G for dishwashing, too—it's such white soap. We've often wondered why it costs so little."

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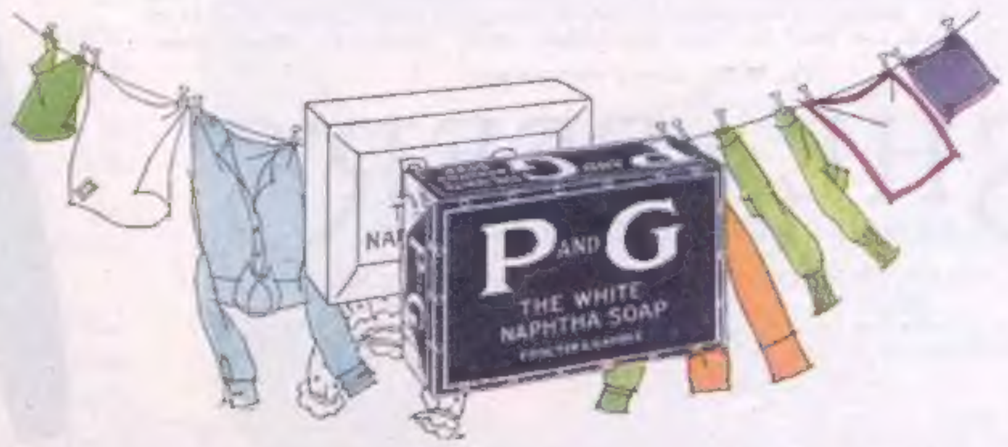

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

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VIGILANTE—By Hoffman Birney

ENTER HENRY PLUMMER

PHOTO. BY L. H. JONES. COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

A Concord Stagecoach of the Pioneer Period in Montana

THE time was January 1, 1862, the place a lonely ranch at the mouth of Little Blackfoot Creek in the Deer Lodge Valley, and Johnny Grant was throwing a party. It was a regular party, too—a ball, the music to be furnished by two fiddles—an instrument which in that region had not yet become acquainted with the more cultured title of violin. Johnny's Indian wife saw to it that the guests were made welcome at the house while her husband took charge of their horses, turning the animals into the corrals and feeding them. With Mrs. Grant was her mother, old squaw Giom'man, and a host of Johnny's other swarthy in-laws, determined that all traditions of Indian hospitality should be upheld and that no one should hunger or thirst.

The ranch on Little Blackfoot was famous throughout the region, for we learn that a sign, painted in tar on a piece of packing box, stood for years at the point where Rattlesnake Creek empties into the Beaverhead River.

TU JONNI GRANTS
ONE HUNRED & TWENTI MYLE

And on the reverse side of the notice travelers could read the legend:

TU GRASS HOP PER DIGINS
30 MYLE
KEPE THE TRALE NEX THE BLUFFE

The identity of the man who placed those early highway markers is unknown. It might well have been old Michaud LeClair, to whom certainly belongs the credit of instituting the earliest traffic-control station in the Northwest Territory. On a bridge he built at the crossing of Smith's Fork of Bear River he placed a warning.

NOTIS

No vehacle draWn by moaR than one animile is alloud to cros this BRidg in oPposite direxions at the sam time

None of those who attended Johnny Grant's party, however, required either directions or introductions. Everybody knew him and he knew every settler between the Missouri River and the Snake. There were no invitations. Such social complexities had not yet been introduced. If you could get there you were welcome; and every ranch and isolated mining prospect for miles around was deserted for that New Year's ball.

Bob Dempsey and his wife came from their ranch on Dempsey Creek south of Deer Lodge; James and Granville Stuart were there from Gold Creek, eight miles away, hobnobbing with Henry Thomas—Gold Tom—who, single-handed, was patiently sinking a deep prospect hole in the sands of Benetsee Creek where, ten years earlier, François Finlay—Benetsee—had made the first discovery of gold in the Northwest. Ambrose LeGris came over with his pretty Assiniboine wife. Everybody came—men, women, children, and babies in arms. Charley Allen was among those present, keeping a wary eye on the stalwart Mrs. Dempsey and grinning shamefacedly when his friends jocularly reminded him of his encounter with that lady a few months before.

Charley had been fairly full of tanglefoot and while in that condition had passed the Dempsey woodpile and taken it upon himself to instruct Madam Dempsey as to the proper manner of cutting and stacking the day's supply of kindling. His suggestions were not appreciated. The lady was irritated and, as evidence of her vexation, took what pugilism would identify as a "round-house swing" at her preceptor. Being somewhat determined by nature, she neglected to release her grasp on the ax in her hand at the

time. The fact that Charley was present at the party proved that though she may have had speed, she lacked control. As the ax whistled past his head, Charley made a convulsive grab and got a good grip on the long black hair which, Indian fashion, she wore in two braids falling over her shoulders and across her breast.

The battle that followed has gone down in frontier history as one of the first victories for feminine emancipation and self-assertion. Charley hung on grimly as long as he was able, but the lady employed fists, finger nails and a billet of kindling from the woodpile to such good advantage that Mr. Allen finally emerged completely sobered, both eyes blackened, a tooth gone, and sufficient cuticle missing from his anatomy to prompt his friends to inquire if he had come off second best in an encounter with wild cat or grizzly bear.

PHOTO, BY L. H. JONES. COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

The Earliest Known Photograph of Alder Gulch

Johnny's party was a get-together for the scattered settlers from the various creeks of the Deer Lodge Valley, from Cottonwood, and from Hell Gate, six miles below where Missoula now stands. Only rarely did they all meet at one time, and every dusky spouse was determined to eclipse, as far as finery was concerned, her equally brunet sisters.

Petticoats—and each woman wore five or six in those days of savagery—were three or four yards around, and of the most brilliant calicoes obtainable. Dresses, ruffled from ankle to waist, were of scarlet, bright blue, peacock green and royal purple. Beneath the deep hems of the skirts, ankles were concealed with new leggings of crimson blanket cloth purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company's post at old Fort Connah, and moccasins of soft doeskin decorated with white, blue, yellow and red beads.

All Firearms Parked Outside

HERE and there were women dressed entirely in the leathern garments of their childhood—skirt and blouse of deeply fringed doeskin as soft as silk and of the color of rich cream, ornamented with beads, with the tusks of the bull elk, and with dyed quills of the porcupine arranged in barbaric designs; garments that represented long months of patient labor and that are worth today far more than their weight in coined gold.

Shell necklaces were about brown throats, silver coins and medals gleamed from ribbons twined in black braids, and every cheek was bright with the vermilion rouge dear to the Indian heart.

The men, too, wore their best. New flannel shirts—navy blue was the favorite color—neckties, and buckskin suits scarcely less elaborately decorated than the dresses of the women. In strict conformity with the rigid ethics of frontier etiquette, all pistols, rifles and revolvers were left with their saddles in Johnny Grant's barn.

Picture, if you can, the ranch house on that New Year's night. Great fires blazed on the hearths in each room, fires kindled partially for light, but principally for the heat they threw out, for the thermometer stood at forty degrees below zero and a blizzard raging down from the ten-thousand-foot peaks of the Rockies shrieked and whistled about the low eaves. The red firelight was reflected from the log walls and ceiling and the floor of puncheons—sections of logs squared with ax and adze, and sunk into the earth, their tops as nearly on a level as the skill of the cabin builder or the varying conditions of the frozen ground permitted. Beads and silver gleamed no more brightly than the eyes of the dancers and no Tsigany orchestra ever threw themselves more enthusiastically into their task than did the two fiddle players who occupied an unsteady perch on a plank extended across two up-ended barrels at one end of the room. Naturally, the men present far outnumbered the women, but the resourcefulness of the pioneer easily overcame such minor obstacles to perfect happiness. Certain men were branded by handkerchiefs tied about their right arms and, thus marked, took the place of women in making up the sets.

Alder Gulch Monument, Dedicated Sept. 9, 1938

The courtesy with which these fictitious women were treated was in every way as gallant, even if more extravagantly punctilious, as that accorded their genuine associates on the ladies' side.

"Madam, th' pleasure of yer company to th' banquit!" a brawny miner would exclaim, thrusting a blue-flanneled arm in the general direction of his partner's ribs. And the "lady" would endeavor to assume a properly mincing feminine gait as they proceeded together to the kitchen where platters of antelope, elk and deer meat were flanked by huge stacks of sour-dough biscuits.

Varina, Later Virginia City, Headquarters of the Vigilantes

Waltzes and two-steps were not popular at Johnny Grant's ball. For one thing, they were too selfish. Cutting-in was unknown and no man was entitled to such lengthy uninterrupted possession of a woman.

Furthermore, the puncheon floors were scarcely suitable for the gliding, graceful dances. Now and then a couple essayed a schottish, but the dance most in demand was the old-fashioned quadrille.

The orchestra sawed away industriously, the fiddles squeaked and wailed, and there was no lack of strong-lunged volunteers to call the figures:

"Swing your partners, swing 'em round;
Swing that lady clear of th' ground!"

Or:

"Ladies change! Now balance all;
Gents to th' center, then back to th' wall!"

On the other side of the heavy log walls the blizzard raged with no hint of cessation. The snow drifted around the corners of the house and banked deep against the tiny, deep-set windows. But no storm that ever howled its way out of the mountains could dampen the enthusiasm of a Western ball.

The Beginnings of Our Social Whirl

THEY danced the night away, and at daybreak—a watery, discouraged dawn that struggled to make itself perceptible through the driving snow—Johnny Grant stuck his head through the doorway and made a hasty analysis of weather conditions.

"She's snowin' bull yearlin's, horns foremost!" he announced. "We'll be lucky if we find our way to th' corral to feed th' stock. There's no use anybody even thinkin' 'bout leavin'!"

There were no protests. Every man and woman there knew the power of the blizzard. Buffalo robes and blankets were thrown on the floors of the several rooms of the ranch house and the entire company stretched out in their clothes and slept until the early afternoon. Johnny's wife, with the other women to assist her, prepared a dinner, and after the meal the dance was resumed and continued, except for a pause for supper, until another dawn.

With the second sun the snow ceased and the wind died away. The visitors bundled themselves into their heavy coats and furs, and mounted their horses to break a path through the deep drifts to their lonely cabins. Tired?

Of course; but supremely happy. Such pleasures were rare indeed, and Johnny Grant's New Year's ball would afford conversation for many months to come among the scattered population of Deer Lodge Valley.

Those who were present at this party were among the earliest settlers of Montana. Their occupation of the region antedated by several years the discovery of gold on Grasshopper Creek and in Alder Gulch. It was at Hell Gate that the first lawsuit ever held in the country was conducted, early in 1862. Barney O'Keefe was the defendant in a suit instituted by one Tincup Joe, who claimed that O'Keefe had injured one of his horses so seriously that the animal died. Barney, who was known from the Bitter Roots to Wind River as "the Baron," conducted his own defense.

"Those horses of Joe's," he told the court heatedly, "have been runnin' wild all over my place. Half a dozen times they've broke down the fences I've put up around my haystacks. I need that hay for my own stock, and I told Joe so and gave him fair warning that he'd have to keep his critters where they belonged."

The Defendant's Forceful Argument

THE plaintiff in the case was represented by counsel, one Frank Woody, who promptly rose to reply. Mr. Woody sketched, very lightly, the conditions under which they were all living, the unavoidable hardships of frontier existence and the necessity for neighborly coöperation. In warming up to his peroration he dropped some philosophic comments on what constituted good citizenship in such an isolated community. The remarks were taken personally by the doughty Baron. He leaped to his feet and shouted down the opposition.

"Who are you, anyway?" he demanded of the prosecutor. "What kind of a court is this here supposed to be?"

The court, in the person of Henry Brooks, interposed an objection to the interruption and drew the fire upon himself.

"Shut your mouth and keep it shut, you old faker!" shouted the Irishman. "Who told you you were a judge, Hank Brooks? What do you know about law? I know you! You're nothin' but a squaw man. You've got two squaws up at your place right now, and the only business you know anything about is populating the country with a herd of half-breed kids! Why, you old ——"

At this point the Baron waxed personal, and Bob Pelkey, who had been appointed constable, endeavored to suppress him.

"You ain't a bit better!" roared O'Keefe, and swung his fist to Bob's nose.

In an instant the improvised courtroom assumed a resemblance to the last meeting of Bret Harte's immortal natural-history society upon the Stanislaus. Everybody took sides, and those few who had no particular sympathies jumped in on general principles. When the tumult and the shouting died, the Baron, somewhat disheveled, still occupied the center of the stage, announcing loudly that "no Frenchman's horses can tear down my stacks without my doin' somethin' about it!"

Finally the court reconvened, the remaining evidence was submitted, and the case given to the jury. This body found a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, and Baron Barney O'Keefe was ordered to pay Tincup Joe the sum of forty dollars. And much to the astonishment of all who knew him, the fiery Irishman paid the judgment.

A second trial, more grave in its nature, was held on August 26, 1862, in the little town that had sprung up at American Fork, a settlement that by this time had become known as Gold Creek.

Several weeks earlier three strangers had ridden into the valley from the south. They were mounted on good horses and were driving three others ahead of them, but had little in the way of camping outfit. Their names, they told the miners and ranchers, were William Arnett, B. F. Jermagin, and C. W. Spillman, and they spent a week looking over the town. Arnett was never abroad without a navy revolver swinging conspicuously at his side, and he allowed everyone to see clearly that he considered himself a bad man. The other two followed his lead, but somewhat less assertively.

On August twenty-fifth the three set up in business as bankers—a monte bank—with a capital of two hundred dollars. James Stuart broke it, and them, in twenty minutes and the trio retired temporarily from the field of finance. Stuart left the saloon in which the game had been held and returned to his cabin, where, later in the day, he was accosted by two heavily armed strangers.

"My name's Bull," one of the men announced, "and my partner here is Mr. Fox. We're from Elk City—down in the Clearwaters—and we're trailin' some fellows who run off a bunch of hosses from there."

He proceeded to describe Arnett and Spillman and, on learning that they were present in the settlement, asked if he and Fox could count upon the coöperation of the citizens of the town in making the arrest.

"Sure you can!" Stuart assured him.

Spillman was in Worden & Company's store when the men from Elk City, guided by Stuart, entered. Bull carried a double-barreled shotgun across his arm and wore the usual navy revolver at his side. He swung the twin muzzles of the ten-gauge on Spillman, who promptly threw both hands high in the air.

Henry Edgar, One of Alder Gulch's Discoverers. In Oval—Joseph A. Slade's Cabin on the Madison, Such a Log House as That in Which the Story Opens

He was left in the store in charge of a volunteer guard, and the man hunters continued their search.

Arnett and Jermagin had recapitalized and had opened their monte game again in a saloon a short distance from the store. Jermagin sat in the lookout's chair and Arnett was dealing, an unsheathed revolver lying in his lap. He placed the deck on the table and picked up his cards just as Bull and Fox stepped through the wide-open door. "Throw up your hands!"

Arnett, with a curse, snatched at the weapon in his lap, but the man from Elk City was taking no chances. Before the gambler could raise his revolver, Bull's shotgun roared. The twelve buckshot with which it was loaded struck Arnett full in the breast, toppling him over backward in his chair. He was dead when he struck the floor.

A Frontier Burial

FOX, in the meantime, was devoting his attention to Jermagin, but the lookout made no resistance. Deserting his chair, he ran to a corner of the room, where he stood, his hands above his head.

"Don't shoot, boys—don't shoot!" he cried. "I give up!"

His wrists and ankles were tied and, with Spillman, he was placed under guard until morning.

"I reckon the first thing to do," Bull suggested to the men of the town the next day, "is to bury Arnett."

A hole of sufficient depth was dug in the bottom land below the settlement and the party returned to the shed where the dead man lay. In Arnett's left hand were the cards he had just completed dealing when the man hunters entered. His right was closed about the butt of his revolver. One of the party stooped and endeavored to remove the pasteboards from the stiffened fingers. Failing, he grasped the pistol by the muzzle and strove to release it from the dead man's hand.

(Continued on Page 86)

PHOTOS. BY L. H. JONES. COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

Bannack, First Territorial Capital and One of the Earliest Boom Camps of Montana

MONEY AND THE MARKET

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

A GREAT boom in stocks, such as the country has witnessed for most of the past several years, touches and affects the economic life of the people at many points. It rules the personal fortunes of countless individuals. It influences cities and sections. It concerns thousands of business enterprises. It bears upon or is borne upon by the whole course of trade and industry, and finally it is tied up closely with money, or rather credit, and the essentials of banking conduct and policy.

Strangely enough, it is from this last angle that the unprecedented stock market of recent years has been most heatedly discussed. There is the keenest interest in its relation to the credit structure of the country. The extent of brokers' loans, the rates charged for them, the fact that parties other than banks have been making them, and the policy of the Federal Reserve toward the absorption of credit by the stock market through the medium of brokers' loans—topics such as these have brought forth a prodigious and interminable volume of explanation and argument.

If you ask the question of why interest is so keen in these seemingly abstract or at least dull and impersonal subjects, no ready answer will be forthcoming. It is apparent that people have absorbed a deal of economic education in recent years. A new banking system was started just before the war, and we all had unusual opportunities to watch its workings and progress. People in general are far more familiar with banks and their operations than was the case fifteen or twenty years ago. This whole group of subjects does not repel the average man as it once did.

Yet I doubt if there is any other field in which ignorance, prejudice, partisanship, self-interest and greed run so rampant. It is easy, too, for the most honest to become lost in a fog. It is a grave responsibility to set forth deliberately, and in anything more than the merest outline, the relations which exist between stock market and credit.

But let us address ourselves at the start to the two opposing ideas or schools of thought which prevail. It does not require a graduate course in economics or a long career in finance instinctively to accept one and reject the other. People seem almost to have natural leanings one way or the other. Moreover, each of the two ideas may be expressed in very simple language.

Heeding the Call of Call Money

ACCORDING to the one view, the speculation which goes on in a very active stock market absorbs funds, or rather credit, which might better be employed in other or legitimate business. Wall Street speculation, as everyone knows by now, is made possible largely through borrowed money, known as the brokers' loan account, and most brokers' loans are made on demand or call. But this call money, as it is termed, comes from all parts of the country. It is sucked into Wall Street by the demand of the speculators, according to the view I am now setting forth, and thus deprives agriculture and trade of needed funds. The Federal Reserve Board or the Federal Reserve banks should find some way to prevent credit from being drawn into Wall Street speculation and gambling, so it is asserted, and if they cannot do so then Congress should pass new laws to that end.

According to the opposing view, brokers' loans are not only unusually safe for those who make them but represent a necessary and legitimate financial function. It is regarded as outrageous, according to the bolder and more extreme advocates of this view, that those who buy stocks on margin should be obliged to pay such high rates for accommodation as have prevailed since the spring of 1928 and up to the time of this writing, early in January, 1929.

Those who hold rather more moderately to the Wall Street point of view argue that no excessive speculation liquidates itself more quickly and automatically than an over-ballooned stock market. As compared with land or commodities, it is almost a safety valve. Neither Congress nor any other outside body can substitute its judgment or action for the laws of economics which operate in the long run. If by any chance the stock market uses up too much credit and goes to dangerous heights, the cure will always be found in declining prices. The distribution of stocks is a legitimate part of the financial operations of the country, and brokers' loans can be expected to increase, just as have other component parts of business.

In barest outline these are the two conflicting ideas on the subject. Let us look at them a little more closely. Now the first of these viewpoints is most often expressed by senators and congressmen, although plenty of other people hold similar opinions. Perhaps the most detailed program of remedial legislation urged by anyone who has given the subject careful study is that of Senator Brookhart of Iowa. His suggestions are not to be dismissed by any contemptuous reference to radicalism. The evils of excessive stock speculation are very great and the relations of that speculation to credit facilities are very complex. The views of a senator from a great producing state are, therefore, important.

Senator Brookhart declares that of the $900,000,000 of bank deposits in his state, $500,000,000 are actually on call in the New York stock market. He suggests that the banking laws be so amended that the member banks of the Federal Reserve System be forbidden to make loans for speculative purposes. He feels that it is a logical step to forbid member banks in the system to make loans which the system itself cannot make. He believes also that through the Interstate Commerce or other Federal laws nonmember banks and corporations could be forbidden to make such loans, and that even the Canadian banks could be kept from doing it.

But he recognizes that even these extraordinary and drastic prohibitory laws, as they must seem to many people, would not do the trick unless a new banking system were set up. He advocates the creation of a coöperative banking system, based upon the existing intermediate credit banks, and patterned somewhat after the English coöperative banks. These would, of course, be limited by law to the type of banking deemed wise and legitimate.

"Then perhaps they might lend our own money to us at 5 per cent," he said in a recent conversation with the writer, "instead of sending it to Wall Street at 7 or 8 per cent. There are getting to be two classes of business in this country—legitimate and gambling—and gambling is coming to rule us all."

It will be recalled that violent discussion followed the introduction last spring of a resolution by Senator Robert M. La Follette expressing the "sense of the Senate that the Federal Reserve Board should immediately take steps to restrict the further expansion of loans by member banks for speculative purposes." In recent conversation, Senator La Follette declared that he fully realizes the delicacy of the subject. He deprecates the idea of hasty action or of inflammatory speeches, but he added:

"After all, the Government has some responsibility for credit. I don't blame the banks for lending on call, but if the stock market cannot put its own house in order, some outside force will have to take action. The market may be able to adjust itself; I am not sure. But if it does not, it is likely to do real injury to the country."

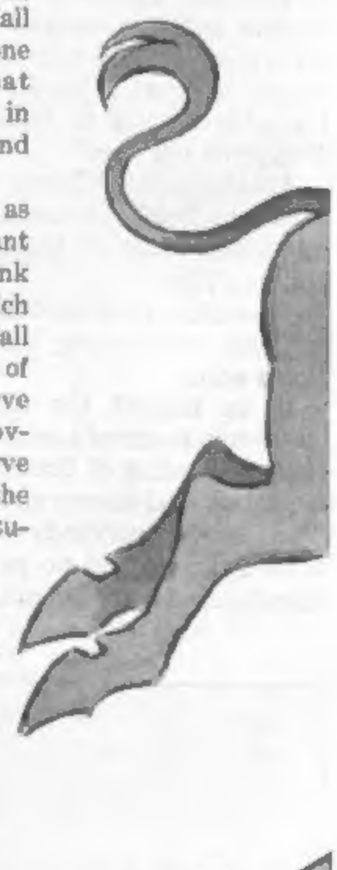
A Problem for Solomon

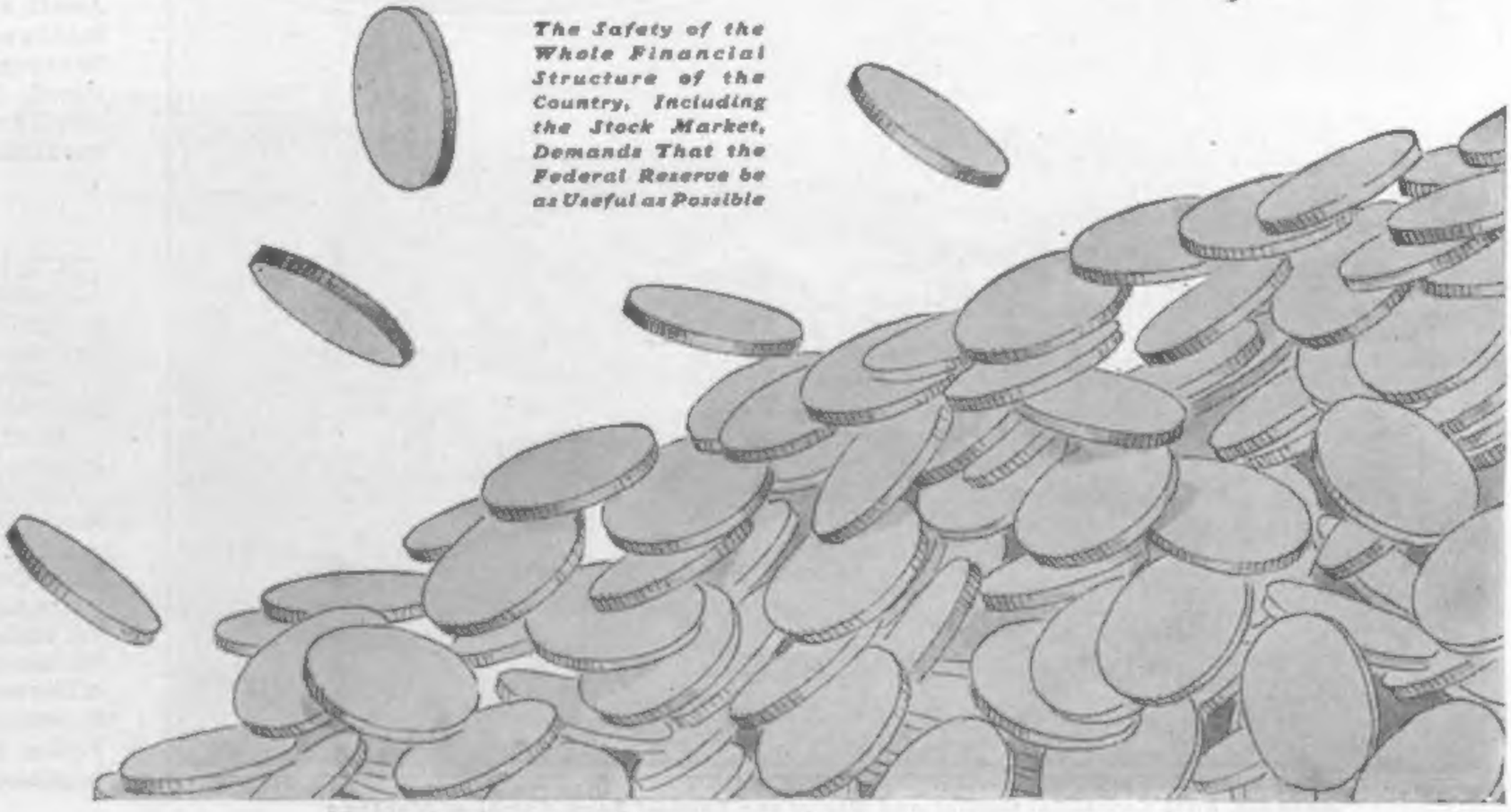
SENATOR KING of Utah also proposes legislation to prevent the banks connected with the Federal Reserve System from extending credit for purely speculative purposes, and he proposes in addition an exhaustive investigation into the concentration of banking resources, the formation of security departments by banks and similar developments. In discussing the situation, he said:

"I have talked with Wall Street people and they admit the evils of the gambling which has been going on, but they say that nothing can be done about it. But it is corrupting the country. People talk about speculation in stocks now the way they used to discuss bootlegging. Women talk about it in an atmosphere of nervous excitement."

Now each of these senators is seeking to remedy a serious evil and a grave abuse. But to accomplish the desired end will require the wisdom of Solomon, and then some. Suppose Senator Brookhart sets up his coöperative banks to lend only on approved collateral. What is to prevent John Smith from borrowing at the bank in approved form and then depositing or investing the funds with some other kind of corporation, which in turn lends on call in Wall Street? It is literally true, as one banker remarks, that a great many individuals do business in both the general business pool and the speculative pool.

Nor is direct action as simple as it seems. By direct action is meant a refusal of a Federal Reserve bank to discount for a member which uses the funds to lend in Wall Street, or at least the exertion of influence by the Federal Reserve bank to prevent such use. Governor Young of the Federal Reserve Board has pointed out one of the practical difficulties. What actually happens, he says, is that the lending always precedes the rediscounting. In other words, the banks make their





The Safety of the Whole Financial Structure of the Country, Including the Stock Market, Demands That the Federal Reserve be as Useful as Possible

loans, and then, because of the withdrawal of deposits, they come to the Federal Reserve bank and ask for assistance. The damage has been done.

But suppose, in spite of what may be merely technical difficulties, a firm attitude is taken. The member banks are none too anxious to rediscount now. They do not wish to appear as continual borrowers at the Federal Reserve, and they borrow mostly for short periods of a few days only.

If refused accommodation because they were lending or had been lending or were about to lend in Wall Street, they would employ the Federal Reserve still less. As it is, a large part of the lenders in Wall Street are in no way subject to the Federal Reserve. These include thousands of nonmember banks, corporations, investment trusts, foreign banks and individuals.

But there is a still more serious difficulty as regards direct action by the Federal Reserve. Suppose the member banks are told to cut down their loans to brokers. How much is an individual bank to reduce its loans? From its point of view nothing is safer than a call loan. As Senator Smoot of Utah pointed out in a recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST entitled Disciplined Money, small local banks in all parts of the country send funds to the New York brokers' loan market to avoid the collapse of a single, local, dominant industry. It makes for bank liquidity and solvency. Being outside and impersonal, the loan can be withdrawn without disturbing the local situation.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands of banks have failed because local loans became frozen: but money sent to Wall Street can be had when wanted. An extreme case cited before the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency was that of a bank in a Southern state which, at the height of a crazy land boom, loaned only $8,000,000 of its $66,000,000 deposits locally. The rest was in Wall Street. When the crash came deposits fell to $23,000,000, but the bank was a tower of strength because it was able to pay out freely. No doubt, however, borrowers criticized this bank at the height of the boom because it loaned so little locally.

Clear and conclusive evidence that the sending of funds to Wall Street thereby deprives local industry of needed credit is lacking. As a rule, over a period of years, local loans yield a much higher average rate of interest than New York call loans. Ordinary self-interest, therefore, will compel the banker to put out adequate and reasonable funds at home; provided, in his opinion, the security is sufficient. Recently rates in Wall Street have been very high, but that is an abnormal and probably temporary condition, relatively speaking.

But this is not all. A bank always wishes to build up its deposits. It can do so only by providing accommodation to its borrowers and building them up into large customers. As such, they will come back again and again as depositors. Every bank wants this type of connection. Self-interest makes it imperative. Therefore, we may assume that if a bank sends part of its funds to Wall Street it does so from the necessity of maintaining liquidity and solvency, and not because of a willful desire to injure local business and its own growth. President Simmons of the New York Stock Exchange has explained this point clearly:

"When the local banker sends his money to Wall Street he does not assure himself of a steady growth in his own deposits. As a Stock Exchange broker I might borrow funds coming into New York from many Western banks, yet practically always I would be completely unaware of which banks were lending to me, since I would obtain the loan at some large New York institution. Under the circumstances I could not assist the local banker in increasing his deposits year after year, as a local borrower would. It seems obvious that a local banker who lends money on call in Wall Street sacrifices to that extent his ability to follow the usual policy of growing up with his own community."

The Bull Traders' Lament

THEN, too, it is very difficult to say what proportion of the brokers' loans at any given time represents unwarranted speculation, and how much represents the normal process by which stocks pass from a speculative to an investment stage. A fairly steady increase must be expected as long as we have a tendency for one-man, family and private corporations to change over into publicly owned form, with the attendant listing of their stocks on the Exchange. No one is wise enough to say just what is the danger point for brokers' loans, judging by the amount only. Is it five or six or seven or ten billion dollars? Who knows? A rapid increase in conjunction with other tendencies might indicate danger, but the mere fact that loans are increasing may mean only a change in methods of financing.

To some slight extent the brokers' loan account represents the actual flow of credit into industry. Persons who subscribe to new issues of stock may borrow from a broker, and thus brokers' loans reflect money paid into corporate treasuries and used for business activities. All these facts need to be carefully considered. But I cannot conceive of a greater peril than a spread of the typically speculative attitude of mind toward the subject of credit.

Wall Street people are justified in being nettled at the unabating ignorance of much of the criticism directed against the use of funds for stock buying. But Wall Street people are just as ignorant and far more dangerous when they take the attitude that there is no limit to the credit to which they are entitled. As a recent circular of the National City Bank of New York, presumably written by George E. Roberts, one of the vice presidents, says:

> The burden of the bull traders' lament is that they are discriminated against and their rights limited, because credit is not available to carry prices higher. If credit were supplied to serve their purposes and they sold out at higher prices, the purchasers would offer the same plea in their own behalf, and so on, *ad infinitum*. There is no valid claim on the banking system for credit simply for the purpose of buying something in the hope of selling it at a higher price. That is something which anyone is privileged to do with his own money, or with borrowed money if he can obtain it, but there can be no obligation to supply it, for there is practically no limit to such demands.

The Stigma on the Stock Market

AT THIS point we must face a very ticklish question—namely, should the discrimination against Wall Street in the Federal Reserve Act be continued? The stock market was one of the businesses barred from the facilities of the Federal Reserve banks. But business is being done more and more by means of stocks and bonds and less and less by means of commercial paper, the typically eligible collateral for Federal Reserve purposes. As the Wall Street Journal says:

> We have come a long ways, since the Federal Reserve Law was passed, in the public estimation of stocks and bonds, and it would seem that the business of dealing and investing in securities does not now justify this stigma. If we may judge from the size and breadth of the present stock market, with over $100,000,000,000 of listed stocks and bonds, and from current bank figures, securities have come to play an important part as the basis of business credit in this country.

This sounds reasonable enough, and it is foolish to argue back and forth whether lending funds to the stock market is legitimate or illegitimate. Of course it is legitimate. But the real question is how to prevent an excessive use of bank and reserve-bank credit. The fear is that if paper originating in transactions in stocks and bonds were now made eligible for Federal Reserve rediscount, because of the huge volume of such securities an inflation would take place, like that in Germany after the war. Banks complain that they have insufficient eligible paper,

(Continued on Page 132)

REST AND RECREATION

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

He Loosened It by a Kick With His Heavy Hob-Nailed Shoe, and Then Slid It Home by a Vicious Push With the Heel of His Hand

AFTER four weeks of continuous fighting in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, D battery had been relieved. It had marched south from Nantillois on the preceding evening, and at dawn it was in the vicinity of Montzéville. Behind the second-section gun walked Private John Arkney, wearily dragging one foot after the other. Private Arkney was six feet tall. Several years before, when he was at the Virginia Military Institute, he had weighed two hundred pounds, had done good work on the football team and had been considered the best-looking man in the senior class. Now he weighed less than a hundred and seventy, but he was still reasonably good to look upon, in spite of his ill-fitting uniform, his hollow cheeks and his tired, drooping shoulders. Beside him walked Private Joe Green, a little rat of a man with large and sorrowful blue eyes.

"I'm about all in," said Arkney.

"So am I," said Private Green.

"I'm glad they're taking us out of the lines, though. I hear we're going back for a little rest and recreation."

"Rest and recreation!" snorted Green. "In a pig's eye! That first sergeant will be blowing his whistle every ten minutes. All day we'll be saluting officers, standing at attention and lining up for inspections. We'll have to shave and wash behind the ears and everything. I'd rather be at the Front, where we don't have to be so bloomin' military."

A harsh voice sounded from behind and above them: "Who owns those packs?"

Arkney and Green looked around. It was the captain on his horse. He was pointing to two packs which were hung onto the gun which was rolling along in front.

"Whoever owns those packs," the captain continued severely, "will take them off at once."

Arkney and Green hurried forward, lifted their packs from the gun and swung them on their backs.

"Didn't you hear the orders?" asked the captain, talking down from his high horse. "Don't you know that packs are not allowed on the carriages?"

"Yes, sir," said Arkney.

"Very well," said the captain, "if anything like that happens again somebody is going to get tried." He trotted on toward the head of the column.

"Just as I told you," said Green; "they're starting to pour it onto us already."

The two men walked on in silence. Behind them, to the north and northeast, they could hear the rumbling of the battle which they had left. It was a dismal, gray morning, not cold, but with a damp chill in the air. The battery column wound through the ruins of the town of Montzéville, turned to the right and entered a field beyond the town.

The guns and wagons were parked. The horses were unharnessed and tied to the picket line which was stretched between the wagons. Then the men were spread out in a mathematically straight line and ordered to pitch shelter tents. Arkney and Green were tent mates. They shook out their shelter halves, buttoned them together and put up their tent, placing it a little out of line to avoid a sharp rock which jutted up a few inches out of the sod. As they finished, one of the sergeants came by.

"Move that tent back in line," he said.

"But look at that rock," said Arkney. "We can't sleep on top of that thing."

"You'll move that tent back at once," said the sergeant, "and you won't give me no argument about it either, see?"

Meekly the two men moved their tent, placing it directly over the sharp rock.

Almost at once the battery was lined up for stables. Arkney spent half an hour grooming a horse belonging to one of the lieutenants, taking a severe bawling out from the stable sergeant because he failed to clean out the animal's feet. Then came breakfast—mess kits heaped with goldfish and cups filled with strong, bitter coffee.

After breakfast there was sudden excitement and activity among the officers and sergeants. The men were hurriedly lined up beside the road. The regimental commander and his adjutant arrived in a touring car. Then a handsome gray sedan drew up beside the road, and out stepped an officer whom Arkney had never seen before.

He was tall and important looking. His beautifully tailored, freshly pressed uniform was in startling contrast to the worn and weather-beaten uniforms of the regimental officers. The strange officer's natty costume was set off by highly polished leather putties and shoes, and by a spotless white linen collar which projected a quarter of an inch above the collar of his blouse. On his overseas cap was a gleaming silver eagle, and each of his shoulders was similarly decorated.

Although he was only a colonel—of the same rank as the regimental commander—he seemed to be taking charge of proceedings. With firm military strides he led the way over to the parked guns, where he was met by the captain in command of the battery and the three lieutenants. He returned their salutes stiffly and then proceeded to inspect the guns, the wagons and the horses. From time to time he would turn and make a remark to the other officers, who were behind him.

The men of the battery, lined up on the hill, observed this procedure with deep interest.

"He must be one of them brass hats from G. H. Q.," said Green, "and he don't look like he's pleased. Probably it makes him sore because the wagons are muddy."

"It's regular old Army stuff," said Arkney disgustedly. "They keep us up there fighting the Germans for four weeks, and then expect us to come out all ready for dancing school."

"Shut up!" snapped one of the sergeants. "No talking in ranks."

Arkney shut up. Finally the inspecting party left the guns and carriages and approached the men.

"Attention!" called the first sergeant. "Open ranks! March!"

Slowly the visiting colonel stalked up and down the line, inspecting each man front and rear. Then he spoke briefly to the regimental and battery commanders.

"This battery," he said, "is a disgrace to the United States Army. The guns, the wagons, the harness—in fact, all the equipment is filthy. Positively filthy. The horses are in shocking condition. Every last animal shows evidence of complete and criminal neglect. And the condition of the enlisted personnel is even worse. Never have I seen a more slovenly, disreputable lot of bums."

"I must protest," spoke up the regimental commander. "These men are just back from the Front. They have been spending the past four weeks fighting the Germans. You can't expect them to look like a West Point dress parade."

"I do not care to argue the matter with you," said the visiting colonel. "But I will defer my inspection of the other batteries until this afternoon at four o'clock. At that time I will inspect your entire command, including this battery. And I shall hope to find at least a semblance of military order and appearance. Good day, sir."

He strode back to his handsome car, spoke to the chauffeur and climbed into the rear seat. The car drove away.

The regimental commander held a brief conference with the battery commander. The battery commander then conferred with his lieutenants and a number of the sergeants. Following this, the lieutenants and sergeants descended upon the men of the battery, and at once an orgy of cleaning up was under way.

Arkney and Green, along with a dozen other cannoneers, were assigned to a wagon-washing detail. The sergeant in charge issued them pails and brushes.

"Go get some water," he said, "and make it snappy. Any guy that I catch loafing on this job will get his block knocked off."

The men picked up the pails and slowly and resentfully walked down to a small brook which ran between the field where the guns were parked and the edge of a wood.

"Damn this Army!" said Arkney. "Always driving you! Always hollering at you! Always nagging at you!"

"And you were the guy," said Green, "who was looking for rest and recreation."

Arkney looked up angrily. "You're right I was!" he said. "And what's more, I'm going to get it. If they won't give it to me I'll take it." He threw his pail on the ground and with a vicious kick sent it whirling into the brook. Then his anger cooled before the sudden fear that one of the sergeants might have heard him. He looked around. There was no one in sight but the other privates of the wagon-washing detail. At once his wrath returned.

"I'm through," he said boldly. "It's over the hill for me."

He stepped across the narrow stream, pushed his way through the thick underbrush and in a few minutes found himself deep in the woods. He had no definite plan of action. All he wanted was to get away for a while from the never-ending work and shouting and nagging, which would have driven him absolutely mad if he had stayed with the battery another instant.

The woods were quiet and peaceful. Many of the trees had been shattered by shell fire in the days when the front lines had been just beyond Hill 304. But now the war had

moved on. He could hear the faint rumbling of the guns a good fifteen kilometers away to the north and northeast. He came to a small wood road, which he followed for half a mile or more. Finally he reached the abandoned ruins of a French farm in the middle of a fairly extensive clearing.

There were three buildings—the farmhouse and two barns—arranged around a small court. Arkney walked into the courtyard and looked about. All the roofs had been knocked in by shell fire, and in the heavy stone walls were many large, gaping holes. The courtyard was cluttered with broken roofing tile, shattered timbers, fragments of building stone and plaster, broken farm machinery, wagons, furniture and all manner of rubbish.

Arkney's survey of this scene of desolation was interrupted by the noise of a motor. He turned and saw an automobile coming around a turn in the little wood road. It bumped and bounced along over the roughnesses of the road. When it drew near, Arkney recognized it as the same polished sedan which had brought the visiting inspector to the battery that morning. As it lurched past the farmhouse Arkney could see the stern and forbidding features of the inspecting colonel himself gazing through the rear window. Just as the car reached the last building, there was a sudden squealing of brakes and it stopped. The chauffeur, a small man with sergeant's chevrons on his sleeve, got out and opened the door. The colonel himself then stepped out and walked directly toward Arkney, followed by the chauffeur. Arkney at once came to attention and saluted. The colonel returned the salute, scowled darkly, and in an aggressive military voice made that old remark which is familiar to all privates.

"Don't you ever salute an officer?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Arkney.

"Why did you fail to salute me when I passed just now in my automobile?"

"I didn't see you, sir." This was the conventional, time-honored excuse.

The colonel, of course, had heard it many times before, and he came back with the standard rebuttal.

"It was your business to see me," he snapped. "It is the duty of every soldier to be always on the alert."

"Well," said Arkney lamely, "I guess I thought you were going so fast and you were so far away that ——"

"I see," said the colonel grimly. "You deliberately shirked your duty and avoided saluting me because you thought you could get by with it. You thought I was in too much of a hurry to stop. Well, there has been entirely too much laxness about saluting officers recently, and it is time that an example were made of someone. I am going to report you to your superior officer and see that proper disciplinary measures are taken in your case." He turned to his chauffeur. "Sergeant," he said, "take this man's name and organization."

The chauffeur reached into his pocket and pulled out a notebook and a small pencil. The colonel turned back to Arkney.

"What is your name?" he asked.

Arkney hesitated. In vain he searched his brain for some plausible-sounding fictitious name to give instead of his own. But in the excitement of the moment he could think of nothing. Then something inside of him seemed to let go. In the short space of a fifth of a second there raced through his mind the memories of all his troubles and all his wrongs, real and fancied. He remembered the four weeks of battle—the mud, the rain, the rotten food, the strain of being under shell fire and the long, weary march of the night before. But chiefly he remembered the unreasonableness of the Army system—the ceaseless nagging and shouting, the pointed rock in the center of his pup tent, the insistence that wagons must be washed and harness cleaned before the exhausted men of the battery could get any rest. And finally here was this ass of a colonel insulting him in high-sounding, stilted military language and expecting him obediently and submissively to give information about himself, so that later on fresh insults could be heaped upon his head. The whole business was absurd. Clearly, no free-born American ought to stand for it. And then and there Private John Arkney decided that he would not stand for it

"What is your name?" repeated the colonel impatiently.

"Aw, go sit on a tack, you big piece of cheese," said Arkney. As soon as he had spoken these words he was sorry. Not that he regretted his defiance of this mighty man with the silver eagles. But he felt the regret of an artist who realizes that his work is artistically inadequate. He had a vague feeling that this was the high point in his career—the noble revolt of a proud spirit against unspeakable tyranny. The occasion called for ringing words such as Patrick Henry or Ethan Allen would have used in similar circumstances—words which would go down in history as an inspiration to future generations. And Arkney realized bitterly that in his great moment he had been unable to think of anything but the sort of repartee used in the quarrels of eight-year-old schoolboys.

"Aw, go sit on a tack," he had said. And then he had made it worse by adding the feeble epithet, "you big piece of cheese." It was disgusting.

But his words had been adequate in one way. They had carried a message of complete disrespect to authority. The faces of the colonel and the defiant private both became grim and threatening as they glared at each other for three or four seconds. It was a period of tense and ominous quiet, which was finally broken, not by either of the two men, but by something unexpected. Arkney heard it first; then the colonel. Both men turned their heads and listened. From far away in the north, where all morning they had been hearing the rumble of the distant guns, there came a new sound—a quiet little humming note that gradually changed to a steady howl. As second after second went by, the howl got louder and nearer. For a while its progress seemed to be very slow and lazy, but the nearer it got the faster it seemed to come.

"A shell!" gasped the colonel.

"Long-range stuff," said Arkney.

With a common impulse the colonel and his chauffeur and Arkney made a dash for the door of the half-ruined farmhouse. As they crossed the threshold the howl grew into an ear-splitting screech which came swooping out of the sky at incredible speed. The three men went tumbling down a narrow flight of stone steps just as the screech ended in a tearing, splitting crash outside.

Arkney threw himself flat on the dirt floor of the cellar and lay there while the fragments of the shell buzzed and whined through the building upstairs. Then he sat up and looked around. Directly in front of him was a heavy wooden door which was standing open. On the other side of this door, feebly illuminated by the light which came down the stairs, was a wine cellar similar to those found in many

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Then Came Breakfast—Mess Kits Heaped With Goldfish and Cups Filled With Strong, Bitter Coffee

AIRPORTS

By RALPH D. WEYERBACHER
Commander, C.C., U. S. N.

THE future of commercial aeronautics in America is dependent on its terminals. About 90 per cent of all air-line activities, operators estimate, are confined to the ground. Aircraft factories, flying schools, taxi and other commercial services also demand adequately equipped and popularly known landing fields from which to test and operate their planes. For these reasons the airport is assuming a prominent place in all modern plans for a municipal development. "Make our city a terminal, or at least a port of call, for the air lines of the future," has become, in one form or another, the slogan of virtually every progressive community.

There is sound economics behind this demand. Commercial and other organizations which encourage it can point to the fact that, whatever the relation of operating income to invested capital, the modern airport may pay generous dividends to the community it serves, in the form of expanded business, increased prestige and the attraction of new industries related to aviation. The experience of one city which acquired a profitable aircraft factory shortly after completing its municipal airport is more typical than unusual.

That municipalities recognize these possibilities is attested by the tremendous interest in airport construction now evident throughout the country. Approximately 900 new airports, the majority of them municipally or commercially owned and operated, will be started within the next year, if plans now existing are carried into effect. When it is remembered that only 386 municipal and 340 commercial airports, as distinguished from government operated fields, existed in the United States in October of 1928, the extent of this expansion may be realized.

Private or Municipal?

AN UNOFFICIAL survey conducted last summer estimated that approximately $300,000,000 had been expended in the construction of airports in this country during the preceding eighteen months. Estimates of the amount to be spent for similar developments in the succeeding year and a half reached the amazing total of $500,000,000.

Nor are municipalities, in general, plunging blindly into such construction. Realizing that an adequate airport means more than a wind cone and a landing field, many cities are applying to the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce, and to that newest of consultants, the airport engineer, for surveys and advice. Through these agencies they are learning the necessity for careful study before selecting a site; for thorough consideration of such things as fog, prevailing winds, surface-transportation facilities and local ability to supply and receive the pay loads necessary to meet operating expenses. They are learning, too, that any port which would adequately serve the air lines must include hangars, repair shops, night-lighting equipment, mooring mast, weather-forecasting service, administration and passenger facilities comparable to those at railway or steamship terminals, and many other features which will be later discussed.

Problems attending airport development divide naturally into two classes: Financial and engineering. Of these, the first is today probably the more important; at least in the eyes of municipal administrators. More cities are now engaged in planning for airports, in considering sites, facilities and bond issues or other methods of financing, than in actual construction. And in such preliminary studie

The Tempelhof Aerodrome in Berlin, From Which a Daily Service is Carried On to All the Principal Capitals in Europe. At Left—The Butte National Airport, Butte, Montana

occurs constantly the question: Who shall own our airport—the city or private interests?

Official opinion strongly favors municipal ownership. The very dependence of air lines on their terminals, it holds, makes a publicly owned airport necessary in the city which hopes to coöperate with and benefit from aeronautical activity. "If any community is to get the best transportation service, it must be in a position to assure equal opportunity for terminal facilities to the various operators," William P. McCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, has explained. "But frequently there is only one site available for an airport that will adequately serve the business district of a large community. Should this be acquired by an air-transport company, that community would, in a large measure, be wholly dependent on the one operating company for its air-transportation services. It would be like turning over its harbor, or the entire water front, to a single steamship line. Such a policy would be regarded as contrary to public policy, if not altogether ridiculous."

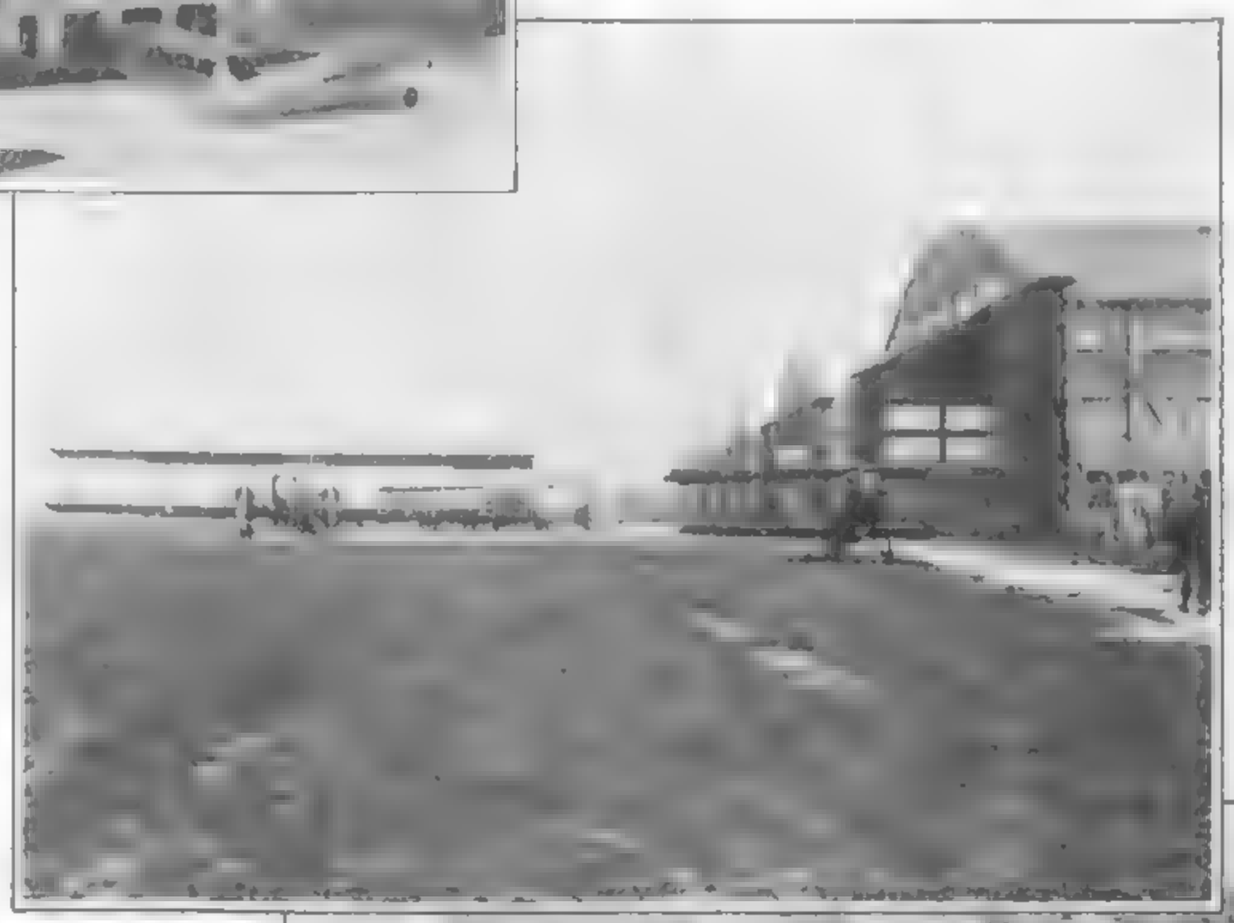
An Investment With Slow Returns

AN AIRPORT on such a site, owned not by a transport company but by a corporation which sells space and facilities to all aerial traffic, still falls short of actual community needs in the opinion of Mr. McCracken and others equally informed. The holding corporation or individual, they point out, might become financially interested in an operating company, and thus establish what amounts to a local monopoly; might, as owner of the only available landing field in the community, fix unreasonable charges; or might at any time discontinue operation to transform the field into a more profitable subdivision development.

These possibilities are suggested, authorities are careful to explain, not to discourage private initiative in airport construction but to impress on municipalities the advantages of public ownership where sites are limited in number. The privately owned field will always be needed for certain types of aircraft operation, for flying schools and for the relief of congestion at municipal terminals.

Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, From the Air. At the Time of Dedication This Field Was One of the Largest in the World

Possibly a still more cogent reason determines the advantage of public ownership of the modern municipal airport. It is based on the conviction of many authorities that, except under the most advantageous conditions, the net operating income of air terminals cannot, at this time be depended upon to pay dividends, when invested capital, overhead and taxes are all taken into consideration. This is true not only of air terminals but also of marine terminals, to which they may most accurately be compared. Municipal ownership of port facilities has shown, in frequent instances, an encouraging gain to the city in the form of new trade acquired, of enhanced property values in the immediate vicinity, and of increased tax income due to realty appreciation; but seldom does actual operating income pay worthwhile dividends on the actual investment in addition to taxes and depreciation costs.



The Miami Passenger Terminal of the Pan-American Airways, Which Provides Unusual Accommodations for Travelers Between This Country and the West Indies. At Right—Le Bourget Flying Field, Near Paris

For some years to come it therefore seems probable the airport will be considered in much the same light. That it will, under favorable conditions, attract new business and increase land values seems obvious. That it will yield large dividends from operating income, after interest on invested capital, taxes and depreciation are deducted, remains doubtful in the opinion of many who have devoted serious study to the problem.

Thus it becomes evident that the logical owner of the modern airport serving any municipality is the municipality itself. There are two ways in which such ownership may be acquired: The first, and the more economical in the long run, is for the city to finance the project; then either to operate it under municipal management and control or to lease it to an operating company at reasonable rates. This method has proved most satisfactory in a large majority of cases.

Achieving a High Government Rating

THE second method is for the city to encourage private capital to establish an airport, with the idea of assuming financial control at a later period, when municipal funds and public sentiment justify the required expenditure. This course may be necessary by reason of local bond indebtedness provisions or other legal obstructions which make immediate acquisition of the land and construction of runways and buildings impossible, or by unwillingness on the part of the voters to approve the required expenditure. In that event the private investors who develop the airport are performing a public service of great value to both the community and aviation. Since the improvement will increase land values, however, the city will probably find its airport a more costly investment when finally acquired than if municipally developed in the first place.

In view of this urgent demand for municipal ownership and control of airports, comparable to public ownership and maintenance of city docks, parks and highways, it seems pertinent to ask just what an adequate airport should be; what it costs to construct and maintain; what it can promise in direct income from operating expenses, apart from such indirect benefits as are represented by business expansion, enhanced property values and the like. The first of these three questions can be answered accurately and in detail; the others await longer experience with commercial aeronautics before definite and dependable statements can be made; although a quantity of information more or less speculative in nature is now available.

The physical characteristics of a thoroughly modern and adequate airport have been established, after careful and prolonged study, by the Department of Commerce. To assure conformity with its requirements, it has developed a series of ratings which fix and identify the suitability of the field as a terminal or way station for air traffic. Of these ratings the highest is A-1-A. The symbol expresses, actually, three distinct ratings, rather than one. The first A indicates that the general facilities and equipment at the airport are good; the figure 1 that the available landing area is sufficient to meet present-day needs; the second A that the night-lighting equipment is excellent. If the airport falls below the highest standards in any of these features, a lower rating is indicated by the letters B, C, D, and so on, or the figures 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6. It should be borne in mind, however, that mere compliance with the minimum requirements for an A-1-A rating will not always assure an airport capable of handling the full needs of every city. As air transportation develops, many cases will be found where airports limited to those minimum requirements will be unable to meet the demands of the air commerce which seeks to use them.

Certain fundamental requirements apply to any airport, regardless of its rating. It must, for example, be on a firm, level, well-drained field, free of dangerous obstructions, or else supplied with wide landing strips which enable the pilot to avoid any obstacles in the way of a safe landing or take-off. It must be clear of surrounding obstructions which would endanger planes landing on or rising from the field. It must be located on an improved road offering ready surface access to near-by cities. It must be suitably marked so as to be distinguishable from the air; it must show a wind-direction indicator visible at all times; it must have its dangerous areas marked by red flags by day and red lanterns at night; it must maintain facilities for the fueling of aircraft and the comfort of pilots and passengers, and a staff of airport personnel, either available at the field or within reach by telephone.

The Primary Airport Problem

NATURALLY, the progressive community planning an airport will strive for one worthy of the A-1-A rating, which indicates high safety factors as well as suitability for heavy, profitable and important traffic.

Therefore, it is important to consider what is demanded of an airport before it is accorded this coveted designation. Since the primary problem confronting the prospective airport constructor is that of ground and location, the second requirement available landing area—will be discussed first.

The A-1-A airport, then, has a landing area at least 2500 feet long in all directions. If this is impossible, it must have landing strips of that length and at least 500 feet wide, which will permit an airplane to land or take off in any one of eight directions. These strips may not cross or converge at angles of less than forty degrees and each must have unobstructed approaches. Because of the thin air at high altitudes, a larger landing area is demanded for the A-1-A airport situated 1000 feet or more above sea

(Continued on Page 36.)

Inspecting Air Markers on the Roof of the Commerce Building in Washington. The Department is Conducting Experiments for the Development of a Standardized Air Marker to Guide Flyers

After the Football Was Over

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Fo' One Thing, You Is Too Big. I Guess You Has Been Gittin' By on Beef"

RUFUS RYE came to Birmingham for the express purpose of being a hero. It did not occur to Rufus that his job held anything of the heroic, and he would have been surprised to know that the dusky citizenry of the Alabama metropolis so regarded it. To him, football was merely a profession. True, it held moments of excitement and occasional stabs of physical discomfort, but the monetary reward was always sufficiently ample to plant in Mr. Rye's mind the idea that it was a business rather than a sport.

There was nothing small about Rufus, either in soul or stature. He was a smiling, humble, friendly sort of person, and his physique was superb. By actual measurement he was six feet three inches in height; with a breadth of shoulder and depth of chest perfectly in proportion. He weighed two hundred and twenty pounds and owned a pair of long, powerful arms and a set of leg muscles which imparted a speed fairly bewildering in a man of such tremendous bulk.

Rufus used his power for nothing except football. Off the field he was inclined to be shy and retiring—rather the victim of an inferiority complex. But once the referee's whistle had sent twenty-two warriors hurtling at one another on a football gridiron, Mr. Rye managed invariably to give the impression of a steam roller with wings. He could run swiftly, stiff-arm as determinedly as though equipped with steel arms, tackle with deadly viciousness, block unerringly, and was a wizard at either end of a forward pass.

He came to Birmingham at the insistence of Escalator Willus, dusky owner of the Birmingham Colored Professional Football Association. Escalator visited Rufus in the latter's Memphis home and offered him more money for two games than Mr. Rye had ever received for an entire season's play. Rufus' acceptance was instantaneous and enthusiastic. He accompanied Mr. Willus to Birmingham and was installed in that gentleman's Twenty-third Street home as guest of honor. And there he met Narcissy.

Narcissy was the one and only child of the diminutive owner of the Birmingham team. She was precisely nineteen years of age and possessed of a pulchritude which knocked Rufus absolutely and completely cold at first glance. He was certain that never before had so luscious a creature been invented, and he looked upon Escalator with renewed respect. If this little man could expend a large sum of money for the professional services of a single football player and also be the father of such a girl—then Rufus Rye wished to pay proper tribute to his versatility.

Rufus and Escalator arrived at the Willus domicile at six o'clock of a rainy, biting November evening. Narcissy was arranging an extra place at the table for the famous guest. And while she busied herself about the dining room, she received the assistance of a colored gentleman whose eyes followed her with proprietary interest.

Excel Roberts was no pygmy himself. His very excellent frame carried more than one hundred and eighty pounds of well-distributed muscle, and he bore the reputation of being a most expert football player. He was, in fact, captain of Escalator's Birmingham Bears, and played quarterback on that undefeated team.

Excel was in no very friendly mood this evening. Mr. Roberts had insisted that the Bears needed new material to win the impending championship game from the New Orleans Crescents. That Escalator had proceeded to sign Rufus peeved Mr. Roberts because, while he was quite willing to win the game from New Orleans, he was not ambitious to share the limelight with anybody.

Excel had the soul of a professional. He thought first, last and in between times of himself. In fact, it was this very instinct which had prompted him to pay ardent and notably successful court to the gorgeous Narcissy.

Mr. Roberts was not in love with Narcissy, in spite of the fact that he was pledged to commit matrimony with her. He felt that she was a nice enough girl and that perhaps she came as close to being worthy of him as any mere woman could, but beyond that he did not let his enthusiasm wander. He was unable to lose sight of his own grandeur, and all through this season he had been riding high, wide and handsome.

In the first place, he was captain of the Bears; and in the second place, his team had not even come close to losing a game. Colored professional football—a novelty in Birmingham—had caught on, and sizable crowds were attending the games and paying homage to the imported heroes. Escalator, the farsighted promoter, had decided to risk everything on the big game which was to climax the season two days after Thanksgiving; and on the theory that no stone was too small to be left unturned, he had engaged the services of Rufus Rye.

Mr. Rye's record was awe-inspiring. He had played three years of professional football, with results devastating to his opponents. His presence on the Birmingham team seemed just the touch of color necessary to insure a tremendous crowd at the season's final game, and thus bring affluence to Mr. Willus.

Narcissy, herself very emotional about football, greeted the mountainous newcomer effusively. She snuggled her hand into his tremendous paw, informed him that she had been reading about him all year and she was sure he was the most wonderful colored football player in the world. Rufus blushed beneath his natural tan.

"Shuh, miss," he said modestly, "I ain't really so much."

Excel Roberts horned into the group. "Ise bettin' he spoke the truth that time."

Narcissy performed the introductions. Rufus was properly impressed by the gay raiment of the other.

"So you is captain of the Bumminham team, huh? Golla, what a swell player you must be!"

Excel's lips curled into a sneer. "Swell? Me? Big boy, Ise puffeck! There never was nobody ever wore cleats which was in my class. An' right fum the start I want you to understan' that I is runnin' this team, an' what I say, goes! Any time I don't like the way you play, you git benched. Understan'?"

"Y-y-yassuh, Mistuh Roberts. I comprehen'."

"An' be sure you don't forget, either." Excel circled the giant and eyed him appraisingly. "Fo' one thing, you is too big. I guess you has been gittin' by on beef. Well, with us it's brains that count."

"Ise sure," broke in Narcissy, flashing her fiancé an unhappy glance, "that Mistuh Rye is awful clever."

"No, ma'am," negatived the big man. "I ain't smart a bit. Just lucky."

"You see," snapped Excel. "He knows he ain't much."

"Just the same," said Narcissy, "I believe he's goin' to be the swellest player on our team."

Escalator, sensing his captain's displeasure, sought to make the troubled waters tranquil by seating them at the dinner table. For the next half hour Rufus gave an exhibition of food absorption remarkable to behold. Excel, no mean gustatory artist himself, eyed the newcomer with fresh distaste.

"You eat too much," he remarked caustically.

"Food is the fondest thing I is of," confessed Rufus. "Seems like I never git enough." His eye quested shyly down the table. "An' whoever cooked this heah chicken an' made these apple fritters sho is marvelious."

Narcissy brightened. "I cooked them, Mistuh Rye."

"No? You don't really mean that!"

"I did—honest. Didn't I, papa?"

"She sure did," indorsed the male parent. "Narcissy is a mighty wonderful gal, Mistuh Rye."

The balance of the evening was not noticeably a success. Narcissy, instantly attracted to the big, shy football player, seemed to forget that she was pledged to the team captain. And besides, she was annoyed by Excel's truculence. Why couldn't he lay off Rufus? Was that any way to treat a stranger, especially a nice one like this feller? Escalator Willus was just as unhappy. As the promoter who had a considerable capital tied up in this sporting venture, he was fearful of friction between his field general and this new star.

Eventually Captain Roberts took his leave, after first notifying Rufus to report for practice the following afternoon at two o'clock.

"Us aims to find out how rotten you is," he said genially "An' you better come prepared fo' action, an' plenty of it."

"A'right, Mistuh Roberts. I'll be there."

"You better! Saddy, us plays a team which ought to be duck soup fo' us. We tries you out in that game, an' if you don't make good, you ain't never gwine start against N'Yawleens."

"Yassuh, cap'n. G'night."

Excel strode down the street in the general direction of Birmingham's dusky civic center. Escalator stared after him miserably.

"He sho ain't ve'y friendly," commented the harassed owner of the club, "but he's a swell player."

"I know he is," said Rufus.

"How do you know? Have you read about him?"

"Nossuh, but ain't he been tellin' me such all evenin'?"

Mr. Willus marched solemnly upstairs to smoke his good-night stogy. Narcissy turned abruptly from the window.

"I do hope you are a better player than him," she said.

Rufus smiled apologetically. "How come you to say somethin' like that, Miss Narcissy?"

"Oh, 'cause Excel makes me sick. Sometimes I think he's the most man I despise. All night long he has been makin' cracks at you. An' you know why?"

"Why?"

"'Cause he's jealous! He don't care does our team win or not, if be ain't the hero of the game. Himself is all he cares about. An'—an' furthermo', he didn't like me takin' up fo' you."

"Oh, shuh, Miss Narcissy. He wouldn't never get jealous of nobody like me that kind of way."

"Oh, wouldn't he? I got a good mind to show him ——"

"What, miss"'

" —— that he ain't the on'y man in the world. I wonder, Mistuh Rye, would you take me to a dance or somethin' some night?"

Rufus shuffled his enormous feet. "Tha's the happiest thing I would be to do, Miss Narcissy, if you think you could stan' it."

She smiled warmly. "I could even like it," she vouchsafed boldly. "I like you, Rufus."

Then she turned and dashed upstairs, leaving two hundred and twenty pounds of solid muscle trembling violently. And finally Rufus snapped out of his trance. He flopped into an easy-chair in front of the grate where a fire of bituminous coal was burning brightly. After twenty minutes of intensive deliberation, he reached the momentous conclusion that he was probably going to enjoy Birmingham very much indeed.

The following afternoon, despite a chill wind which lashed in from the north, fully a hundred colored football enthusiasts gathered in the stands to witness the initial workout of Rufus Rye, the newest and most expensive star of the Birmingham Bears. There was a gasp of enthusiasm as he rambled out on the field, looking like a human mountain. Captain Roberts took one glance and went into conference with a pair of players who were his pet cronies.

"Fellers," grated the captain, "this Rufus Rye is too dawg-gone uppity. Ise gwine put him on the second team an' shoot him against you. I crave to see you-all reduce him to small size."

The big man chuckled. "Trus' us, Excel."

Rufus glanced at the grand stand as he answered Excel's summons. There he saw Narcissy, incased in a beautiful coat of near-fox. She waved to Rufus as that gentleman adjusted his helmet. Excel caught the gesture, and his affection for Rufus was not enhanced thereby.

"Terror," he greeted sarcastically, "heah's yo' chance to show how terrible you is. Go in at right half fo' the second team."

Rufus did as bidden, and somehow as he took his place behind the scrimmage line and dug his cleats into the turf Mr. Roberts had a moment of apprehension. Mr. Rye didn't look nearly as awkward or diffident out here as he did in a parlor.

The second-string quarter summoned his men into a huddle. He called for an offtackle play, Rufus to carry the ball. The linemen returned to position, the center snapped the ball and a human lightning bolt shot to the right.

With the ball tucked neatly under one arm, Rufus hit the first-string tackle. He hesitated only long enough to disentangle himself from that gentleman's prostrate and floundering figure and to tear loose from the clutching hands of an end and a guard. He then lowered his head and caught the secondary defense full in the chest, sending that person sprawling.

Thereafter Rufus really started to move. Excel Roberts, playing safety for the varsity, and himself a deadly tackler, raced in toward Mr. Rye. Rufus, his countenance split by a good-natured grin, tucked the ball under his right arm, which left the other one free for massage purposes.

Excel shot through the air in what should have been a spectacular tackle. But somehow his clutching hands did not reach their objective. In mid-air his face collided most violently with a huge palm, behind which was the rigid arm of Mr. Rufus Rye. Excel's flight terminated painfully. Rufus then sped forty-two yards and calmly stepped over the goal line. He was almost apologetic as he marched back to the group of pop-eyed warriors.

From the stands came a delirious feminine scream: "At-a-boy, Mistuh Rye!"

Captain Roberts was frothing at the mouth. He informed all and sundry that it was an accident, and he lined the teams up again. This time the varsity closed in on Rufus with something approaching match-game viciousness. They stopped him, right enough, but not before he had made eighteen yards with half the team attempting to bring him down.

For more than one hour the practice continued. Rufus ripped over center, shot outside tackle, skirted the ends and, when he was not carrying the ball, showed himself to be truly superb as an interferer or blocker. Twice he was put on the receiving end of forward passes and both times went several feet up in the air to spear bad heaves.

But the climax came when the varsity took the ball and Excel gave *sub rosa* orders to the scrub line to let him through.

Three times he whirled into the secondary behind expert interference, and three times Rufus plunged through that interference like it was nonexistent and smeared Mr. Roberts. The last time Excel did not rise for five minutes. When he did, he swayed and swore.

"What you tryin' to do, Ice Cart? Rough me?"

Rufus was contrite. "Nossuh, cap'n. I was only playin' easy."

Practice ended and the team limped into the shower room. Queerly enough, there was no great friendliness exhibited toward the mammoth newcomer. It was obvious that the captain was displeased with Rufus and most of the players were therefore fearful of openly showing their admiration. But they gazed upon him with large eyes and thanked their stars that they were members of the same team. That at least was protection against the dismemberment which must follow any attempt to stop this black Juggernaut in a game where he admittedly was not playin' easy.

After Rufus had departed, Captain Roberts went into executive session with his two buddies. Three large men and powerful, with shriveled, jealous souls, they stared balefully at the door through which the stranger had gone.

"What is us gwine do about him?" asked Excel.

One of the others shook his head. "There ain't much us can do, cap'n. That feller is a wizzid."

"Hmph! Steppin' in an' ruinin' our good team!"

"Sure. But he makes it a cinch that us is gwine beat the N'Yawleens team an' win the cullud professional champeenship of the South."

Excel slammed one fist into the palm of the other hand.

"I don't care nothin' 'bout beatin' N'Yawleens. All I care about is gittin' that big lummix out of the way. Did

(Continued on Page 103)

He Knew That Something Terrible Was Happening to Him, But He Couldn't Figure Exactly What That Something Was

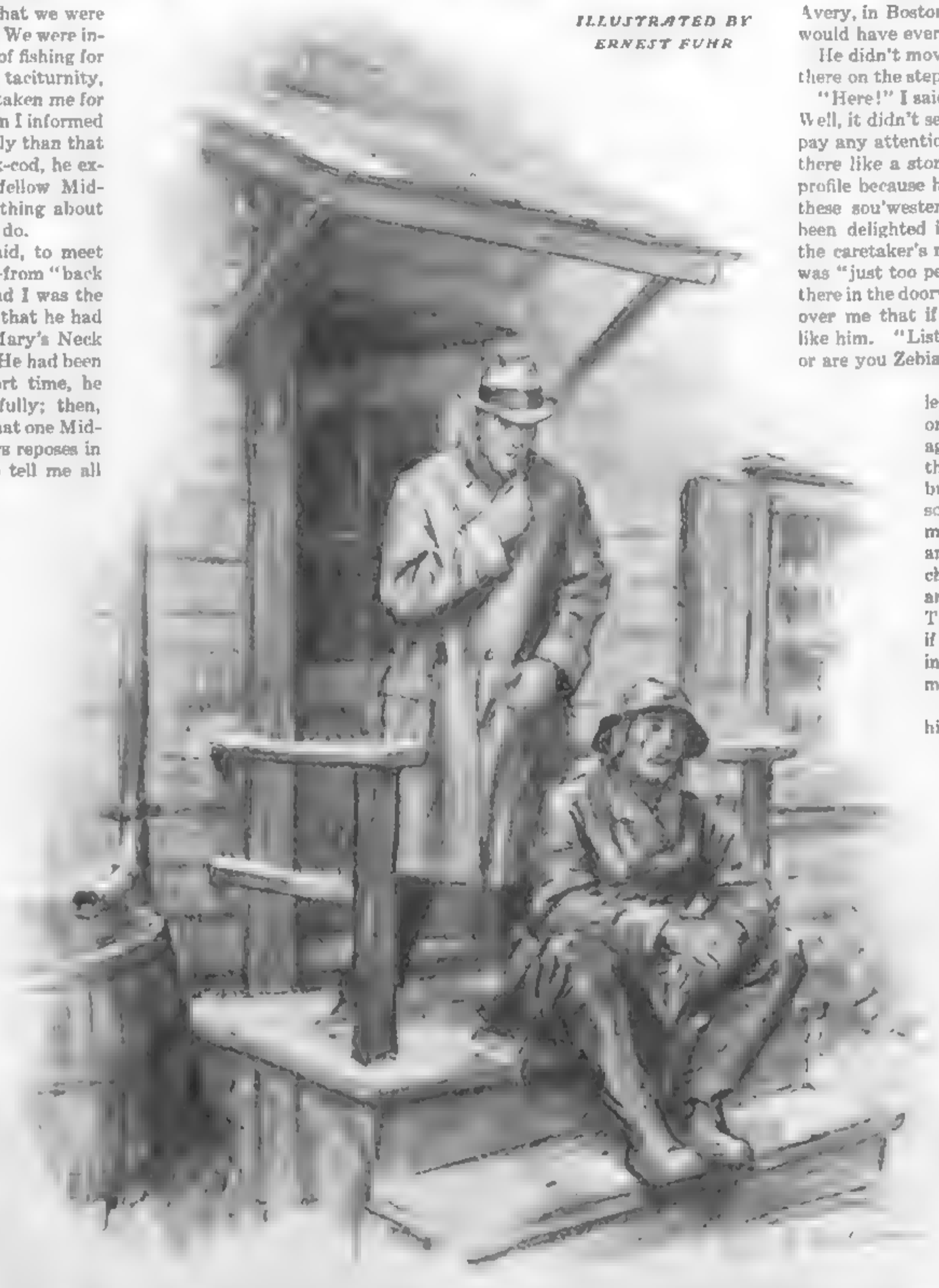
Logansville and Mary's Neck

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

THE middle-aged stranger whom I met by chance upon the rocks at Mary's Neck was at first taciturn, but became voluble when a little further conversation developed the fact that we were both from the Midland country. We were indulging in the unexciting pastime of fishing for rock-cod; and the reason for his taciturnity, he explained, was that he had mistaken me for a native of Mary's Neck; and when I informed him that nothing was more unlikely than that a native would be fishing for rock-cod, he expressed astonishment that I, a fellow Midlander, should seem to know anything about what a native would or would not do.

It was certainly a relief, he said, to meet somebody from the Middle West—from "back home," was the way he put it—and I was the first person he could really talk to that he had encountered since his arrival at Mary's Neck two months earlier in the season. He had been through a great deal in that short time, he told me, and he shook his head ruefully; then, with the confidential trustfulness that one Midlander on foreign soil nearly always reposes in another, he began straightway to tell me all about his troubles. We ceased to annoy the rock-cod with murder, sat upon a ledge over the salty seaweed that heaved and fell with the Atlantic surge, and I listened while he spoke fully of what lay disturbingly upon his mind. The sun was overhead when he began by informing me that his name was Massey and he came from Logansville, Illinois; but the broken shadows were stretching eastward over the rocks and the light was rosy before his narrative concluded.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



It Began to Come Over Me That if This Was Zebias I Wasn't Going to Like Him. "Listen!" I Said. "Are You Snowbound or are You Zebias Flick?"

You see, the Masseys have always had a great name for being home bodies. Maybe it's been a mistake—I don't know—but anyway, for three generations—ever since pioneer days—we've stuck pretty close around Logansville and done mighty little traveling. For my own part, Logansville is certainly good enough for me, and I never did see much use in getting very far away from home. Not that I couldn't afford it, because I've done as well in business as any man could ask—my father owned the gas plant and I've still got it, and I'm president of the Logansville Light and Power Company besides—but two or three trips a year to Chicago on business have usually been enough to satisfy me in the way of gadding about, so to speak. Of course I don't mean that my family and I practically haven't ever been out of Logansville; Mrs. Massey and my two daughters have been to New York pretty often, and they've been to Atlantic City and Florida, and one or two summers we've spent a month or so at a hotel up on Lake Michigan; but it's a fact I never did see the ocean until we came here this summer, and to tell the truth I didn't have any particular anxiety to see it. Mrs. Massey and Enid and Clarissa had just about all they could do, I expect, to persuade me that my duty required me to come and look at it.

They read about this place in a newspaper article by a summer correspondent, a lady writer that was pretty enthusiastic about the quaint old down-east fishing village, full of quaint old interesting characters and quaint old interesting furniture and fashionable summer people and storm-bound rocks and sun-kissed beaches and all this and that; and nothing would do but Mrs. Massey should write to a real-estate agent and rent a cottage here for the summer. That article hit her and the girls right between the eyes; they'd read books about just such places, and they'd already pestered me into remodeling our old house to make it Colonial or something—all out of place in Logansville, I told 'em, but they had their way—and they got their way about landing the family here in Mary's Neck for this summer too.

They were so excited and so anxious to see the quaint old down-east characters and buy some of the quaint old furniture that they couldn't even wait for warm weather, and hustled me up here with 'em right at the beginning of May—yes, sir, my first experience of old New England was right spang in the middle of a snowstorm! "Stern and rockbound coast"—I should say so! Mrs. Massey and the girls stood out on the front piazza, shivering and taking on about what a grand view it was, while I took the keys the Boston agent had given us and opened the front door and went inside to see what chance there was to get warm. There didn't seem to be much hope; the fireplaces were all empty. So I went out to the kitchen and, happening to think, I turned a faucet of the sink and nothing came out. Then I opened the kitchen door, and there was a man in rubber boots and these yellow slickers they call oilskins sitting on the back steps.

"Howdy do," I said. "I expect you're probably Zebias Flick, the man Mr. Avery, in Boston, told us was the caretaker here and would have everything nice and ready for us."

He didn't move or even turn his head; he just sat there on the steps with his back toward me.

"Here!" I said. "Aren't you this Zebias Flick?" Well, it didn't seem to register with him. He didn't pay any attention at all; he didn't budge—just sat there like a stone man, and I couldn't see even his profile because his head was all covered with one of these sou'westers. Mrs. Massey and the girls had been delighted in Boston when Mr. Avery told us the caretaker's name was Zebias Flick; they said it was "just too perfect"—that name! But as I stood there in the doorway looking at him, it began to come over me that if this was Zebias I wasn't going to like him. "Listen!" I said. "Are you snowbound or are you Zebias Flick?"

At that, he stretched out one of his legs, then he stretched out the other one, then he put 'em both under him again and stood up. He didn't turn all the way toward me—just part way—but I could see that he had a weazened sort of face, with kind of a scattered mustache, and his mouth was moving around underneath it, because he was chewing a splinter. But he didn't say anything; he just gave sort of a cough. That is, it was more like a bark—as if he was afraid if he let himself out in a good hearty cough he might commit himself to something.

"Well, that's a comfort," I told him. "Anyhow you can cough a little! Listen, are you Zebias Flick?"

"Well," the man said, "yes." He took his time to say it too; and the way he said it struck me as if what he really wanted to say, and would have said if he hadn't got caught in a jam, was, "Yes, and no."

So then I asked him why in the name of conscience there wasn't any heat in the house, and he loosened up enough to answer that there might be some wood in the cellar.

"The water isn't turned on, either," I told him, and I asked him if the current was on for the lights.

"Dun't know as 'tis," he said.

"Well, how do we get our water and light?"

This question seemed to strike him as one that opened up a field of thought entirely new to him, and I had to repeat it twice. Then he came back at me with the snappy suggestion: "Telephone mebbe."

"All right; where's the telephone?"

"Dun't know as it's been connected."

"Listen!" I said. "Mr. Avery told me you were supposed to be the caretaker here, and the people that rent this cottage are more or less expected to employ you during the summer as kind of a hired man. Do you think, if I made a settlement with you right now at a reasonable figure, you could take up your duties and get some fires going in the house and the water connected and the lights on and kind of brighten things up generally?"

"Well," he said, and he turned more away from me, "I dun't know as I cal'lated on being around here this season. Had a mind to lobster some down Kitter's Cove way."

"Listen!" I said. "How much do you want?"

"Well," he said, and he stopped chewing his splinter for so long that the end of it that stuck out beyond his mustache got snow on it. But that's all he said.

I began making offers to him, raising them pretty fast because I'd only brought a light overcoat and I was getting

shivery. Finally, when I thought I'd gone about as far over the limit for a hired man as even an Eastern summer resort could expect, he began chewing his splinter again, at least enough to wabble the snow off it; and pretty soon after that he seemed to make up his mind to come into the house and start in to be fairly busy, so I concluded that the terms were satisfactory. Then, the next day, the other help Mrs. Massey had hired in Boston came up, and feeling that we were beginning to get settled a little, I went out to take a look around and see where I was going to find somebody to talk to.

Of course Mrs. Massey and Clarissa and Enid are just as pleasant a family as a body could wish for; but they incline a good deal to topics that don't appeal to me so terribly and that pretty often are way out of a practical man's field of thought, and over my head, maybe; and besides that, a man always has a kind of powerful need to talk to other men quite a little, instead of just to women, no matter how nice those women are. And out our way in the Middle West, everybody knows how easily talking goes on between man and man, so to speak; nobody's ever afraid to talk to anybody else, and of course in Logansville everybody knows everybody else, and there's quite a power of talking goes on all the time. Well, I always supposed it was just the same all over the country, and that a man could hardly go anywhere where it wouldn't be the easiest thing in the world to start up a conversation—but when I thought that, I'd never been to Mary's Neck in New England.

I went into the grocery store in the village and bought a box of cigars. There were several men in there; one or two—I could tell from their clothes—were fishermen, and two or three were in overalls.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "I hope we'll have some better weather before long."

I said this because that's always a good way to start a conversation; and besides, I'd already heard some of the inhabitants of Mary's Neck calling out things about the weather to one another as they passed on the road. The very day we arrived I heard one of the villagers shout across the street to another in the midst of the snowstorm, "Snowin'!" and the other called back, "Yes, 'tis!" So I thought this might be an agreeable way to begin; but nobody paid any attention; nobody even looked at me, and I felt a little embarrassed.

"Well, yes," I said, answering myself. "I guess maybe it will clear up pretty soon."

They just stood there, mostly with their hands in their pockets, and looked out toward the village street; so I waited to see if they weren't going to have a little politeness maybe. After a while one of them began to move his lower jaw, which I've learned since is a sort of preliminary sign a native of these parts makes to indicate that if you stand around and wait long enough he's liable to say something. When this one got the motion worked up to where he was ready, he spoke to a fisherman standing near him.

"Cap'n," he said, "you hear 'bout ole man Lingle's mistake?"

"No," the one he called "Cap'n" told him. "Ain't heerd it."

"No?" the first one said. "Ole man Lingle was sittin' front of his propaty at Pebble Cove when a little vessel come round the Point. She sprung a plank and went right down to the bottom with a young man aboard of her. He was makin' a mite of a fuss, but he scarcely left a ripple, and it turned out to be ole Mrs. Cadwalader's son that keeps the fish store over to the Cove. After the funeral she come around, and it seemed like she wanted to take old man Lingle to task. 'Mr. Lingle,' she says, 'why didn't you rescue my son? There you stood right on the shore with your dory as handy as need be, and my son hollering for help only a mite of a distance away in the water. Why didn't you git in that dory and go out and haul him aboard?' Old man Lingle felt mighty bad about it. 'Why, Mrs. Cadwalader,' he says, 'I wouldn't 'a' had such a thing happen for the world! If I'd 'a' dreamed it was your son, you know me better than to think I'd ever have stood there jest lookin' on like. Mrs. Cadwalader,' he says, 'you'll have to excuse me; I thought it was one of them summer people.'"

Then, when he finished, nobody said anything and they all stood just the way they were before, without any expressions on their faces, staring out through the front windows of the store as if they didn't have anything except that to do for the next day or so. It struck me as kind of chilling, so to speak, and I gave up trying to be sociable with that lot; but I didn't do much better with any of the other natives I ran across, though I made quite a number of attempts to strike up pleasant relations with them, as it were.

There was only one that showed any willingness to be friendly; but that didn't turn out very well. He was an elderly-looking man with a right nice face, and he was sawing wood just outside of a big barn that stands close to an old stone fence on the back road. I was walking by there and I stopped and sat down on the fence and watched him for a while. By and by he quit sawing and wiped his forehead, and I spoke to him.

"Pretty good exercise—sawing wood," I said; and he put his hand behind his ear and came up close to me.

"What'd you say? I'm hard o' hearin'."

So I got up and leaned close to his ear and said it again, louder, and he astonished me because he broke into a right amiable smile—the first thing of that kind I'd seen since I came to Mary's Neck. Well, sir, it warmed me all up, and I thought to myself that here at last I'd found one fellow being, as it were, that I could come and talk to, and I was lonesome enough to take the trouble of trying to make him hear me. He said he'd always enjoyed sawing wood; and we began to have a real nice talk until I happened to ask him whether he was a Democrat or a Republican. He didn't seem to understand me at first, so I shouted the question louder in his ear, and then all at once he reached out and took my hat off my head and went into

(Continued on Page 94)

My Family Fell In With the Plan, and Clarissa Sat Down at the Secretary and Wrote Out the List, With Her Mother and Enid Bending Over Her and Putting In Whatever She Happened to Forget

There Was Something Extremely Loverlike About the Way Phil Beauregard Was Talking as He Leaned Forward

MRS. ELDRIDGE

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

MRS. ELDRIDGE felt a certain lack of enthusiasm for the Carr girl the moment she met her.

It happened in the wide hall of the Riviera Hotel, to which Mrs. Eldridge and her son had come early that morning. After unpacking, they'd dressed for bathing and come down in the lift. The Carr girl was sitting at one of the small tables near the door. She was in beach pajamas cut like fantastic overalls, and she was playing cribbage with a young man wearing a sea-green bathing suit.

"Why, if it isn't Boojums!" the Carr girl shouted when she saw Stanley.

It was such a silly name, and Stanley had a kind of natural dignity extraordinary in a boy of his age.

"Hello, Choochoo!" Stanley cried, and that was how Mrs. Eldridge learned that it was the Carr girl who was the reason for their having come to that spot rather than to Biarritz or the Lido, where she had friends.

"Mother," he added, "this is Choochoo Carr."

"How-do-you-do?" Miss Carr said, wringing Mrs. Eldridge's fingers in her clasp. "I didn't realize that you two were together."

"How-do-you-do?" Mrs. Eldridge returned.

"Where do we swim?" Stanley asked.

"Off the rocks down the wide path that leads straight from that door. Phil and I will be down as soon as we've finished this hand. Oh, by the way, Mrs. Eldridge, this is Phil Beauregard. Phil, this is Boojums."

"Tell me about Miss Carr again, Stanley," Mrs. Eldridge said, as they strolled down the path. "You met her at the Coultons', didn't you? How does she happen to call you Boojums?"

"It was some fool joke we had. I don't remember what."

"Do you know anything about her?"

"Just that she's a grand guy. You know her family—those Philadelphia Carrs."

"She suggests them so little."

"Don't you think she's good-looking?"

"Well, she has a look of overpowering health that I suppose is almost beauty."

"I wish you could see her ride a horse. When she hunted in England, they say people went absolutely crazy about her."

"She's just what they like to think an American girl, of course. Is she engaged to the Beauregard man?"

"Not that I know of. No, I'm pretty sure that she's not. Why?"

"I suppose I'm just not used to the intimate atmosphere of this place yet. My, this is nice!"

They had reached a balustrade. Below it, the space between tumbled rocks had been cemented into terraces. There was a swimming pool where children flipped about like bright fishes, and lower still, the Mediterranean, which, that day, happened to be a deep, malachite green.

Mrs. Eldridge left her peignoir on a rock and climbed down a ladder into the warm, buoyant water. Stanley, who had climbed up a ladder to a springboard and dived, was already there.

They swam out to a tethered raft and were sitting on it, when, beating loudly, around a sharp corner of land, there came a great speed boat steered by a man in uniform. In it sat Phil Beauregard, and behind it, standing on a vermilion board in a golden-brown bathing suit almost the color of her own skin, there careened Choochoo Carr.

"My Lord, look at her!" Stanley exclaimed. "Gad! Isn't she marvelous?"

"Why, you aquaplane twice as well as that," Mrs. Eldridge said. "I can't see that she's any better than the little Huneker girl at Bar Harbor."

"But that's aquaplaning. This is a surf board. An aquaplane is fastened to the back of the boat. All that connects this board is that rope Choochoo has in her hand. Watch her take that curve. At-a-girl, Chooch!"

She heard his yell, waved, and lost her balance.

"Now look what you did!" she said, when she swam within speaking distance. "I'm supposed to make three big circles before I fall off, and as many more as possible. Have you ever tried it?"

"I'm no good at it."

"Well, go along out and show whether you are or not."

Stanley did as she directed, and Miss Carr climbed up on the raft beside Mrs. Eldridge.

Stanley wasn't able to get up on the board.

"Oh, the dub!" Choochoo Carr roared when he made his first attempt.

Later she stood up, cupped her hands and yelled, "You're terrible!"

Naturally, Stanley couldn't do anything after that.

His inaptitude surprised Mrs. Eldridge a little, though, because he was so good on an aquaplane. She wished the young people scattered over the rocks, all of whom seemed to be getting so much amusement from watching his efforts, could see his prowess on an aquaplane. Why, he could stand on his head on one. Mrs. Eldridge suspected that the Carr girl wasn't particularly good on an aquaplane.

Mr. Beauregard dived from the speed boat and climbed upon the surf board, evidently to give Stanley some pointers.

"Now, isn't that pretty?" Miss Carr demanded.

"Do you know, I think an aquaplane is rather more amusing to watch," Mrs. Eldridge remarked.

"That's fun, too," Miss Carr said, "but kind of sis, don't you think?"

Then, seeing Stanley make another disastrous attempt, she said, "Oh, that's not right. I'll show him," and dived off the raft.

Mrs. Eldridge would have liked to grab one of her legs and souse her up and down in the water. Of all the ill-mannered tomboys!

The surf-boarding went on for the better part of an hour, Stanley showing little, if any, improvement.

Eventually, Mrs. Eldridge swam back to the rocks and sat with her peignoir around her, observing the other young people there lolling about.

At last Stanley and Miss Carr and Mr. Beauregard came up the ladder from the sea.

"He's hopeless," Miss Carr pronounced.

"Had a good try, though," Stanley claimed.

"It's almost one o'clock," Mrs. Eldridge called to their attention. "Luncheon's at one, isn't it?"

"Yes, if you have it in the dining room. We usually just have some sandwiches and salad and potatoes and things brought down here and lie around and sleep afterward on these mattresses."

"I think I prefer sitting at a table," Mrs. Eldridge said.

"Let me introduce you to some people first. Mrs. Eldridge this is Adele Pearson, and Susie Grant, and Jack Morris, and Bill Phineazy. Mrs. Eldridge is the mother of this new champion trick-fall artist Phil and I had out with us. I won't bother to introduce him. His name is Stan."

They all shook hands very dutifully with Mrs. Eldridge, and said something jovially derogatory to Stanley.

"Shall we start, Stanley?" Mrs. Eldridge asked.

She had noticed that Phil Beauregard was doing something in the background with the rope of one of the life preservers festooned on the rocks. At that moment he swung it over his head, lassoed the Carr girl, and began dragging her about. Mrs. Eldridge was glad to walk away from the tumult which ensued.

It would be better, she thought, since Stanley had been the one who suggested that they come to the Riviera Hotel,

Choochoo Mounted the Surf Board,

that the suggestion that they move on to more congenial surroundings come from him. She was, therefore, temperate in her reply when his first words were: "Well, what do you think of it here?"

"It's a little bit jazzy for me," she said, "but it will probably be very pleasant for a few days."

"It's a nice hotel, and comparatively cheap."

His mother's reluctance to spend money on hotel rooms was rather a joke with Stanley.

"I'm afraid it's going to be one of those places where everything is an extra and I make you go and have long fights with the management." Mrs. Eldridge laughed.

"Old Mrs. Scrooge," he called her affectionately. Underneath she knew he realized that it was only because she'd always been careful that they could live as gracefully as they did.

They dressed for luncheon. Most of the tables in the dining room were occupied by children with governesses or parents. The only people Mrs. Eldridge saw whom she recognized were Sir Henry and Lady Mary Ashlake, with whom she had a bowing acquaintance.

The Eldridges were given a table near the door. They hadn't yet been served when Mrs. Eldridge was vaguely conscious that someone standing in the door looked at them. Shortly after, from the hall there came voices in dispute—a querulous voice and an annoyed one.

The maître d'hôtel heard, and stepped into the hall, and his French voice joined the others.

Finally a man Mrs. Eldridge judged to be about her own age, though he had a funny air of dried-up youth about him, came to their table.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "My name is Whitewright. I hate to say this, but my mother and I were promised this table when the people who used to occupy it should leave. The head waiter didn't want to ask you to move, but I wonder if you'd mind. My mother is so uncomfortable at the table where we've been."

It was the kind of finicking performance that bored Mrs. Eldridge excessively.

"Not a bit," she said; that being the only way she could express her disdain. "It doesn't make any difference to us where we sit."

"Oh, that's so kind of you," Mr. Whitewright told her.

Mrs. Eldridge and Stanley were changed to a table quite as agreeable. To the one from which they'd been dispossessed Mr. Whitewright led a shriveled, painted old woman dressed in bright pink linen. She took her seat with an air of ridiculous triumph.

Mrs. Eldridge talked about Italy to Stanley. She hadn't been there for some years and it was in the back of her mind that it would be very simple to change their watering place for the Lido. Stanley was interested. He knew his Italian history well. He was remarkably well informed for a boy of his age—a young man, rather. It was hard for her to think of him as anything but a boy, of course.

She quoted some of Browning's Italy-worshiping poems, and then referred to the story about the lady who had tried to drag Browning to her Venetian *palazzo* to die. Such an enchanting place—Venice.

"Do you remember it, Stanley, or were you too little?"

"Oh, I remember it."

"You were quite mad about it then."

Choochoo Carr

It wouldn't be hard to persuade Stanley to move in that direction after a day or two with these boors and booresses.

In the meantime there would be things to do here. After luncheon Mrs. Eldridge planned to motor over to Cannes to see if, by any chance, Henrietta Carpenter was in her villa there, and if she weren't, to glance in the shops. Before luncheon was over, however, the *chasseur* brought Stanley a note which he read and tossed to her:

> We're going to sail over to the islands this afternoon. Want to come? If so, report on the rocks pretty soon. Bring swimming things. *Chooch.*

"Does it appeal to you?" Mrs. Eldridge asked.

"I think it sounds great."

"Really?"

"Yes," he laughed. "Almost as good as sitting in a car while you go into antique shops."

"I didn't know that bored you."

"Oh, it doesn't much. I like to look around them myself, now and then."

"I won't go to Cannes till tomorrow. I'll rest this afternoon. It will be rather pleasant."

It wasn't though. Mrs. Eldridge finished the book she was reading inside an hour, and the only other one she had with her proved to be dull. Of course there wasn't a thing to read in the hotel.

At about four she went down to the rocks and took another swim all by herself. There were, of course, crowds of people, but they were even younger than Stanley and Miss Carr and their friends, and Mrs. Eldridge didn't try to talk to any of them. She didn't even say "Please don't do that again" when they dived over her and landed with a great splash, or almost deafened her by shouts of "Cowardy custard" and similar infantilisms.

It wasn't pleasant, and Mrs. Eldridge resented losing Stanley for a whole day, anyway. She saw so little of him in the winter when he was working, that she regarded this summer as hers.

Six o'clock came, seven o'clock, and he hadn't returned. Mrs. Eldridge went to the desk.

"Do people eat at this island to which they make excursions?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes; there's an excellent restaurant there."

That was the explanation, of course, but how thoughtless of the Carr girl not to have given some hint as to when they'd be back.

Mrs. Eldridge dined alone, and afterward played three-handed bridge—which she detested—with Sir Henry and Lady Mary Ashlake. They turned out to be dreary people, scandalized people.

"Oh, my dear, in England ——"

Who cared about what people were shocked at in England!

They hadn't a book to lend her, either, except one which Lady Mary described as "a sweet little story about a man who goes blind and has a bad wife. Rather painful, of course."

At a little after eleven Stanley, and the Carr girl, and Adele Pearson, and Susie Grant, and the Messrs. Beauregard and Phineazy blared into the hall of the hotel where the dull game was taking place.

"Well, at last," Mrs. Eldridge said.

"Been worried?" Stanley asked. "Did you think I was drowned?"

"I didn't give you a thought," his mother said; she wasn't going to be a hen.

"We've got a new name for Boojums, now, Mrs. Eldridge," the Carr girl informed her—"Flopsums. You

(Continued on Page 56)

Phil Produced Another for Himself, and Standing Side by Side, They Tore Away on an Indefinite Cruise

THE CODE OF THE NORTH

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

EVERY time the Muskeg Limited stopped, my train mate, the constable of the Manitoba Provincial Police, arose, buttoned up his military greatcoat, slipped his heavy rubbers over his moose-hide moccasins and walked forth upon a secret mission.

There was plenty of time for his investigations. The Muskeg Limited is one of the two mixed trains which, once a week, leave The Pas in Northern Manitoba on a lonely journey far into the North; in fact, nearly to the end of steel upon that most courageous of undertakings, the Hudson Bay Railway. Into a land where once only the musher and his dog team, the trapper, the Treaty Cree and the squaw-man fur buyer were wont to wander, it pursues a course over the muskeg, across lake and swamp and along the roaring Nelson, with Fort Churchill as its goal. There some day, it is hoped, the grain ships of the world will gather to transport the exports of the prairie provinces by a new route across the sea.

PHOTO BY G. O. S. JOHNSON

An Engineers' Camp and, at Right, a Settlement on the Hudson Bay Railway

It is a historical undertaking, halting neither for weather nor for difficulties. When the forest fires blaze through the stunted growth in the summer, the crews labor on, even with sparks falling about them. When the winds of the subarctic winter sweep onward with their temperatures of forty and fifty below, the pioneer track layer continues its relentless assault against the frontier, while huddled groups of workers, their clothing streaked with the white of caked snow, trudge onward with it, a stolid, conquering army, moving doggedly but persistently into the North. And it is by the Muskeg Limited and its companion, the Way Freight, that these workers are kept supplied, that rails and ties are waiting when another mile is to be conquered, into the stubby, rocky, forbidding Barrens on the way to Hudson Bay.

A Policeman With a 500-Mile Beat

A MIXED train, carrying the necessaries of a building railroad and its hundreds of workers, as well as the food and freight by which some twenty brave little settlements exist, the Muskeg Limited carries, at the end of its string of some fifty freight cars, an ancient tourist coach. Here the passenger lives, for when the train ties up for the night, owing to the dangers of newly laid track, the man who is going to the end of steel simply pulls out the seats, spreads his eiderdown and sleeps until morning. Then the train butcher, carrying conveniences beyond civilization, serves coffee, and toast and marmalade; a personal touch which pioneers of other days found sadly lacking.

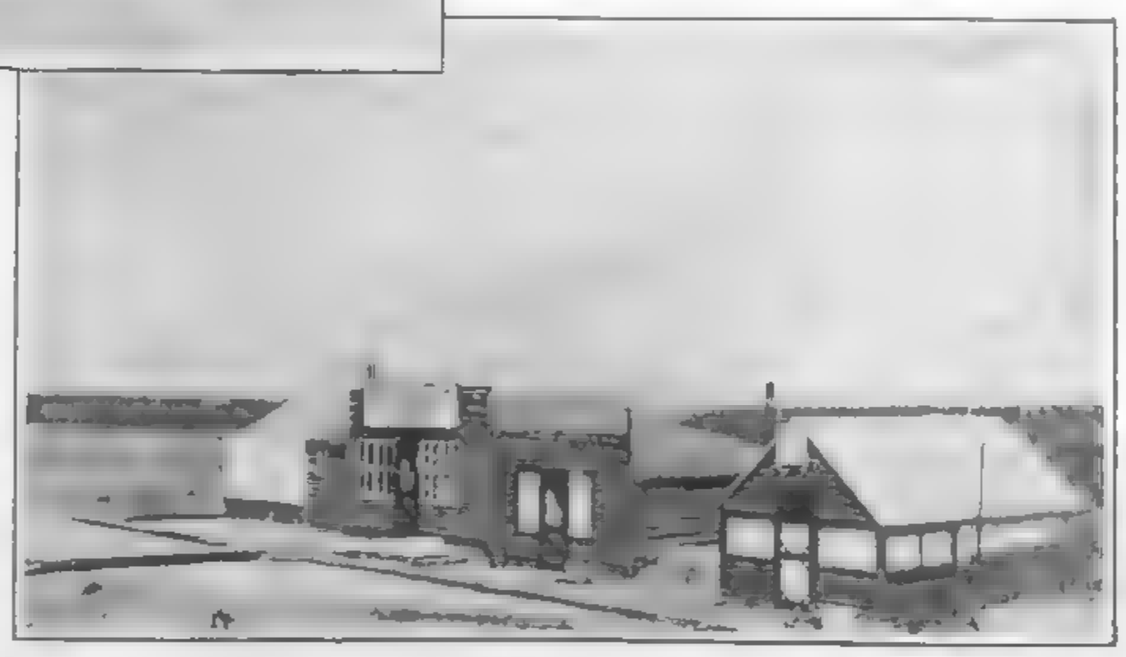
It is nearly a fifty-hour journey from The Pas to the end of steel. During the day the train stops about once an hour. My friend, the constable, knew all those sidings as well as the engineer did; he was ready every time the brakes screeched. Soon he was hurrying to the house of a trapper, or to the trading store, thence onward, to interview a grinning Cree and his equally grinning family of stringy-haired children, not to return to the coach again until the highball sounded from far ahead. Always the search, always the questioning and queries; I watched him with a thrill. Here was an exemplification of all those stories of the Frozen North, the indomitable get-your-man spirit that never halted. One likes to think of such things in pioneer country, where the habitations are of logs or tents, and one can see the jerked meat of a newly killed moose hanging outside a trapper's cabin, his food of the winter. This North Country is a new land, where people have drifted from everywhere, old sourdoughs who knew the Klondike and the Yukon, chasers of rainbows, workers from half the world; and where a people is heterogeneous, crime sometimes finds a fertile breeding ground. Several times I sought to break the guard of the constable's atmosphere of mystery. It was impossible. By the end of the second day I could stand it no longer; so having established a condition of confidence with a train official, I asked:

"Who's the cop after?"

"Don't know his name."

"Wanted for murder or something of the kind?"

A grin answered me. But no enlightenment.



I pursued the matter. At last the trainman went to the window and looked carefully out.

"Don't you tell him I told you!" he warned me. "I got it in confidence." Again he gave a nervous look about him. "You see, he found out that a fellow came down out of the Barrens last week—a fellow who's supposed to have discovered a big placer claim up there. And he's on his track, so he can find out just where that placer ground is and go up there and stake out a claim for himself!" Then the trainman sighed. "I'd stake out one for myself if I didn't have to go back on schedule."

After that, my friend, the constable, grew somewhat less interesting. Until this time I had thought that for once, out of the far-stretched frontier into which I had dipped at intervals for more than a month, I was at last to see some excitement. But it wasn't the final blow. That night, as we spread our eiderdowns, I remarked to the constable:

"Where do you carry your gun, anyway?"

"My gun?" he queried, his Irish face breaking into a grin. "In me pack sack, of course. Now whatever would I be carryin' a gun on me hip up here for? There ain't one of the byes I can't call by their first name—yes, even the Bohunkies!"

There weren't any questions after that. In a country mad with the thought of gold, where strange men forgathered without a question of their antecedents, this constable covered, once every eight days, a beat of more than five hundred miles. The little settlements along the way were dependent upon him for their protection. He and he alone represented the power of enforcement. He went into places where men had been battling loneliness for months and where a dozen nationalities presented the various problems of racial conflict. He watched after the sick and cared for the happiness of the able. He was all the law that existed in that five hundred miles, where men lived from day to day upon the thought of the time they'd have when they went out, of the money they'd spend. He was their sole barrier to the unleashment of every savage instinct that is supposed to rise in hairy breasts when the frontier has been passed. And he didn't even carry a gun!

That is the strangest of all the strange things that are happening these days in the North of Canada. Up there, across a frontier extending for three thousand miles, the greatest push into the wilderness that the world ever has known is approaching a climax.

The Hunt for Poor Man's Gold

SOMEWHERE in that land of the North, where the blue ice begins only a short distance beneath the scrubby vegetation and persists at places to unpierced depths, lies placer gold. Men are willing to risk death to find this particular land of treasure. Nobody knows, in fact, how many already have died in the grueling search; died in the bush, upon the lonely Barrens, and north, even into the Arctic Circle. More than one eager wanderer has mushed joyously toward the supposed comforts of a far-off cabin, to find only skeletons dwelling within. More than one man has started forth upon the Barrens, never to come back. But the unfound treasure of nugget gold continues to beckon. It must be somewhere in the North, say these searchers. They insist that the glaciers which existed century upon century, grinding down the mountains until the land is almost flat, must somewhere have laid aside the gold which they had gathered in this milling process of the ages. Somewhere it must exist, field upon field of virgin gold, nuggets and dust in unending quantities, poor man's money that, when it is discovered, will make the finds of California, of Colorado and Montana, even of the Klondike and the Yukon puny by comparison. The search goes on ceaselessly.

Perhaps a definite picture is necessary by which to understand just how much of a rush, both for vein and placer gold, for copper and baser minerals, is now in progress in Canada.

It is only necessary, then, to draw an undulating line across the entire North of Canada, starting at Labrador and winding down through the Ungava District of Quebec into North Quebec proper, to take in the camp of Rouyn. Then the course lies through Cobalt, Timmins and Porcupine, and continues westward, always hugging the transcontinental line of the Canadian National Railways, until Red Lake is reached, practically at the Manitoba boundary.

After that, the line shoots sharply northwest to The Pas, and from there on westward through Northern

The Dock at The Pas, the Outfitting Point

Saskatchewan and Alberta into the northern portions of British Columbia. That, if you please, represents the skirmish line of the prospector; one finds him chasing the rumor in Ungava that Indians last summer found immense fields of gold there. One found him last autumn, banked by the score at the various railroad stations from Hudson, Ontario, for two hundred miles east, awaiting freeze-up that he might jump off with his dog teams and his snowshoes, upon the hunt for what is believed to be a solid chain of gold mines along the height of land extending from Red Lake, along a line of lakes to Fort Hope, Ontario, and even farther eastward, to Rouyn and Amos. One finds the same conditions in Manitoba, until recently classed as a prairie province, and thence onward to the Pacific Ocean. What was concentrated in Colorado, California and Alaska is here extended to the breadth of a continent.

Freighting at Cumberland House, Northern Manitoba

That is, I have said, the skirmish line of the prospector. But there is another line of offense—the scouts, going even ahead of the skirmishers into practically unmapped territory, where only men who care enough for gold to gamble life against it may penetrate.

Canada, as most persons know it, ends at sixty degrees. That is the northern boundary line of the provinces; even the bleak stretches of Labrador protrude only a slight tip beyond this latitude. But that, if you please, is where the Anybody's Land of Gold begins.

Fifty Dollars and Some Good Advice

THIS is the true Frozen North. Here lies the tip of Ungava Land. Here are the District of Keewatin, the District of Mackenzie, the Yukon and the Northwest territories. Here are vast, unmapped, silent areas where the Eskimo lives or starves by the annual run of the caribou, where indescribable fierceness arrives with the onslaught of winter. Few attempt this land but the half-bushed trapper, the exploring factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, checking up his posts in the Arctic, the redcoat—and the airplane loaded with prospectors, to be dropped upon the edge of an unnamed lake with instructions to be at the same spot four months hence when the airplane will come back again.

Gold! It is starting men at Reindeer Lake, where Commander Byrd tested his airplane for cold weather. It is sending men from that beginning upon a northwest course along the Slave to Great Slave Lake, far above sixty, and from the Great Slave onward, even to the Great Bear, hugging the Arctic Circle above sixty-five. Men must love gold to go there; but somewhere, they say, back of the Yukon it waits, in a land where the ground melts in summer for only a matter of inches. Great beds of gravel lie there, so they say. "They" is enough; on go the scouts, searching and searching—and sometimes dying. But there are others who still believe and take just one step farther.

There is a lure about placer gold that no other form of riches contains. One great mine, for instance, over a period of years can turn out far more wealth than a placer deposit, but that isn't the idea. The thing about a placer is that the money is right there for the person who finds it; there is no long, dragged-out process by which a prospector interests big capital and then waits for the engineer's report, the diamond-drilling campaign and other developments before receiving his bonus and stock in the company. He finds his gold and stakes his claim. Then with pick and pan or sluice box he cleans the gold from the dross, puts it into his leathern poke and immediately gets a return upon an investment. For prospecting is not a cheap affair by any means. Recently a gold-fired young man from Saskatoon approached Lionel H. G. Moore, secretary of the Prospectors' Association at The Pas, and asked for advice on how to find a gold mine.

"I want to go prospecting," he said. "What will I need?"

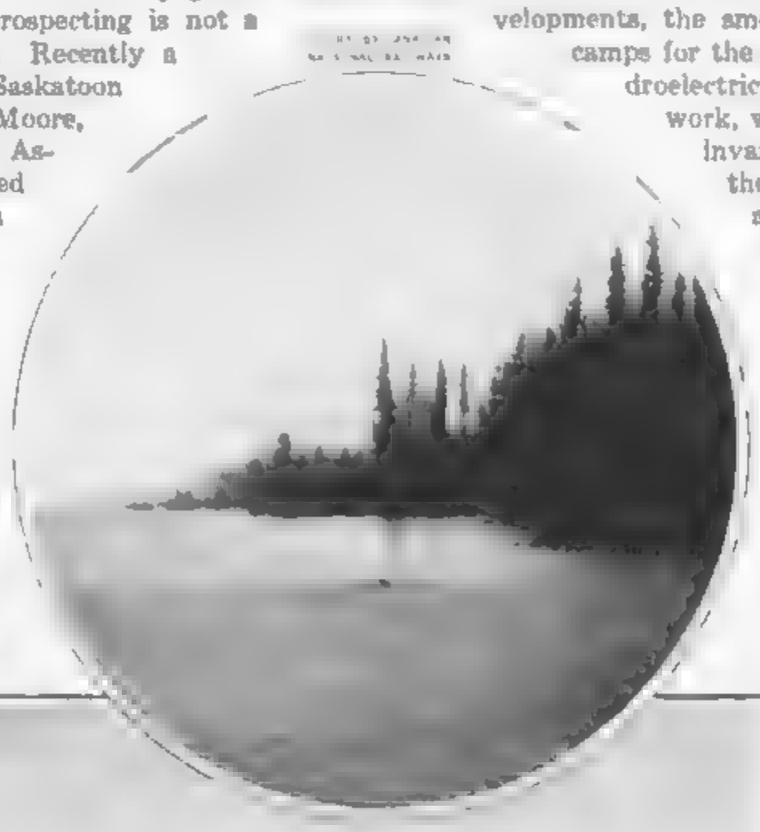
"How much money have you?"

"About fifty dollars."

"And you want some advice?" asked Moore. "Well, I'll give it to you. To become a prospector, all you need is a canoe and an outboard motor costing three hundred dollars, an eiderdown sleeping bag costing sixty-five dollars, a tent and a pack, cheap at thirty dollars, sixty dollars' worth of personal equipment, another fifty for gas, oil and tools for your motor, a grubstake of three hundred dollars, and money enough to buy a dog team and sled if you need it. So, since you have a total of fifty dollars, I would suggest that the first thing you buy is a one-way ticket back to Saskatoon."

Thus the experienced and the inexperienced, the old-timers and the new are flooding into a country that is heralded as the greatest of gold fields, where the gold-bearing shield of the Pre-Cambrian covers a total of nearly two million square miles. Here and there strikes are being made, causing villages, towns and even cities to grow with all the mixture of personalities which floods to a boom town. Railroads are being pushed forward at various points, entailing working groups aggregating thousands of men. To this influx must be added the commercial developments, the smelters and paper mills, bush camps for the getting out of pulpwood, hydroelectric projects. All this is men's work, where the feminine element is invariably less than 10 per cent of the total population. That ratio, according to all the rules, should make for lawlessness. It did in the old days of California and Colorado, and every other mining camp, for that matter, including those of the Klondike. Where the softening influence of woman did not exist, men were bad and bold and lawless. Especially up in the frozen North, with the glint of gold upon the icicles, with Indians everywhere, and strong, silent men who do such fierce things in the movies and ——

Prospectors Outfitting for the Bush, at The Pas



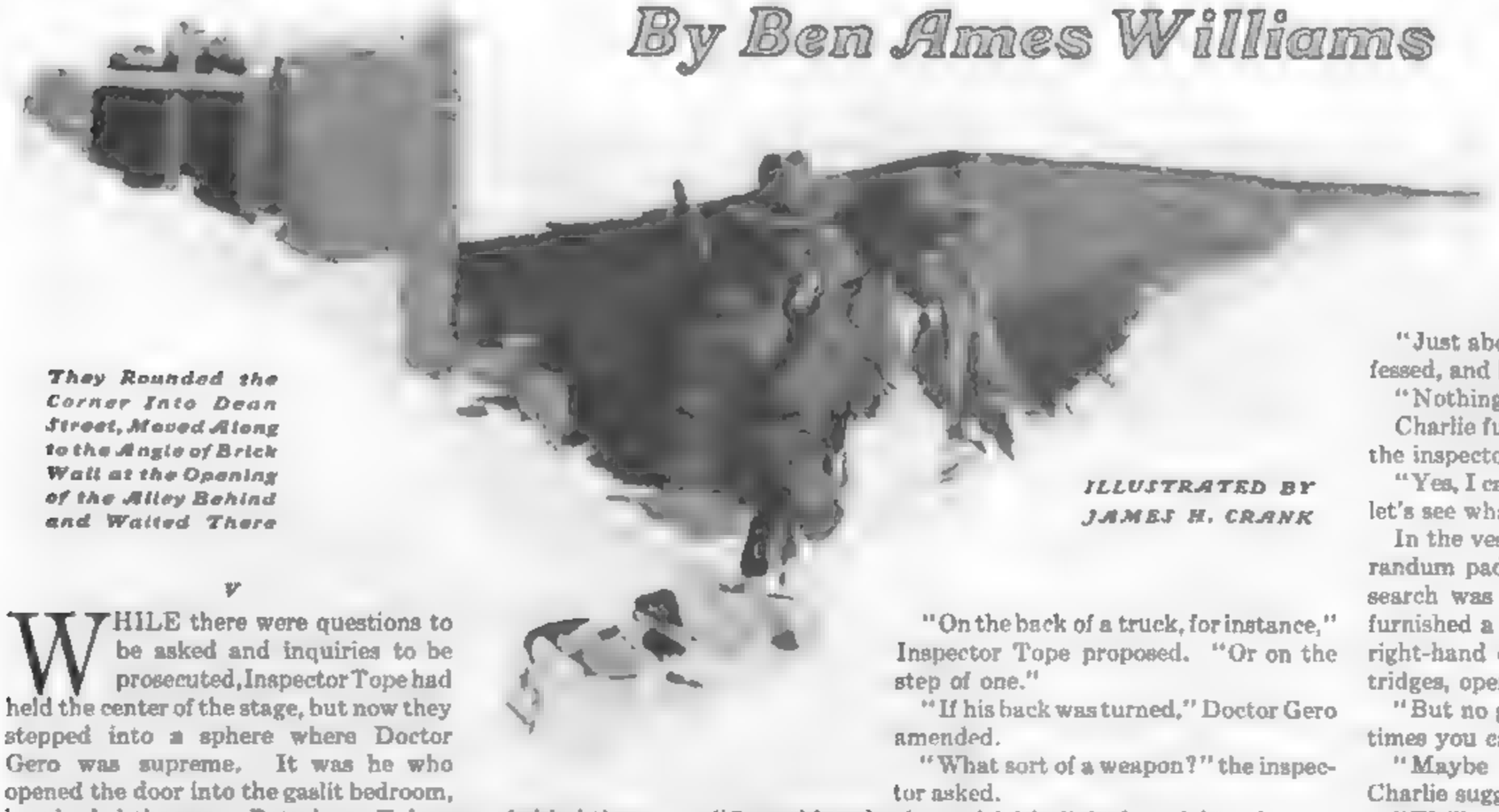
Well, anyway, a certain young woman wanted romance. Something had happened to the marital joys which she had once known, so she went from an agricultural city to the fringe of civilization. There she met the inevitable French-Canadian trapper, who told her of the great land north of Churchill, up Chesterfield Inlet way, where the white whales played and where Love could live untrammeled.

(Continued on Page 48)

for All North Manitoba Mining Activity. In Circle—Typical North Canadian Bush, Along Lake Athapapuskow, Manitoba

DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

By Ben Ames Williams



They Rounded the Corner Into Dean Street, Moved Along to the Angle of Brick Wall at the Opening of the Alley Behind and Waited There

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

V

WHILE there were questions to be asked and inquiries to be prosecuted, Inspector Tope had held the center of the stage, but now they stepped into a sphere where Doctor Gero was supreme. It was he who opened the door into the gaslit bedroom, he who led the way. Patrolman Tyler came behind them.

What had been Bull Fowle lay extended on the bed, and Doctor Gero turned that way. "He had fallen forward on his face, his body across the bed," he explained. "It was clear that he had taken a step or two, so there was no reason for not moving him." He drew back the sheet which covered the face. "Now here," he said.

Inspector Tope bent forward as though to see, but Charlie did not approach so near. It was the inspector's duty; it was for Charlie neither duty nor pleasure. So he waited by the table, and he lighted a cigarette somewhat nervously. Inspector Tope bent above the dead man, but his shadow fell across the face, so he moved a little to one side. And Doctor Gero said gravely:

"The blow fell there, behind and above the right temple, at an angle. I have cleaned the spot. You can see that the skin is split, and the skull is crushed below."

Charlie saw the inspector nod. "Bull Fowle, eh?" the old man murmured, half to himself.

"I said no shot struck him," the doctor reminded them. "Of course I haven't made a complete examination, but there appears to be no other wound in a mortal spot, no suggestion of hemorrhage on his clothes except from this, and no bruises. Of course he may have a bullet in his leg. But this is what killed him."

"On the right side of his head," the inspector remarked.

Doctor Gero nodded and the inspector turned toward Charlie. "Charlie," he invited, "you've been around a good deal. Ever see this man before?"

Charlie moved forward with faint reluctance. He saw the strong bold countenance of a man somewhere in his forties—a countenance full of vigor and power. Dark hair shot with gray, a small mustache, a heavy jaw. He tried to remember whether there was about this face anything familiar.

And in the momentary silence, Doctor Gero said, "A powerful fellow—see!" And he bared the great shoulders, the tremendous chest. "The shoulders of a prize fighter," he remarked, "and the lung capacity of a swimmer. A tremendously strong man."

"Don't know him, do you, Charlie?" the inspector repeated, and the reporter shook his head. "I thought you might have run into him somewhere on your rounds," Tope explained.

"No," Harquail confessed, in a tone almost apologetic. He felt doubtfully that the inspector hoped for a more definite word. "No, I don't remember him. Never saw him that I recall."

Doctor Gero cleared his throat. "You spoke of the location of the blow. You see what that means?"

The inspector nodded. "But I'd like your suggestion, doctor."

"If he was hit from in front, the man who hit him was left-handed, probably," Doctor Gero pointed out. "Of course he might have been struck a back-hand blow, but probably left-handed. And not so tall as this man. The contusion angles upward and back. If he was hit from behind, it was a right-handed man, either taller than this man was or standing somewhat above him."

"On the back of a truck, for instance," Inspector Tope proposed. "Or on the step of one."

"If his back was turned," Doctor Gero amended.

"What sort of a weapon?" the inspector asked.

"Something slender and fairly light in weight. A cane, perhaps."

"A lead pipe?"

"If it were a lead pipe, and the blow were hard enough to split the skin as it did, it would have done more damage inside," Doctor Gero explained—"probably. That is guesswork, of course, but probably. I should rather think it was a sharp blow with a cane or a broom handle or a thing like that." And he added: "Possibly loaded, of course. After all, the bones were strong. In a man of this type, they'd stand a heavy blow."

Inspector Tope nodded. "All right," he decided. "You're taking it away?"

"Yes—yes."

"Keep in touch with me," the old man directed. "Don't take any final step without letting me know."

Doctor Gero nodded, and he turned to the patrolman. "Tyler, will you tell the men to come up?" he requested.

"I'll want to get a more complete identification," the inspector remarked, half to himself. "Bull Fowle is a new name to me. The woman may have made it up. I'll have them pick up Reevil or Huginn or one of that crowd and make them take a look at him. We'll find someone." And he added: "Have you looked through his clothes?"

"His overcoat and hat are over there," Doctor Gero replied, pointing to the couch in the corner. "There's some mud on them. I put his coat and vest there too. The things from his trousers pockets are on the bureau. His underclothes and shirt have no laundry marks—seem to be new. The suit is old, but the tailor's name and record tag have been taken out."

The inspector nodded. "A complete job," he remarked. "All right." He turned toward the bureau to examine the man's belongings, and Charlie followed him. Charlie was scarce conscious of those who came at Tyler's summons. He saw the doctor depart, but he himself was busy checking, with the inspector, the things Bull Fowle had carried in his pockets.

Two handkerchiefs, unmarked. A cheap wrist watch, the strap still bright and new. An ordinary pocket knife. A five-dollar bill and three ones and some silver. A cheap cylindrical brass cigarette lighter, of a sort that could be bought for fifty cents at any one of a dozen stores, and old and tarnished with use.

"That's all from the pants," Inspector Tope commented, and he looked at Charlie. "What do you think of the lot?"

"Just about what you'd find in my pants," Charlie confessed, and he smiled—"except the five-dollar bill."

"Nothing else in your pockets?"

Charlie fumbled. "A book of keys," he discovered, and the inspector nodded.

"Yes, I carry keys too," he said contentedly. "All right, let's see what's over here."

In the vest they found a cheap imitation-leather memorandum pad and a stub of pencil. But in the coat their search was better rewarded. The left-hand side pocket furnished a pack of cigarettes of a familiar brand and the right-hand outside pocket yielded a box of revolver cartridges, opened, three cartridges gone.

"But no gun on him," the inspector muttered. "Sometimes you can trace a gun."

"Maybe in the overcoat, where it would be handy," Charlie suggested, and the older man smiled.

"We'll come to that in a minute," he agreed. He was fumbling in the inside pocket of the coat. "See here!" he said.

What he produced was a folded sheaf of bills, old and wrinkled, wrapped in a sheet of paper. The inspector unwrapped them and flipped through them with his thumb, wetting it in the process. "Nineteen fifties and two twenties," he reported. "He started with a thousand, spent some somewhere—maybe the box of shells—maybe we can tie it to the box of shells." He folded the bills again.

"What's this?" he said, half aloud, and he examined more closely the sheet of paper in which the bills had been wrapped. "Hullo!" he muttered after a minute. "It's a note from the woman."

And when he had read it he gave it to Charlie, and the reporter took it under the gaslight in the middle of the room to examine it more closely. It was written in pencil—a pencil with a heavy lead—and the

"If Wishing Was Killing, You Could Burn Me for What I Thought of Him," Huginn Said. "Outside of That—No!"

handwriting was blotchy and uneven, sometimes almost illegible. Charlie had a little difficulty in deciphering a word here and there, but in the end he arrived at a satisfactory version. He read:

Darling: I am at 1 Scurvy Street. The street door will be unlocked for you. Come to the head of the first flight, turn to the left, and the door on your left. I will be waiting. Be here at 11:30. I will be frantic till you come. M——

The inspector had not appeared to be listening, but he spoke now over his shoulder. "She told us 10:30," he remarked.

Charlie looked at the note again. "This certainly looks like 11:30," he insisted.

"That's what I thought," the older man assented. "So he was on time, after all." And he added: "Here's his gun—in his overcoat pocket, the way you said—automatic."

"She said he never used a gun," the reporter remembered.

"He had one anyway," the inspector returned. He continued: "This man had fallen down. Mud on his clothes, still wet. Street mud. Gutter mud. There's some on his overcoat and on his hat. See?" He hesitated. Tyler was standing by the door and the inspector spoke to him. "You'd better get the wagon, Tyler," he directed, "for the woman—material witness. And have a doctor look at her." He added: "Tell Mrs. Culp to stay at home for a few days."

Tyler departed; and Charlie, fingering the hat which the inspector had handed him, said uncertainly, "Inspector, you remember the drug clerk's tale about a man being hit by a car—knocked down."

"We'll stop there when we leave here," the inspector agreed. "Find out what time that was."

"Doctor Gero said the chap might have walked three or four blocks, possibly," Charlie argued; and he asked, "Why did you want a doctor to see the woman?"

The inspector hesitated. "I'd like to have a report on her—imaginative faculty," he confessed. "Some people have it more than others. It's like a moving picture. You let some folks see a car going fast and a man tumbling out of the way, and the images blend—overlap. They'll swear the car hit the man. She saw the trucks, heard the shots—if they were shots—saw a man run, saw a policeman; and—her man came to the door and dropped dead on the bed. She might imagine the rest and still think it was true. A question of speed of perception."

"She had time to make up the story."

"Yes," the old man agreed, "she had time."

And suddenly a thought seemed to strike him. "Where's Tyler?" he asked. "Oh, yes, gone for the wagon. I'll have Mea take the woman when Tyler comes back. I want Tyler." He looked thoughtfully about the room, and he collected the articles belonging to the dead man and arranged them on the table. "Tyler can stay here and take care of these till I send someone," he decided. His eyes were busy. "Some of the woman's clothes here, and her bag. She'll want them."

And he began, carefully and gently, to gather up Molly Bell's belongings and bestow them in the bag. In the process, he gave them some inspection; but he did this in a restrained fashion, as though he were unwilling to offer even these senseless garments any profanation. "No marks on them," he said, under his breath, at last. "And the bag came from a cheap house. It's still new, but it's already shabby. The gun and the cartridges are our best chance."

"And the gangsters she named," Charlie suggested.

"Yes, and them," the inspector agreed, with no particular interest in his tones.

"You don't think they were in it?"

"Haven't got much yet to start thinking on," the older man returned.

Tyler came back and heard the change of plan, and Mea departed with Molly Bell in his charge. The woman was become dull and listless now. When they were gone, the inspector drew Tyler back to the room she had rented and he pointed out the articles on the table.

"I'll send someone to look out for them," he said. "You stay here till he comes. . . . Now, Tyler, you heard this woman scream?"

"Yes."

"You were out back by the corner of the alley?"

"Right by it."

"You stay here," the inspector directed. "Shut the door. She said she had shut it after him. Give us time to get out there. Then you yell about as loud as you think she yelled."

Mea Departed With Molly Bell in His Charge. The Woman Was Become Dull and Listless Now

Tyler flushed in awkward embarrassment. "What'll I yell?" he protested.

"Whatever she yelled."

"She just let out a screech."

Charlie chuckled and the inspector smiled and nodded contentedly.

"Then you just let out a screech," he agreed. "All right. After that, come to the bathroom window. I may want to speak to you."

"I can't yell the way she did," the officer argued miserably, and he was red to the ears. "Wake up everybody in the house."

"They're likely awake already," the older man insisted. "All right, Charlie, come on."

Charlie was still chuckling at Tyler's dismay when they descended the stairs. The door closed behind them and the stealthy rain caressed their cheeks and stole down inside their collars, as though to betray them with a kiss. They rounded the corner into Dean Street, moved along to the angle of brick wall at the opening of the alley behind and waited there; and after a long minute there came to them from within the house a muffled bawl, like the smothered cry of a calf separated from its mother by the intervening herd. Charlie laughed aloud.

But Inspector Tope did not laugh. "Give me a hand," he directed, and with Charlie's help he lifted himself till his head topped the wall.

Charlie heard the bathroom window open and Tyler called, "All right, inspector?"

But before Inspector Tope could answer, another window was raised and the shrill and querulous tones of Mrs. Culp filled the air.

"What's the matter?" she ejaculated. "What you making so much noise for? This is a decent house, I'd have you know. Can't you ever let a body sleep?"

"We'll be through in a minute," the inspector said steadily. And to Tyler: "Leave the bathroom window open and try again," he instructed. "And then leave the room door open and try once more. Then we'll go."

"Yes, and shut my bathroom window when you're done!" Mrs. Culp scolded. "I can't be running up and down stairs every half hour this way. I'm tired of locking doors and shutting windows after folks."

"Quiet, please," Inspector Tope said sternly, and he dropped to the pavement again, touched Charlie's arm. They heard Tyler's bellow—this time more definitely.

Before, it had been a formless sound, not easily located; now it came, obviously, through the bathroom window. And a moment later it sounded again, so loud this time as almost to be startling.

The inspector seemed content. He turned away, his hand through Charlie's elbow. Behind them they heard Mrs. Culp's bitter admonitions and Tyler's morose rejoinders. They swung along Dean Street past the house, through the block where the warehouses were; and Charlie looked at the huge structures thoughtfully, and along the street gleaming blackly in the rain; and he glanced aside along the sorry length of Scurvy Street as they crossed that thoroughfare.

"Glad to see the last of this place," he confessed. "It's an ugly layout. An hour of it's enough for me."

Inspector Tope did not comment on this, but it occurred to Charlie suddenly—and he felt a guilty pang at the thought—that they had been here more than an hour. His watch told him it was indeed well past three o'clock. He had been remiss—should long since have sent some word to the paper. The last Sunday editions must have gone to press, and there was about this tragedy no sufficient glamour to justify an extra. Yet Charlie knew his guilt. He was still young in the game. Old reporters do not forget press time; to remember is instinctive with them. But Charlie had forgotten; and Boetius would, he knew, have a stern word for him when next he reported at the office.

He spoke of this to Tope, and the inspector said casually, "That so? Nothing much to print yet, is there?"

"They could have had a line."

"Boss raise a row, will he?"

"Will he?" Charlie echoed ruefully. "Boetius? He'll blister me!"

Inspector Tope seemed to consider this.

"Guess if it was Bellmer, you'd be all right," the inspector hazarded.

"Why?" Charlie asked, puzzled.

"Oh, a man as busy as he is, time don't mean so much to him."

(Continued on Page 58)

UNREAL PROPERTY

"And Meanwhile You Get Me Up an Affidavit to the Effect That This Man Here Sold My House to the Wrecker by the Order of Merle Lanham, an Attorney of —— Broadway. Put In—Put In ——"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"COGNAC, sir?" Billy Davigne shook his head, though he could not but admire the prewar assurance of the waiter's tone. There were two reasons, equally good, why he would not have a tot of Signor Antonio's Hamburg cognac, and the first one was that he did not possess an unbudgeted half dollar. He lit a cheap and bad five-cent cigar, folded his heavy hands over the lank stomach whence the signor's dollar dinner was diffusing warmth and health vibrations, and looked with simulated casualness at the lone diner in the purple toque and skimpy fox scarf.

He could not place her, and yet he felt that he knew her rather well, had probably spoken to her at some time. He felt, rather than remembered, that he had thought of her several times during the two months on the road from which he—Byrne & Vallon, Hydraulic Pumps, Represented by William Davigne—had returned that day. She surely looked easier to think about than, for instance, hydraulic pumps.

She felt his gaze, looked at him with slate-colored eyes, nodded and smiled brightly. He nodded enthusiastically and moved his chair to go to her table. But on cool second thought he would wait until he had paid his check. On shameful third thought he would wait until she had paid her check—to such baseness had Byrne & Vallon's unwanted pumps reduced him. Perhaps he was supposed to know her very well and she would talk to him joyously of old times and acquaintances in common, making him feel like a big brother, and then her check would come. Now was the time to look about and to be distracted.

There was something else in Signor Antonio's 10th Street restaurant that also affected Billy with a haunting sense of old acquaintance half forgot, and that was the stained-glass window that blanked with glory the signor's back yard; he looked hard at it.

His blue eyes narrowed with genuine interest; he rose and strolled to the end of the long and narrow room, and studied the window in full and in detail.

"I'll be jiggered," he said.

At a table near by sat Signor Antonio—large, sleek, olive and black. Signor Antonio looked at Billy and at the window, and was flattered. Billy looked at the dull figure of the young knight who reclined beneath a dead and dusty tree and turned up a lackluster visage to a pasty-faced maiden. Billy knew that if the sunlight ever wandered into Signor Antonio's back yard the young knight's figure would become instinct with life and his face would crimson and the tree would glow like emeralds, and health and beauty would beam from the sick-looking maid. Billy knew it because he had seen just such things happen in just such a window.

"Where did you get it, Antonio?"

"It is *quattrocento*, and of Florence," said Signor Antonio. He added helpfully: "That is in Italy, sir-r. It is what I shall call the-e Renaissance, and it is not of paint but of all glass—of all glass. And it is the Renaissance."

"How interesting that is! But where did you get it?"

"My gr-randfather ——" began Signor Antonio sonorously, taking a comfortable attitude and lifting jointed thumb and middle finger in air. But just then there came a hurry call from the kitchen and he had to speak quickly and to the point. "Sir-r, I get it of Berger's antique store on Eleventh Avenue, and for only thirty dollars. It is a wonderful bargain, is it not? Oh, I tell you, Antonio is not so big fool. Hundr-reds of dollars, sir-r!"

With a puzzled shake of the head, Billy turned from the window. He knew where was the counterpart of that window and he had not supposed that there were two such in the world. As a child he had played on a library floor in the light of just such a knight's countenance, in the azure shadow of just such a maiden's dress. The counterpart was in the closed residence on 93d Street that had been his home and was his inheritance from his father. It was odd, passing strange; here was such another window in a stuffy Greenwich Village restaurant.

While Billy had been scrutinizing the window the girl in the purple toque had left the room. She was nowhere. He was sorry now that he had not grappled boldly with the problem of her check. He paid his and left hastily, but 10th Street, too, was empty of her.

At four o'clock of the following morning Billy snapped out of sleep in his furnished room—he wasn't living in the 93d Street house; he hated housekeeping like sin.

That patch of darker blue in the maiden, an irregular bit where the original panel had been broken and patched with a poorly matching substitute—he had been given a fine new air rifle by a fond father and the tricky thing had gone off while pointing, with excellent taste, at the glowing girl in the library window. He sat up.

"Why, hang it!" he exclaimed aloud. "That was my window!"

He considered his discovery. High time he had a look at his house. He had heard of fellows who slipped down through unfastened coal chutes and cut away lead pipes, and such forays were to be expected; but it was a piece of unheard-of cheek to walk away with a six-foot window. And yet it seemed that some unusually enterprising chap had done just that and nothing else. And a fellow who would attempt a window was to be respected. Had he gutted the house?

Billy's annoyance was not all bruised sentiment. That house was all he had. Not that ownership of such a fine piece of New York real estate was an undiluted and constant advantage; an empty house brings in nothing and taxes must be found. He had tried vainly to sell it. It had cost his father, by actual count, fifty-two thousand dollars, and good value for the money, but private residences were no longer wanted in that neighborhood and the lot was too narrow for a modern apartment house. It was a white elephant, and now the elephant was probably in need of expensive repairs.

He was first at the breakfast table and first out of the house. He bolted into the Subway and was rushed up to 86th Street, whence he hurried northward along Lexington Avenue and so to his familiar block.

He nodded approvingly at sight of a steel skeleton on the corner of his street. A scaffolding at the waist of the rising skeleton was black with bricklayers, laboring to the cheerful din of roaring hoists, rattling riveters and volleying hammers. Something was doing in the old neighborhood; surely, with returning wealth and fashion would come some sensible and old-fashioned chap who would like to live in a fine old-fashioned brownstone front and pay a fine old price or rent.

His hopes soared up again. The house would be better, more marketable, for a new pipe or two, and he'd have that valuable old window back or know the reason why.

He stopped before a vacant lot. Fine! A great new apartment house on the corner and here evidently was preparation to build another; the block, when last viewed by him, had been an unbroken stretch of antiquated brownstone fronts.

He looked at the number of the house adjoining the vacant lot. In his hand was waiting the worn old key to his front door. He looked at the house on the other side of the vacant lot, and then, incredulously, he surveyed the familiar fronts of the houses across the street. The key slipped from his fingers. He stooped and groped for it,

gaping stupidly into the vacant lot. There was really no point in picking up the key; he didn't need it and couldn't use it.

There was no front door. There was no house to enter. There his house had stood—on those foundation walls there below the sidewalk level. That was his cellar floor, open to the day, broom-clean except for a heap of black embers and gray wire that remained of a rubbish heap. There, on the party wall of the residence next door, was the ghostly shadow of Billy's house, the rooms pictured severally by the rectangles of wall paper, the stairs outlined in low relief.

There had been no fire. A brownstone front doesn't burn without leaving an imposing ruin. His house had simply been snatched away.

"What the blazes!" he gulped. He said it again, failing to extemporize something better and neater. "What the blazes!"

II

"I'M SURE I don't know, young man," said the untidy woman in the adjoining house, opening the door another inch. She spoke defensively, like a person who is used to being blamed unjustly and is exhausted of lively resentment.

"We had nothing to do with it. Men came and built a wooden roof over the street, and there was dust and dirt fit to choke you all day long. I'm sure I don't know who they were. I'm only the caretaker here, and I mind my own business and don't meddle in what don't belong to me. It was your house? I should think you'd see they sprinkled water and not have your neighbors sweeping and sweeping. Though I'm not blaming you so much."

"Madam," said Billy earnestly, "I didn't give anyone the right to take away my house. Really, I didn't. Somebody made a mistake, I tell you."

"What is it, Emma?" grumbled a man's voice.

"That's my husband, and now he's woke up. And he needs his sleep, too, being that he's a night worker. I'm sure I'm not blaming you, young man; I'm only saying —— Francis, there's a gentleman out here and he wants to know who took his house. You don't know anything about it, do you? . . . No, he doesn't. He's not here."

"Tell him to go to ——" the voice trailed off and rose again. "And shut that door, you hear? What does he want to come bothering people for? We ain't got his house."

"He says," interpreted the woman diplomatically, "you better go to the police station."

An elderly lady across the way whom Billy knew by sight, having seen her sitting eternally in her window, was futilely sympathetic.

"You're the young Mr. Davigne, aren't you? And they took your horse, did they? My goodness!"

"My house!"

"Thank you. I'm a little hard of hearing. And they took your house, did they? My goodness! What next, Mr. Davigne? Things are getting to a pretty state in this block when they take to stealing the houses. It's those young villains from Third Avenue. They'll positively pick up anything. Yes, I saw them taking down the house. I was sitting right here and watching them. About two months ago, yes. . . . Well, no, Mr. Davigne, I didn't notice who they were; I wouldn't, you know. . . . No, I didn't notice any name on the trucks. Do you know what I'd do if I were you, Mr. Davigne? I'd report those people"

"Oh, I'll find out who did it," promised Billy. "And he'll sweat for making such a stupid blunder. I see just how it was—some wrecker was given an order to wreck a house and he got his numbers mixed; and seeing mine standing vacant —— Oh, never fear."

He went back to the vacant lot for clews. He would be a poor detective if he couldn't solve this mystery in jig time. He knew nothing of the procedure that eventuates in pulling houses down and carting them off, but there was no doubt an orthodox method and one readily discoverable. But why hadn't he been told of the mistake? His absence from town would be the excuse, very likely.

He was joined by the man on the beat, twirling an idle club. Billy did not know this patrolman.

"You in charge of this job, mister?"

"Well, I own the property—that is, it was my house that stood here. It's my lot, too, until somebody comes and carries it off."

"It's about time you turned up," said the policeman. "I've been catching Hail Columbia about this job. You want to get a barricade up here right away, before somebody falls in there and breaks his neck. I've been waiting for you to give you a summons, but I'll give you this chance."

"Must I put up a barricade now?"

"You certainly must. You better have red lanterns on it and put on a night watchman, if you don't want to put up a regular board fence. Here, look in the book: 'All excavations shall be properly guarded and protected, so as to prevent the same from becoming dangerous to life or limb.' It's for your own good, mister. Somebody'll fall down there and sue you for about a million dollars. If you're not going to build right away, you better put up a real good fence and keep the children out. That's the law, too, mister. If you got a place where children like to play, it's up to you to keep them out"

"But I didn't tear down this house!"

"Who did?"

"That's what I'd like you to tell me. You're supposed to keep your eyes open and prevent crimes on this beat, aren't you? Well, here's one for you: Who stole my house?"

"In the first place," said the officer with oppressive learning, "nobody can steal a house, it being real estate. I know that much law. We got to know the law pretty good, so we can make out complaints."

"Never mind the law. You were in charge here. Who took my house?"

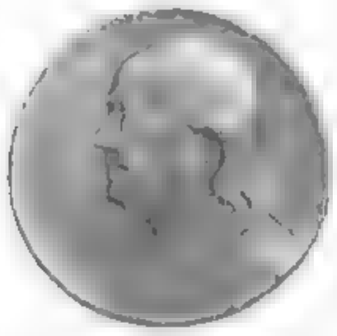
"That's not up to me. All I want to see is the permit, and the wrecker had a permit. There's four jobs going on right on this beat, and you can't ask me to remember who's who, if they got a permit. Well, I'll take a complaint for lost or stolen property and turn it in. What kind of a house was it?"

"Four-story and basement, high stoop, brownstone —— Oh, what's the use? You're not going to find it in a pawnshop, are you?"

(Continued on Page 134)

"Some Crook Saw Your House Vacant and Made Himself a Key, Went Through, and Polished Off the Job by Going to a Wrecker and Selling Him the House. And What's to Prevent Him?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 23, 1929

Europe Gets Down to Facts

GERMANY and the Allies opposed to her during the World War have agreed on a procedure for the definitive solution of the problem of reparations. A commission is being set up to conduct an exhaustive technical investigation of the subject. As understood outside of Europe, this commission will not have power to act in the premises or to bind the governments represented. The commission will report and the governments will act later. In a sense, the new commission is to act as successor to the committee of experts which set up the Dawes Plan. The Dawes Plan, which has now successfully completed its fourth year of operation, was expressly a tentative and experimental plan. In addition to temporary success, the workings of the Dawes Plan have provided invaluable material for the redefinition of the problem.

The commission will first undertake to determine Germany's capacity to pay, which irrevocably includes Germany's social will to pay. The definitive obligations thus determined will then be set up in a relatively short series of annual payments, alternative with a capital sum. Without question, the commission will endeavor to determine whether Germany can offer securities in such volume as to constitute a liquidation of her reparation obligations. If this should be determined affirmatively, the next step would be to make sure that the capital markets of the world, in the countries engaged in foreign investments, could absorb these securities. If approved German securities could be absorbed in amounts sufficient to constitute full payment of reparation obligations, this would represent what the Europeans call commercialization of the obligations, following which the governments would no longer have relations of creditor and debtor, but, instead, investors the world over would have large holdings in German securities. Just how much can be accomplished at this time is not clear. Possibly—as in the precedent of the Dawes Plan—it may be feasible at this time only to make a definitive settlement of the sum due from Germany to the Allied countries, arrange a revised scheme of annuities on a tentative basis, and wait another five years before attempting the commercialization of the German obligation.

American participation has been sought. As a government, the United States is not involved in the problem of reparations. Officially, the United States has no place on the commission. Unofficial American representation is, however, desired, to which this Government has no objection. The Reparations Commission has requested two Americans to serve—without portfolio, so to speak. The unofficial American observers will not represent our Government, will not be responsible to our Government, cannot bind our Government, and will not speak for the American people. The American observers will be technical experts, advisers in policy, friends of the court, and umpires in dispute. The commission will be bipartisan, Germany on the one side and her ex-enemies on the other; but partisanship will also exist among the ex-Allies. The American observers will be neutral and nonpartisan. Mediation will be often necessary, we may be sure. Having arbitrators present throughout the hearings of the commission will be more expeditious than referring to chosen arbitrators the disputed points as they arise.

The European governments have indicated their selection of Owen D. Young and J. P. Morgan as unofficial American experts, with Nelson D. Perkins as alternate. Mr. Young was a member of the Dawes Commission, Mr. Morgan stands in the highest rank as banker, and Mr. Perkins has had extensive experience as observer on the Reparations Commission.

It will be urged by some that the European countries are endeavoring to drag the United States into the European problem of reparations and interallied debts. Doubtless the European countries would like to do so, but the history of the Dawes Plan illustrates that no such involvement follows. Indeed, it will probably be easier to keep this country disentangled if American observers are attached to the forthcoming commission. The views and temper of the new administration are well understood in the European capitals. The American observers will act for the most part in a technically judicial capacity, they will decide points in dispute between European countries; points in dispute between the United States and any European country will not be placed before them. We regard the presence of Americans on the proposed commission as an act of mediation by distinguished authorities who merely happen to be Americans.

Fine Men for a Fine Job

THE news of the retirement of Mr. Stephen T. Mather, on account of impaired health, from the post of Director of the National Park Service was received with sincere regret by all who are aware of the extraordinary services which he has given to this important activity of the Department of the Interior ever since he assumed the duties of his office in 1917.

To say that Mr. Mather has proved a competent and admirable official would tell but half the story. He lived for his job rather than by it, and brought to it a breadth of vision, an intensity of devotion and a constructive faculty that are all too rare either in or out of the government service. He not only brought into effective play every resource that was officially at his disposal but more than once went down into his own pocket to bring to fruition substantial betterments that could have been secured in no other way.

For nearly a dozen years Mr. Mather was at once the prime promoter and the vigilant watchdog of our National Park System. His task, as he saw it, was not only to build up the system along sound and constructive lines, with the future as well as the present needs of the country constantly in mind, but to fight persistently against commercial and industrial encroachments.

Scenic beauty is an asset only to the extent to which it is accessible to large numbers under circumstances of reasonable comfort and pleasure. Mr. Mather realized this principle to the full; and it is largely due to his efforts and policies that so many of our finest parks may be comfortably visited by poor and rich alike.

During most of Mr. Mather's tenure of office he had the devoted and intelligent coöperation of his assistant, Mr. Horace M. Albright, who has now for some time served as Superintendent of Yellowstone Park. In view of Mr. Albright's long training and fine record, he became the logical candidate for the post vacated by Mr. Mather. It is, therefore, a matter for congratulation rather than surprise that he should have been named to succeed his old chief as Director of the National Park Service. His appointment is the best possible guaranty that the wise policies which have governed the administration of our National Park System during the past decade will continue.

The Presidency

THE new President enters office with the good wishes, admiration and confidence of a very large number of men and women. It is doubtful if any man could take the position more fully prepared for its duties than is Mr. Hoover. His talent for organization has been demonstrated in one field after another. Upon a most unusual foundation of training and experience in large business and humanitarian affairs has been superimposed eight years of active participation in the Government at Washington. He understands the close relation between government and business, he has been trained in the scientific method, and he is an idealist. Above all, people like Mr. Hoover because he is direct, vigorous and knows how to listen. He combines the idealistic and the practical as have few men in our history.

But Mr. Hoover is no demigod, and perhaps he is not even a superman. It does him no service to expect him to solve forthwith all the perplexing problems which face the country. It is he who will suffer if people allow their admiration to degenerate into unthinking adulation. His record was so excellent that enthusiastic followers painted a campaign picture more glowing in its colors than is consonant with the frailties of all human nature, barring none. The magnitude of the electoral victory served to raise hopes even higher.

The practical problem of life is so often that of attaining moderation. In matters political and governmental public opinion swings with considerable violence from extreme to extreme. No President-elect or President can be as popular after his cabinet is announced as in that roseate and expectant period between election and the date when the cabinet is made known. A President-elect may desire to appoint an ideal cabinet, but he must take into account geographical considerations even though he ignores the degrees of political service performed.

All cabinets have been and must from the nature of things be compromises. Often the best-fitted men will not serve even the greatest of Presidents. Most cabinets are not those which the President-elect had in mind originally. Even if men of great ability are appointed, there is danger in that very fact. Those who are disappointed are human enough to say that all was not fair or that the fortunate ones had a pull. Lord Bryce, in his famous book, The American Commonwealth, tells why big men are not always appointed to office in this country. If by chance they are selected, little men try the harder to pull them down. The more a man has accomplished the more enemies he commonly has. Too often it happens that in every range of office-holding only a colorless incumbent is really safe from criticism.

Nor is this country an absolutism. The President's duties are confined to those provided in the Constitution. He is no Mussolini. Congress has enormous powers which it jealously exercises. Usually, cabinet appointments are confirmed without difficulty, but later on in any administration the President is almost certain to fall foul of elements in Congress. Unlike a dictator, he cannot dissolve them, however great the provocation may be.

It would be one of the strangest reversals of history if judicious and patient people should fail to find much to approve of in Mr. Hoover's service as President. It will be inexplicable, indeed, if he does not, in the language of business, show an improving balance sheet year by year. But it only puts obstacles in his path to oversell his outstanding qualities. The country does and should look forward to the new administration with confidence and well-founded expectations. But the field of politics and government is one in which human ambition, selfishness, deceitfulness, machination, bias and weakness find full sway. Sensible men will expect far less than miracles, and be well satisfied at that.

COMPETITION

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS, I believe, a general impression that the railroads are enjoying brilliant prosperity. Shares of leading lines have been selling at the highest point in recent years. Some big systems have been reporting the largest net earnings in their history. Indeed, net operating income of Class 1 roads, which means all except some ragtag and bobtail, about doubled from 1921 to 1928.

Of course the railroads are now protected against competition to an unusual degree. Their case used to be otherwise—back in the merry days of West Shore and Nickel Plate. Then, if a railroad had a profitable territory it was quite likely that some enterprising band of adventurers would build a parallel line, start a rate war and sell out at a handsome profit. Or a road would slash rates overnight, capture a big traffic and offer a resolution deprecating rate wars. Rebates—a more insidious and deadly form of competition—were constantly used to lure trade from rivals. But all that is ended under the benevolent sway of the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is no more rate cutting, rebating or hold-up railroad building. To an unusual degree, monopoly has supplanted competition. And the railroads are flourishing.

Where Profits Lie in Economy

BUT when you leave off looking at their situation impressionistically, in one sweep, and begin to examine the details, you find that it is by no means as big a flourish as you had supposed. In a country that has been expanding at an unexampled rate, railroad business has hardly grown an inch. That business consists in carrying freight and passengers, but to carry one ton two miles means, by and large, as much business as carrying two tons one mile. So if you reduce it all to the number of tons and passengers carried one mile, you find that the increase from 1920 to 1927 was less than 1½ per cent -which, in these seven years in the United States, cannot properly be called an inch of growth. Their gross receipts, freight and passenger, were a little smaller in 1927 than in 1920. Reports for 1928 have not been made up at this writing, but figures for the first ten months of that year are available and show somewhat smaller gross receipts than in 1927.

In another respect, it is true, there has been much more than an inch of growth. From 1920 to 1927 nearly 20,000 miles of additional track—mostly second, third and fourth track—were laid; pulling power of steam locomotives increased nearly 150,000 tons; carrying capacity of freight cars increased nearly 8,000,000 tons; and capital invested in railroads increased by about $5,000,000,000. But this much enlarged plant handled no greater gross business than in 1920.

It handled substantially the same volume of business, but handled it far more economically. That is where railroad prosperity comes from, not from greater receipts but from smaller cost of operation. With almost the same volume of traffic and the same gross receipts as in 1920, operating expenses in 1927 were less by $1,250,000,000.

Of course, 1920 does not give a really fair comparison, because railroads had then been in the hands of the Government for two years, and the effects of government wartime operation were painfully apparent in the income account. With the highest gross receipts on record at that time, the roads ended the year, taking them all together, with a net income, after operating expenses and taxes, of $12,101,000 with which to pay interest on $10,287,000,000 of funded debt, to say nothing of dividends on $6,707,000,000 of stock. Except for the government guaranty they would have been bankrupt. That ended government operation.

But since 1921 operating expenses have fallen from 83 per cent of gross receipts to less than 70 per cent. A business that on an eight-year view is not growing to speak of, but is handled more economically in spite of higher taxes and no reduction in wages, yields the present railroad dividends. This business, however, requires a constantly expanding capital.

American railroads grew up pretty much on long-haul bulk freight. In Europe freight traffic developed on waterways before there were any rails, but our rails pushed across great stretches of sparsely settled country that had little or no water traffic. In 1920 more than half the total freight carried by rail consisted of coal, logs, lumber and farm crops, with such derivatives as flour, feed and cottonseed. But these things do not grow very much. Bushels of corn, wheat, oats, and pounds of cotton fluctuate from year to year, but crops made up only 2,500,000 more tons of freight in 1927 than in 1920. Meanwhile movements of coal by rail fell off 28,000,000 tons. Though the country is expanding, some big staples of railroad freight are nearly stationary or even contracting.

The Threat of Overproduction

THIIS is a condition which presumably will not change much in the future. It is often said, for example, that agriculture would be in a sounder position if it had less raw wheat and cotton to export, and coal is always suffering from, or threatened with, overproduction. The pressure is not to increase those things but to decrease them.

If you hear industrial expansion mentioned, automobiles immediately come to mind. From 1920 to 1927 output of

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THERE ARE NO CINCHES

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Horace, Is That the Way to Go to a Farm Relief Meeting?"

Mary Had a Little Spring Lamb

Boomerangs

SAID Mr. Brown to Mrs. Brown, "Oh, how the women gad about!" and she replied, "Suppose they do; it's nothing to get mad about; what wonder if we've learned to shirk, and feed you from the beanery? You clever men began it all when first you made machinery."

Said Mr. Green, "The woman of today has lost her charm; she's businesslike and bossy, and I view her with alarm. I wonder why she shed her deprecation and humility, and left her comfy home to look for new responsibility." Then Mrs. G. came smoothly back: "Your logic is at fault; you men impaired the qualities you feelingly exalt; whenever you went off to war we had to run the game, and if we've learned to do it well, you have yourselves to blame. The new departure's fair enough, as you who went away can see; we didn't try to strut your stuff until you left a vacancy."

"The Blue Danube"

Said Mr. Jones to Mrs Jones, "I've noted with distress the shocking innovations in the modest woman's dress; the all-revealing hosiery, the mask of paint and powder, the craze for daring color schemes, forever growing louder." Said Mrs. Jones, "I'm sorry, but it isn't done to tease you, for when you show us what you like, we always try to please you; we never strove to emulate the gay moronic dollies, until our men indorsed the type and crowded to the Follies."

Bewitching Mrs. Blossom cuddled up and murmured, "Honey, why can't we get a bigger car? Why don't you save some money?" A look of noble martyrdom, a stiffening of the spine, and Honey gently handed out the immemorial line, the words that lend a spice to many dear domestic spats: "How can I, when you spend it all for Paris gowns and hats?"

A sense of baffled sorrow Mrs. Granger did confess: "Our brand-new house is all awry: the stairway is a mess, the guest room should be larger, and the closets don't belong; and yet I helped the architect—why did he get it wrong?" "Because," said Mr. Granger, in a firm and manly tone, "you women never learn to let an architect alone!"

Said Mrs. Gray to Mr. Gray, "My dear, I grieve to find that recently to chronic golfomania you're inclined; you never spend a day at home. I don't know what to think!" But Mr. G. reversed the charge so quick it made her wink "You made me what I am today, and your remarks are static; I gawf in self-defense, since you became a bridge fanatic."

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"Hey, Lady—You're Wanted on the Phone"

The Ladies: "Now, Jackie, Kiss Your Little Cousin Gertrude"

Soups that bring to your table the richest treasures of the garden! Wholesome vegetable foods, enriched with nourishing butter! No wonder they're so eagerly welcomed for the Lenten meals, for Fridays and for the strictly vegetarian menus! And in the general family meals at any time!

You'll say you never enjoyed such tempting Pea Soup as Campbell's. It's made with the sweetest of dainty little peas, blended with fine creamery butter and seasoned "just so" by Campbell's famous French chefs. Rich in body-building nutriment, and, oh, so delightful to the taste!

The tonic goodness of crisp, snow-white celery. You know how refreshing that is. All of it is captured for you in Campbell's Celery Soup. The celery is selected from the finest beds—just the kind you are proud to serve on your own table. Here's a treat to your appetite—a benefit to your health.

Asparagus Soup! The very name invites you. Tender young asparagus shoots are blended, in Campbell's Asparagus Soup, with such skill and care that all their charm and delicacy of flavor remains to please you. The garnish of dainty asparagus tips is an added temptation to the appetite.

Now that the extraordinary healthfulness of tomatoes is so praised by the food experts, you will wish to serve Campbell's Tomato Soup even more than ever. Its flavor is irresistible. It is the most popular soup in the world.

All these vegetable soups are highly beneficial to children. Especially when combined with milk or cream and served as Cream Soups. Follow the easy directions on the labels. See on label also full list of 21 different Campbell's Soups. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

HE'LL COME HOME

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XX

I ORDERED luncheon for one o'clock and strolled in the garden until Noelle was ready to join me. Presently she came, wearing a queer old-fashioned Inverness cape of black-and-white check. Her splendid little head atop of that odd garment looked at once delicious and absurd.

"Let's come over here and talk," said she, and led me through a privet hedge and over a wooden bridge which spanned a by-pass of the main stream. Beyond was a shallow lake—little more than a pond—surrounded by leafless trees. In the water, which was crystal clear, a number of trout cruised or lay as still as sitting birds.

"The Clos Garnier is famous for its trout," she explained. "People come for miles to taste our *truite maison*. In the May-fly season the local anglers bring their daily catch and plunk them in this lake. It's rather hateful, really, sticking them where everyone looks. Trout are proud people, and exclusive; they can't bear being stared at. It makes them angry and ashamed. They don't mind fishermen, you know—they like being fished for; it makes them feel important. Being stared at is different." She looked up at me. "Are you a fisherman? I hope so. Father was a wonderful fisherman. His best ideas came to him on river banks."

"Here?" I asked. "This river?"

She shook her head.

"No, in the Pyrenees—not far from Carcassonne. We ran there when they began to pester us."

"Tell me about that."

But she went on in her own way:

"It's a bad mistake to hide in solitude. One can only really hide in a city."

"What was your father's name?"

Her eyebrows went up. "You don't know? I supposed there was nothing to tell you. Yet you knew about me."

"There was a letter, half finished, in his note case. It was addressed to a man named Frank."

"To Frank? Poor Frank. He was killed in the war—shot in the back. Yet he wasn't running away. They thought he knew too much, I expect. Father's name was Wilbur—Michael Wilbur."

"Noelle Wilbur," I repeated to myself. "Yes, I like that."

"Father used to call me Bécassine," said she.

"That's French for snipe," I said.

She nodded. "Father used to call me Snipe."

"Why on earth?" I laughed.

"It had something to do with having big brown eyes, twiggy legs and being fond of playing in the mud." She added, "I've got out of it."

"And your sister?" I asked. "Tell me about her."

Down came her brows, hard and straight. "No," she said—"except one thing."

"Well?"

"Her name was Jura. It was she who killed father."

I sat up at that, saying, "But you're wrong."

Noelle shook her head. "It was because of her then. Jura couldn't fight—she funked things. She wanted father to take a price to forget his invention."

"Forget it? You mean they didn't intend to use the formula?"

She Leaped to Her Feet, a Light of Triumph in Her Eyes. "Then He Kept His Promise!" She Cried. "Don't You See?—He Kept His Promise"

"They wanted to destroy it," she said. "At least that's what the big group wanted. The others were just money getters and crooks."

"And your sister Jura—what did she do?"

"Father trusted us and used to tell us all his plans. He had gone to England to see a man named Griffe or Groffe—some name like that—but I don't think they can have agreed, because I know he was going to try to reach America and sell his invention there. Our mother was an American. Father was hiding somewhere in Wiltshire—I've forgotten just where; I was only quite a kid. The big group got hold of Jura and she told them where he was hiding—the day before his death."

"But look here," said I, "she couldn't have foreseen."

"She defended herself that way. She said she thought if they got in touch with him he would be bound to give in."

"Where is she now?" I asked.

Noelle shook her head. "Somewhere in the south. She married an awful little croupier person. I haven't seen her for years. It was ages before I learned the truth about what she had done. Then I walked out."

"How old were you?"

"Twelve."

"Where did you walk?" I asked.

"Oh, ever so far. I got a job with a baker. It was an awfully funny job. I had to carry loaves to the shepherds' cottages up in the hills. Have you ever seen a Pyrenees loaf? They were almost as big as I was. I could carry only one at a time and I had to hug it like a baby. The shepherds' wives were very particular. They used to examine the loaves all over to make sure I hadn't scratched off any crumbs and eaten them." She laughed. "You have to be awfully honest to succeed in business."

"And you were twelve!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, but that's grown up for a girl, and it wasn't a bad job. Now and then it was a little trying when a cottager wanted two loaves and you had to do the same journey twice. Still, I ought to have stuck to it."

"Didn't you?" I asked.

"No. A French artist turned up and wanted to paint me."

At this point of her narrative I confess to a qualm of jealousy. "Well?" I said.

"He wanted to paint me holding out some buttercups to a cow. I told him it was all wrong. Basque peasants don't feed their cows by hand. They sit on heaps of stones by the roadside and stare at nothing while the cows feed themselves. He was awfully impressed by that—French artists are impressionable. He asked me to go to Paris with him and tried to kiss me. It was rather awkward, and in stamping around I trod on a tube of Rose Dorée which had cost him thirty francs, so he gave up trying to kiss me and screamed out that girls like me were the ruin of men. I ran away then and left him trying to scrape up the paint with a palette knife. Then, of course, I got the sack from the baker's, because their youngest daughter was old enough to do the job."

I asked what happened.

"I became a professional fisherman. You see, the real professional fisherman was ill—rheumaticky. His knees creaked like an old gate. He didn't want to lose his job, because he was old, so I became his assistant and caught ever so many more fish than he ever had. You see, he would use worms, and he would stand where every trout in the river could see him."

"Go on," said I.

"I used to help father tie flies when I was almost a baby, so I got some feathers and a reel of silk and made some. He wouldn't lend me his rod, because it was all he had got, but I cut a nice whippy willow stick and went to work with that. The trout in those mountain streams are awfully obliging. My flies were very crude and rough, but they gobbled 'em up like anything. I used to sell what I caught to tourists and campers out and little hotel keepers. I got quite rich that summer—rich enough to take the diligence to Pau and buy a frock and look for a more steady job."

"You found one?"

"Yes, in a shoe shop—one of Pinet's branches. They put English Spoken on the window because of me. I stayed there a goodish while, but I hated it rather. I hated being on my knees to people. Besides, feet are rather horrid, aren't they?"

"Oh, Noelle, you gypsy!" I cried.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world to call her by her first name.

(Continued on Page 30)

Another forward step in marketing meat

FOR many years, "Swift's Premium" on ham and bacon has been to buyers an unfailing guide to finest quality.

Recently Swift & Company began to show the name Swift in dots *along the side* of Premium Ham and Bacon. This makes single slices easily identifiable when purchased.

In a similar way, Swift & Company has now made it possible for you to buy *fresh meat* with equal assurance of finest quality.

The illustration above shows how "Swift" is now applied to the entire side of quality beef.

Note that the name is also easily distinguishable on individual retail cuts.

Only the best grades of beef receive this Swift mark. The significance of this fact to buyers of meat is plain.

To growers of livestock it is also important. It is a distinct forward step in the marketing of their product—meat.

The marking of fresh meat is just one of many interesting subjects included in Swift & Company's new 1929 Year Book, just off the press. You'll find this book absorbing reading. Upon request we shall be pleased to send you a copy with our compliments. The coupon is for your convenience.

SWIFT & COMPANY
Public Relations Dept., 4342 Packers Ave.,
U. S. Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of the 1929 Swift Year Book.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

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SWIFT & COMPANY

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"Well, I had to do something."

"And during the war?" I asked.

"Munitions," she replied, and made a face. "Munitions are worse than feet, because they are always the same. I must have stuffed millions of cartridges—oh, millions! But we could stand up to it—we didn't have to grovel—and of course we had so much money."

"Even here—in France?"

"Yes, by comparison. I was able to buy books and get some education. My education had been sorely neglected."

I said, "I think it was perfect." And then I said, "You've been pretty much alone. Have you never felt the world was a bit oversize for anyone on their own?"

"In what way?"

"A nervy sort of place?"

She shook her head emphatically.

"No, never. I've only felt that I was never up against anything big enough."

"Making a living ——" I began, but she stopped me with "Oh, no, wanting to eat does that for you. You see I was given a false start. . . . What's your name?"

"Bob, to you," said I.

"Then, Bob, I was given a false start. My earliest memory is being on the edge of a tremendous adventure—a conflict. When father was killed it all fizzled out. Do you understand, I wonder?"

"Very well," I said. "Once in the war we had news that the German battle fleet was out and we went after 'em hell for leather. Every man jack was keyed up to the final *nth*, but all we saw was a wisp of smoke in the sky line."

"Yes, just that feeling," she nodded—"that exactly since then, and now I seem to have just marked time and waited."

"You believed there would be a second round, Noelle?"

"I knew there would."

"What made you associate the affair in Farthing Hacket with your father?"

"Just a feeling—a tremendous feeling. I have dreams sometimes, even when I'm awake."

"They seem in the way of coming true," said I.

Noelle nodded and rose. "Shall we walk for a bit? It's coldish sitting."

We came back through the garden and so to the main road. A footpath led away to the left, crossing a rough stone bridge barely a yard high. In its center was a shrine with an image of the Virgin in a mantle of blue and gold stars. Noelle told me it was dedicated to Joan of Arc, who once had stooped to drink from that bridge.

"She, too, had dreams," I said.

"And look where they led the poor thing," she replied, and stuck out her underlip.

The road led us across meadows with flashes of water that reflected the pale blue of the sky. Presently it rose in a series of S bends until at last we came to the solitudes of the Forêt d'Arques. A woodcock whiffed upward through the naked branches and a cock pheasant pattered away over the carpet of fallen leaves.

We rested on a pile of cut fagots and I lit my pipe. Throughout our walk Noelle had asked no questions. She was the least curious girl I have ever met. She seemed to be blessed with an astonishing gift of detachment. She talked freely, but in little spasms, what she said being inspired by what was seen or what happened as we trudged along. There was little that escaped her notice. Her large brown eyes absorbed the landscape and every attendant detail. The sights and sounds of the country were as so much personal property to her—owned and understood. She was able to give a name to the dog that barked a mile away in the valley below.

"Jacques, that is. He had puppies last summer."

"He?" I queried.

"Yes, that's the joke, because Jacques isn't a lady's name."

She knew where the distant rumbling trains, with their plumes of misty steam, were going and when they would arrive. She knew how fast the river ran and how long the limb of a tree that floated down the stream would take to reach the railway bridge three miles away.

"Much sooner. That's bad arithmetic," I said.

"No, it isn't," and she shook her head. "There's a shallow reach by those alders where it will bump about for ever so long."

Not until we had settled down on a heap of brushwood did we return to the subject of her father and what had arisen out of my discovery.

"It is only half a find, Noelle," I said, and told her that though I had the formula, the code in which it was written was still a mystery to me.

She was silent for a while, her chin in cupped hands, thinking.

At last she said: "Father never told us that; he wouldn't—he said it wasn't fair. But he did say"—she paused—"he did say that if anything were to happen to him before he died he would write it."

"He died too suddenly to carry out his promise," I said.

She nodded.

"Then he was killed outright."

"Hardly that," I said. "The position in which I found his body proved that he had crawled a few yards under the shelter of the cliff."

Noelle quickened with interest. "Tell me everything—exactly," she said. And so, with every vestige of detail, I reconstructed what had happened in Farthing Hacket.

"Is that everything—everything?"

"I think so, Noelle, except that on the rock where his hand lay I found a flint arrowhead."

She leaped to her feet, a light of triumph in her eyes. "Then he kept his promise!" she cried. "Don't you see? he kept his promise."

I hammered my knee with a shut fist. "What a fool I've been—what a fool!"

For, as if it were already proved to be there, I read, under the moss and lichen of that slab of Sussex shale, a

(Continued on Page 116)

With a Match Stick I Removed the Final Deposits From the Scratches and Read: "1-9-1-3"

No guesswork here!

These millions in costly equipment must have the protection of lubricating

Quality

THE builder of your automobile will tell you that the most important item of upkeep is the lubricating oil you put into its crankcase.

Is there any *one* oil which has actually demonstrated its lubricating superiority for your car *on test?* Yes! Mobiloil has been tested *in service* by more motorists and more owners of automotive equipment than any other oil in the world. Here are the results of some of these tests:

1 28 out of 30 contractors who are helping build New York City's $95,000,000 subway lubricate their trucks with Mobiloil.

2 Only Mobiloil goes into the trucks hauling the huge blocks of granite for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, the largest Cathedral in the United States.

3 Four out of five of America's largest manufacturers of fire-fighting equipment use Mobiloil in demonstrating to prospective buyers. Their engines run better with Mobiloil.

4 Mobiloil lubricates the gigantic snow plows which keep open the Swiss mountain passes in winter—particularly those leading to St. Moritz, the famous winter resort, which *must* be kept clear!

5 All planes of the famous Deutsche Luft-Hansa, operating commercial air-lines between many European cities, are lubricated with Mobiloil.

6 "Scadta," the first company to develop commercial air-lines in South America and, financially, one of the world's most successful air-transport companies, uses Mobiloil.

To get full lubrication protection for *your* car, use Mobiloil. To get the right Mobiloil, follow the recommendations in the Mobiloil Chart. 182 automobile manufacturers approve these recommendations for their cars. You are always sure with

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart

from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Looking at floors with fashion-wise eyes

MODERN home-makers are rejoicing that at last their floors can keep pace with the loveliest of furnishings. For the smart, new effects in *Sealex Linoleums* offer decorative possibilities never before obtainable in *any* type of flooring.

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Sealex Linoleums include Inlaids, Embossed, two-tone Jaspé, Plain and Battleship—a type for every flooring requirement—*whether home, store, office or public building.*

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A COMICAL FADE-OUT

By H. C. TEST

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

And He Says There Is a Big Joke in Anybody Asking Advice From an Old Worn-Out Copy-Desk Hack Who Has One Foot in the Grave

I AM writing to you by advice of Mr Joe Potts, who has the slot in our copy desk and who is bald except for a cowlick in front, and has a mustache, and one of his front teeth is gone, and a cast in his left eye. Mr. Potts is one of your fans and reads all your funny stuff, and he says if it was a matter of going without one of your articles or going without his lunch, he would go without his lunch, except that he would hold out two bits to spend over at Kelly's, because at his age his system demands just so many each day or he don't feel right. Mr. Potts is pretty middle-aged.

Everybody in our city room knows about Mr. Nelson and Miss Dale, and so, when Mr. Clegg of the city desk was in the council after the first edition went down, everybody got their mouth in it, including two or three reporters who ain't much good, like most reporters, and spend most of their time, one of them calling a copy boy and the other pulling the copy boy's shirt tail out while he is reaching for the copy.

The first one to open his yawp was Tommy Bates, who just got out of a college of journalism and didn't know what a leg man was until he was one, and got hell for turning in a taxi bill on his expense account to get to a first-alarm fire which was only on the city dump, which is in his district. Tommy he says that he is going to write the story in the true O. Henry style, and that it has the real surprise twist at the end, and he has been looking for just such a situation for a plot, and that he can use the newspaper atmosphere.

Mr. Potts told him that he better get out and round-foot it, because there was a tip out from city hall that there was a lost-kid story down in his district, and that if Mr. Clegg came out of the council and found him using his gab instead of his ankles, he would get more than mere atmosphere—he would get the air. After he had gone, Mr. Potts said it was a Hunky kid, and anyhow, its mother had so many she didn't know whether she was sure one was lost or not.

Mr. Potts looked at Bob McClenahan, who is a souse and only holds his job because he can cover a meeting of the Civic League and drop in for a few on his way back and write a story that plays up the Boss as though the rest of the people at the meeting was tongue-tied and was only there to furnish the applause. And once when McClenahan met a brother Elk, he didn't get to the meeting and the Boss' chauffeur tried to take the end off a beer truck on the way to the meeting and our night extra carried nearly a column about the speech which the Boss hadn't give, and Mac had to cover the Women's Federation, where the Boss' wife is a member, for a month. So Mr. Potts asked Mac how the Sun would have handled a story like that, and Mr. Potts told him to tell it to the rest, because he would be busy himself, going out and burying the adjectives which he had cut out of the early copy.

So as soon as the elevator went down, Mac said, what do you think of that old coot going out between editions to lap one up, and if anybody else done that they would find themselves out on the pavement, and he had his own opinion of a lone drinker which never asked a fellow to join him when their tongue was hanging out. And Mac said that if Frank O'Malley turned in a story on this copy desk, Potts would cut the guts out of it, and did anybody see what he done to his story of a dog fight, which was as good as anybody ever wrote on the Sun.

Then Mac said it was discouraging the way he was treated by Potts, and if it wasn't for him he would touch up the story about Miss Dale and Mr. Nelson for two columns that would make the cash customers think all the good newspapermen were not dead yet, and he was getting tired of the whole business, and that if Potts ever sprung his old wheeze about Chester Lord not calling him to his desk on the old Sun to congratulate him on a story, but to tell him he didn't get the spittoons clean that morning, he would punch Potts in the jaw and the Boss could choose between Potts and him right quick.

When Mr. Clegg comes out of the council, two or three pretty good local stories break, and Mr. Clegg slams his men out on them and tells them he's got inside information the Subway is still running, so don't let the City News Service beat them by more than two editions, and never mind going into the throes of composition, but phone the facts in, for the love of Mike. And Mr. Clegg sends out Gossler after pictures of a shooting, and tells Gossler, for Pete's sake get shots of the dead man and his wife which shot him, and not a lot of poses of Inspector Boyle of the murder squad, and get the plates back as though he was working for a live daily instead of a weekly rag. We're up on our toes, with everybody calling for boys, and Mr. Potts is rushed until he gets sore, and he tells me to look out I don't get run over by a funeral, and I give him some lip, and he don't say a word, but just goes on lining out a streamer, and when Izzy Gold makes a long nose at Mr. Potts behind his back, I slap him in the snoot, because I like Mr. Potts.

So, after our news final is down, I am sorry I gave Mr. Potts the lip I did, because he is not so bad and he always calls me Eddie instead of Limp, and there is nobody around but a society reporter, and I go up to Mr. Potts and tell him I didn't mean anything by it.

First Mr. Potts says what am I sorry for, and then he remembers and says it is all right with him, and that I am the only boy ever around the office who didn't think he was going out of his way to devil somebody when he was only trying to beat the dead line with a staff of nitwits to work with him.

So then Mr. Potts puts his hand on my shoulder, which he has never done to anybody that I seen, and he says that if he ever says a mean or harsh word to a youngster that will hurt a boy's feelings, he will ask God to forgive him, because once he had a little boy of his own and now his little boy is only a memory, and that when his little boy was taken, the light went out for him, and that he wouldn't wish his worst enemy to lay awake nights like he does and wonder if he ever said or done anything to hurt his little boy. And I look at Mr. Potts and you can hardly see the cast in his left eye for his winking, and he says, don't ever tell the reporters about it, because he says that, if anybody finds out that he is anything but a hard-boiled egg that gets his only peace with his liquor now and then, they would think it was time for him to go to the newspaper ash can, where better men than him have gone during his time.

When I see Mr. Potts is a fine man, and not a heel, which the reporters call him behind his back for cutting their stuff, I ask him will he read copy on a scenario which I am writing, with Miss Dale playing the star and Mr. Nelson playing the lead.

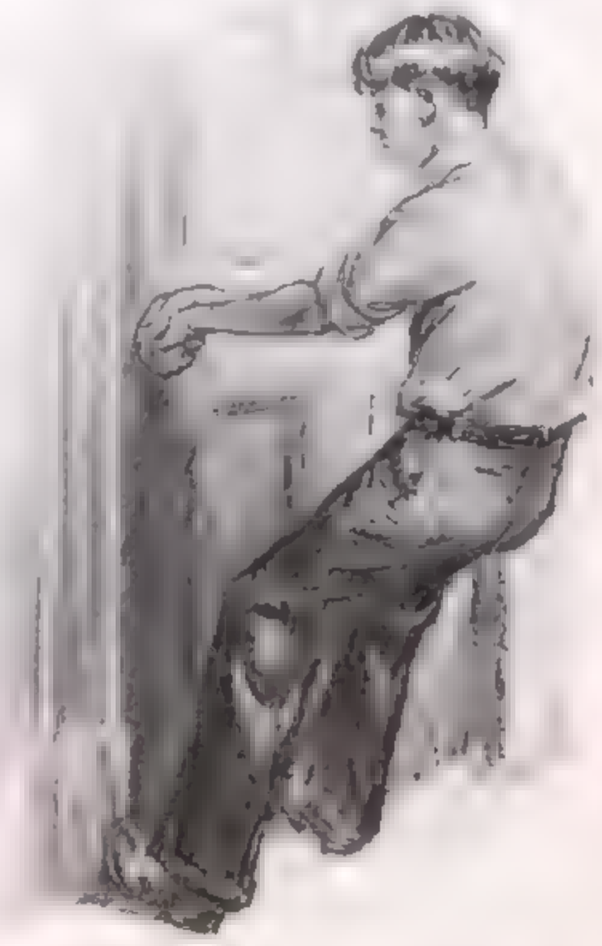
Mr. Potts looked out over the roofs where a dinge washwoman is hanging up the wash, and he tells me, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, and he says he wonders why in the name of all that's holy I should come to him when we have an office so full of geniuses that their coat tails are sticking out of the windows. And he says he will tell his missus and he don't know whether she will laugh or cry.

When I don't know what he means, he says he hopes I never find out by bitter experience, like he has found out. And he says there is a big joke in anybody asking advice from an old worn-out copy-desk hack who has one foot in the grave and the other in the saloon. Then he says some day, if he lives long enough and I am older, he will take me to his house and show me the last resting place of a lot of literary old soldiers, now at peace in a trunk in his attic. And he says they marched forth carrying all the high hopes of him and his missus when they were young, and that some were short and some were long, but they all had strength enough to march back, no matter how far they was sent, and brought back ashes of the dreams of him and the woman who had always believed in him even after she found out that all their travels to far places would be mind trips and all her gems would be memories and her jewels would come from the five-and-ten. Mr. Potts says some funny things sometimes.

Mr. Potts looks all around to see if anybody is listening, and he says most people would advise you to stay out of trying to show the world you can lick it with only the aid of a rusty typewriter and two fingers, but he ain't that kind. And he says, go to it, kid, and maybe you have that little spark hidden on your person, and if you have, the world is your onion, but you may do a lot of weeping while you are peeling it. That's just Mr. Potts' way of talking.

So I am writing out the story to you because my regular synopsis, which I was going to send to Griffith or somebody, reads kind of mushy and maybe you could see some straight comedy in it. I hope you think the story is not mushy, because Mr. Nelson and Miss Dale are not mushy at all, but two of the finest people ever worked on our

(Continued on Page 35)



But Miss Dale Don't Pull the Doorknob on the Other Side Very Hard and Mr. Nelson Must Have Hotfooted It After Her

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Automobile Body Hardware
DETROIT U.S.A.

UNIT OF FISHER BODY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 33)

sheet, and nobody better open their trap against either one of them, because there would be a scrap and somebody would get hurt.

Well, this day I am running copy for Mr. Nelson and sitting in his office while he is reading a revise of his lead editorial, and I made them pull an extra proof, which I am reading because when Mr. Nelson spreads himself on an editorial it is something to write home about. And this editorial is about how Mr. Nelson is sore about everybody not having old-fashioned homes, and living in flats and then only to sleep off the booze from the night before. It says, once upon a time a woman was satisfied to marry, so all she wanted to be happy was babies and a good kitchen range to hang the baby's things over to dry and to cook her husband's meals. And he says now the bride only wants a can opener and a bridge table to set up a home, and he blames the young women and girls, because, he says, they think themselves so independent that a husband is merely an accessory. It looks to me as though Mr. Nelson thinks things is going pretty well to pot.

Then Miss Dale comes in without knocking and says, hello, Hank, and how is the good old brain working this afternoon, and she says, if you can't do better than a grunt of greeting, I will be on my way.

Miss Dale sees me reading a proof and she holds out her hand for it, and she reads it to see what it says and don't make any proof marks. And she laughs and tells Mr. Nelson he has made a typewriterographic error and that if he told the truth he would say men was not as good as accessories, but only spares that you carried for years, and when you needed them you found out they was merely flat tires. And Miss Dale set up on the corner of Mr. Nelson's desk and swung her foot, and it was pretty quiet for some time, and then she asked Mr. Nelson what was the matter, couldn't he think up something spiteful to say back.

When Mr. Nelson don't even look up, I see that Miss Dale's eyes ain't blue any more, but is almost black, and the dimple in her chin is gone and she is looking at Mr. Nelson as though he was a schmoos in her opinion.

Then Miss Dale hunches her shoulders and she reaches out with her foot and kicks over Mr. Nelson's big waste box, which is made of tin, and it bangs down on the floor with a big racket and shoots out a lot of clippings and some flimsy and a bunch of cigarette butts. And then Miss Dale gets down and starts for the door and Mr. Nelson asks her to wait a minute, Skeets, and she is still mad.

I'd hate to be looked at by a girl like she looks at him, and she tells him, Miss Dale, if you please, hereafter, Mr. Nelson, and she says anybody ought to know that something has to be upset to wake him up, and since when did he become an authority on hymen, home and happiness, and next thing he knows he will be out singing Mammy songs, you and Al Jolson both, with your two tremulo stops out. And she tells him he is a selfish, self-centered egoist, and that the best she wishes him is that he lives long enough to get old and know he is a nuisance with all his blather, and she hopes then he will know what she knows now, that he hasn't any heart, but that it is only a hunk of gristle to keep him alive between editions.

When Mr. Nelson tells Miss Dale not to blow up too high unless she is sure her parachute is working, he calls her Skeets again, and Miss Dale comes back and pounds her fist on the desk and gives everybody the razzberries about calling her that. And Miss Dale says she is just Skeets to everybody from the Boss down to every half-baked kid which somebody has picked out for a budding demon news maggot. And then she says that it's got so every time we get a new cub dumped on us which is somebody's cousin's offspring, she feels like going to a fortune teller to find out whether she will have to flatten his dumb map for trying to kiss her in the corridor.

So I tell Mr. Nelson what Miss Dale says is so, because I seen that young squirt Adams try it which helps with the movie reviews and always is running a comb through his hair and thinks he is a second Richard Barthelmess in person.

And Mr. Nelson says to me why don't I go about my business, and Miss Dale says, let the infant stay, because he will only hear what the entire office will know tomorrow, and she hopes Mr. Nelson will be happy when he sees the erring girl go out and dig up Old Man Convention and his consort Mrs. Grundy, and kick both of their corpses in the face. And she tells him he don't know half of it yet.

Mr. Nelson jumps worse than he did when the waste box went over with a bang, and he says for heaven's sake she hasn't got an idea of going through with anything with that good-for-nothing Connell and that he thought she had better sense, and that before she should throw herself away on such a specimen she should stop and think of her womanhood.

While Mr. Nelson is wagging his head and cutting up his revise proof with the shears, as though he didn't know he had read it for errors and as though he was worried, I tell Miss Dale, Mr. Potts says if men was mountains Connell would be a pimple. I tell her she oughtn't believe in him, because when he comes up from Circulation into the city room and she is out so he can't lean over her and buzz himself some good in her ear, he is always telling reporters and the copy desk about the string of girls he can get by crooking his little finger.

Anyhow, I wouldn't give this Connell any the best of it because he is a rat and his eyes is right close together and he is always looking for the best of it, even running a poker room in his flat and getting kid reporters into his game and trimming them. But Mr. Nelson wants to know if I am there yet, and to get out and stay out.

So I know about a cubbyhole where the exchange file is just back of Mr. Nelson's office and I skin around there, and can hear them if I can't see them.

Miss Dale must have said something pretty bad to Mr. Nelson and started to go out again, because he is up out of his chair and she is telling him to let go her arm and what she does is nobody's business, especially his, and I can hear them pretty good except I can't hear just what Mr. Nelson says then, but Miss Dale says if he was her father and she was half her age, he wasn't man enough to spank her, because he had become an old dodo and he would be surprised if he knew that the world had moved on since he had dug his grave in a mound of smart phrases and buried himself up to the ears.

So then Mr. Nelson tells her, Skeets she can't do this and sooner than allow her to marry that skunk he would shoot him. And then Miss Dale tells him maybe it will ease his mind if she promises it is only a companionate marriage, and he says, Good Lord, has she lost her head entirely.

Miss Dale says she has made up her mind she is entitled to something out of life, even if she has to pay for it dearly it will be a bargain to anybody who has worked in this dead fall for ten years and what has it got her. And she says what she has earned is the privilege of being phoned out of bed at any hour of the day or night by some director of destiny whenever they think they smell something slimy enough to make our dear public break into tears or snicker over it at their gin parties. And she says she has written enough rot to sink a ship and she has got so hard that when she opens her mouth it just says what it pleases.

Mr. Nelson tells Miss Dale that anyhow she is a cracking good reporter. And Miss Dale comes back strong and says she is too dog-gone good, and that is why she is hustled out, carrying along her ready shoulder, so the unfortunate

(Continued on Page 84)

Mr. Nelson Blows Up in the Air, and When He Gets Up I Hear His Chair Fall Over

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Our Weekly Chat

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NATURALLY, my success depends on you. That's why I am continually asking for your opinions and suggestions. If I can please you and produce the kind of pictures you enjoy, my success is in no sense problematical. I have produced many good pictures because of suggestions from those outside of our profession and I assure you I am sincere in my desire for your co-operation and advice. Every man, every woman, must have in his or her mind an idea or a recollection of some story that would make a good picture. If so, will you write to me personally and tell me about it!

Conrad Veidt in "The Man Who Laughs"

—C. L.

Don't fail to see—***"Show Boat,"*** Edna Ferber's fine story of the floating-theatres along the Mississippi during a picturesque period in American history. LAURA LA PLANTE, with JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, heads an excellent cast.

Sally O'Neil in "The Girl on the Barge"

Also—***"The Last Warning,"*** a mystery picture of a haunted theatre which should thrill and delight you. The cast is composed of stars whom you all know and admire.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," the most interesting and intense of all the purely American Epics. Again an all-star cast I mention the fact that this production cost two million dollars merely to show you how elaborate it is.

"Lonesome," a comedy drama of which our whole official staff is proud—a sweet romance which everyone will love, in my estimation. "Two souls with but a single thought," and only two in the cast, though thousands are in the picture.

"The Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City," designed and produced solely to wake you from the serious things of life.

Glenn Tryon in "Broadway"

If there is anything you wish to know concerning moving-pictures, stars and plans for the future, write to me.

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AIRPORTS

(Continued from Page 11)

level. Sufficient area is, however, not the only requirement demanded for the airport of highest rating. The field on which it is constructed may not have a maximum slope of more than 2½ per cent or mean slope of more than 2 per cent. It may not be crossed by roads. It must be free of surrounding obstruction which might prevent a 7 to 1 gliding angle for planes entering the field. The necessity for this requirement is best demonstrated by Commerce Department authorities, who point out that obstacles fifty feet high on the border of a field will shorten the landing area by 350 feet, if the plane has to pass over them before coming to earth. A special menace is represented by electric light, communication or power wires carried on pole lines close to the field. Apart from constituting a normal obstacle, such lines are often invisible to pilots and can cause serious crashes. The wires may, of course, be laid underground.

The surface of the prospective landing field is of great importance. If hummocks or hollows mar the surface, these must be leveled out. It must be surfaced throughout with firm, solid sod or else equipped with 500-foot landing strips, which permit the longest run possible within the area. The landing strip may be a natural part of the field; but if the field is too soft to permit safe landings at all times, runways of crushed rock, slag, asphalt or other solid materials, at least 100 feet in width, must be constructed thereon. The landing strips must be marked clearly enough to be recognizable from the air, and well drained, either by reason of natural conditions or artificial construction.

That the field should be close to the business center of the city it serves is obvious. It should, too, be readily available to the commercial district by means of improved roads and electric and steam railway lines. Other facilities, such as electric and water systems and telephone, telegraph and mail communications, are also necessary.

Even this lengthy list of requirements does not exhaust the many factors to be considered before selecting a site. The field should not be in a section which may be obscured by fog. This can be guarded against by rejecting any locality close to marshes or—unless a seaplane terminal is desired—to rivers. It should also be located in such a way that planes approaching or leaving the airport will not be compelled to fly through the haze and smoke created by certain types of huge industrial establishments.

Those Costly Accessories

As may be seen, the purchase of a site which meets all the requirements for an A-1-A airport must represent, in most communities, a large expenditure. Because of the great range of land values in cities scattered over a nation as large and as varied, geographically and economically, as our own, it is impossible to estimate even roughly the average cost. Any estimate which might be attempted would be further complicated by the fact that real-estate values in the vicinity of a proposed airport are often inflated in anticipation of the benefits which will follow its establishment. This in itself is an oft-quoted argument for municipal ownership, assuring to the city the advantages of increased values which will follow its enterprise.

The purchase of land, however, represents only a portion of the cost of the modern airport. Equipment expenditures run high. The Department of Commerce has estimated that improvements and facilities in the average municipal or commercial airport represent an expenditure of from $30,000 to $50,000, but this total is, of course, exceeded by many fields which seek the best rating. How conservative the estimate is may be demonstrated by the fact that one airport now under construction is spending $28,500 on a single fireproof hangar and $9000 on pilots' quarters, including eleven bedrooms, a library and two baths.

The airport which hopes to merit the A rating for equipment and facilities must provide one or more hangars and wind indicators of approved type, repair shops and equipment, weather instruments and service, fire fighting and—where needed—snow-removing apparatus; first-aid equipment, sleeping accommodations for airport personnel and others, waiting rooms, rest rooms and restaurant, and a large enough staff of personnel properly to operate the terminal, to service aircraft, to make repairs and to manage the weather service, fire-fighting and snow-removing equipment.

Making Night Into Day

Hangars are required to be at least 80 by 100 feet, with 18-foot clearance, and heated in winter. Repair equipment must be sufficient to enable mechanics to change engines and landing gear on planes, and to make all repairs. Weather-service facilities include the necessary instruments and provisions for supplying pilots with late meteorological reports and other necessary information. Fire-fighting equipment conforms generally to the standards of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. First-aid facilities should include an ambulance equipped with first-aid kit, drinking water, crowbar, wire cutters, hacksaw, ax, cloth-cutting shears, fire extinguishers and litters of approved type. At the field arrangements must also be made to maintain a register, listing the license numbers, model owner, pilot and pilot's license, time of landing and take-off, number of crew, number of passengers and other information concerning all arriving and departing planes. Sleeping quarters and restaurant, if not at the field, may be not more than half a mile distant.

In addition to these requirements there should be, of course, a centrally located administration building, adequate provisions for fuel and oil supply, and a system of markings both on and near the airport. The markings include a white or yellow circle, 100 feet in diameter with a band four feet wide of crushed rock or gravel in or near the center of the landing area; the name of the airport or city, in letters at least twelve feet high, near the circle or on hangar roofs, and readily discernible signs indicating landing strips, runways, field boundaries, dangerous areas and obstructions. Further marking on the roofs of near-by large buildings with names and symbols which will guide the pilot to the airport is also desirable.

These are, of course, daylight guides and markers. Night lighting presents a far more formidable and expensive problem to the airport constructor. One engineer has computed that the night-lighting system for an adequate and modern airport represents an average investment of $18,000. This estimate will naturally vary widely in accordance with the layout, size, shape and use of the terminal.

Briefly listed, equipment required of any airport receiving an A rating on night lighting includes a beacon, an illuminated wind-direction indicator, boundary lights, obstruction lights, hangar and landing area flood lights and a ceiling projector. All-night display of the lights and sufficient personnel to operate them are demanded.

The beacon, naturally, must be of extraordinary power. If long range is desired at least 100,000 candle power is required. In no event may the A-1-A airport beacon be of less than 15,000 candle power. Specific requirements have been set to insure certain identification, proper duration of flashes and effective lenses. The illuminated wind indicator must be visible at night from a minimum distance of 1000 feet, and able to move freely in any horizontal direction when actuated by a breeze of five miles an hour or more. A suggested type resembles an airplane in appearance, with a length of sixteen feet and side wings five feet long. It is painted with white and yellow stripes for visibility by day, and lighted by green incandescent lamps at eighteen-inch intervals by night. Boundary lights are electric lamps, placed at intervals of approximately 300 feet along the edges of the landing area and landing strips. To assure the elimination of all unnecessary obstacles, they must be supplied with current through an underground wiring system. Every possible precaution is taken to protect them against failure to light by reason of weather or accident. The actual boundary of the landing area is outlined with white lights. On fields whose entire surface is not suitable for landing, green lights are placed to indicate landing strips and runways. Where approaches are particularly dangerous, red lights warn incoming pilots. Red lights are used also as obstacle markers. These, too, must be carefully guarded against circuit or other failure.

Hangar flood lighting provides for the illumination of the sides and roofs, as well as of the interior of the huge buildings, so that pilots may judge altitude while landing. Systems of 200-watt lamps with industrial reflectors are usually recommended for this service. Flood lighting of the landing area requires far more apparatus and care, since the illumination must be evenly distributed over all parts which may be used, and must be bright enough to show details from a height of at least thirty feet. Like the hangar lighting system, this must be so arranged as to avoid glare in the eyes of the pilot, an effect usually accomplished by elevating the lenses from the ground. Many fields are equipped with auxiliary units or other devices to assure the absolute dependability of the system.

The New Waterway

The ceiling projector is a searchlight throwing its beam upward either vertically or at an angle. Its purpose is to indicate the height of clouds or mist over an airport. Using the spot where the light strikes the cloud bank as a fixed point, operators at the landing field may determine the altitude of the clouds by triangulation or by other more or less familiar methods involving the use of instruments.

Airports designed for seaplanes must also conform to definite requirements. Such a terminal demands a landing area permitting a 4000-foot run in all directions over water free of reefs, shoals, sand bars or other obstructions, before it receives a rating of 1 for size. For its A rating on equipment it must have one or more hangars at least 120 feet long by 80 feet wide with a clearance of twenty-two feet; facilities to change engines, pontoons and amphibian landing gear, and to make other repairs, and a power boat for general service in hauling planes, rescue work and the like, in addition to the majority of the general specifications for all A-1-A airports. To avoid conflict with navigational aids for water craft, regulations concerning night lighting are less definite, but in many aspects they resemble the provisions already described for the illumination of airports serving land planes. Fundamental requirements for all seaplane airports dictate that they be situated on or directly connected with a moderately calm body of water at least six feet in depth, and along a land highway leading directly to some near-by city or town.

Such are, in brief, the specifications for airports qualified to receive the highest rating awarded by the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce. Many landing fields, however, fall short of these demands, yet continue to give valuable and active service to aviation. A field with 2000 feet of unobstructed landing range may, for example, be approved with a rating of 2 in this feature. For a 3 rating the field

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There is always a man who says . . . "All automobile talk sounds alike . . . 'holding the road' . . . 'wealth of power' . . . 'ease of operation' . . . I've heard it all. I *expect* a car to do certain things. All cars do. What of it?"

. . .

But put him behind the wheel of the New HUPMOBILE . . . Pouring in and out of traffic. Silent. Fast. Twenty years of engineering leadership, sheathed in velvet, beginning to talk . . . And he says . . .

"*Um!*"

A sharp curve and a steep hill. And when the accelerator moves downward a fraction of an inch, and a great breath-taking surge of power from the new domed cylinder heads throws him at the crest . . . he says . . .

"*Well, well!*"

A long clay road, rough and rutty. Slower? Not at all. Faster. Supple as a Javanese dancer, the New HUPMOBILE floats over it on long, easy springs and downy shock absorbers . . . And he says . . .

"*How do you do it?*"

Into a straightaway. Launched into arrowy, effortless flight. And then a touch of the quick steeldraulic brakes, and four tires grip the road like the velvet pads of a big cat . . . Not a squeak. Not a skid. Not a jar. And he says . . .

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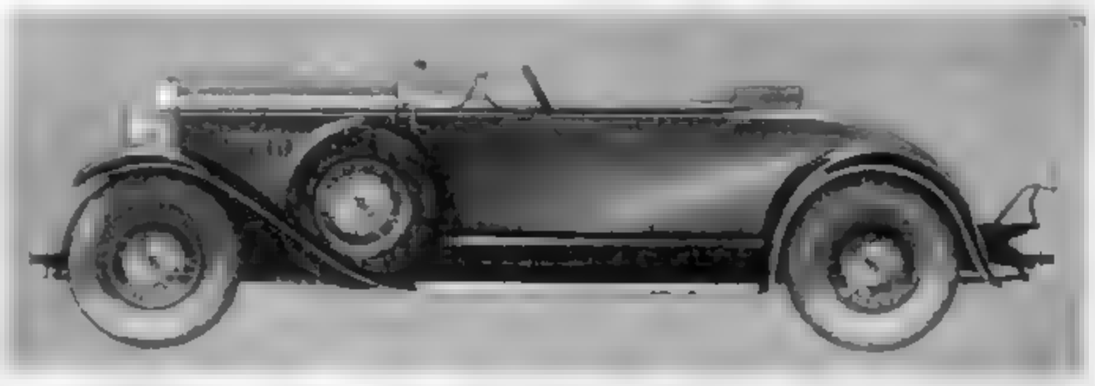

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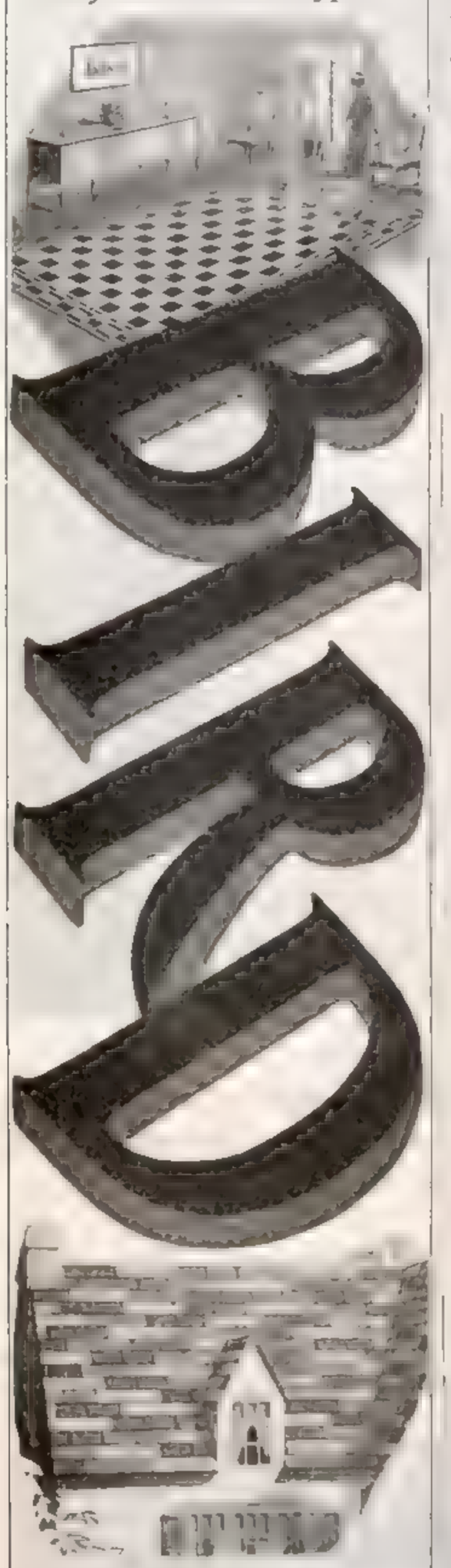

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(Continued from Page 36)

must have 1600 feet of landing range; for 4, 1320 feet. A field with smaller hangars and fewer accommodations than those already listed may receive an A, B, C or D rating on equipment; one with limited arrangements for illumination, B, C, D or E for night-lighting equipment. All must, however, demonstrate their ability to afford safe landing places for the type of aircraft they are designed to serve, before departmental ratings and approval may be expected.

A number of cities both here and abroad have surpassed in their facilities even the maximum requirements listed in Department of Commerce ratings. The famous terminals at Croydon, near London, Tempelhof Field, near Berlin, and Le Bourget, near Paris, far exceed those specifications in area, equipment and night-lighting facilities. Chicago, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Dearborn and many other American communities boast airports with larger area, longer runways, more ambitious administration, passenger, personnel, service, storage and other facilities, than the A-1-A ratings demand. Bond issues, running into millions of dollars each, have been enthusiastically approved by voters of various municipalities determined to place their cities definitely on the air map and to reap the benefits in increased trade, prestige and position in the aerial-transport systems of the immediate future which that achievement promises. Indicative of the interest behind such projects is the plan of one city to convert a $6,000,000 municipally owned site into an airport, with hangars and other facilities on a similarly ambitious scale. In other communities the prospective airport is being considered as a definite feature of the city park system, and is receiving generous allotments of park land for immediate or future development. An encouraging precedent for this idea already exists in Europe, where several famous airports offer distinct recreational facilities, including tea rooms and hotels, which have paid generously in the popularization of aviation and in added income derived from flying and nonflying visitors.

Not Enough for Dividends

The general problem of operating income from airports is still one for future experience to solve. Terminals owned by air-line operators compute their income and expenditures, of course, along with general operations. A recent compilation of data from more than 100 airports shows that no fixed and common rate of charges for storage and service for visiting planes has developed thus far. The majority demand no landing fee. Storage rates average $1.50 for single-motored planes and $3 for multimotored planes on a daily basis, and from $10 to $50 monthly. In at least one American airport, storage charges are figured on the basis of wing area. The sale of fuel and mechanical parts offers further income, but hardly enough to promise generous dividends on the huge investment required. As has been said, the benefits from airport construction must, for a while, be represented by increased real-estate values and commercial expansion, rather than by direct income from operation charges. Later, of course, operating income will increase as air traffic grows heavier and demands larger sales of oil, fuel, equipment and storage space.

As a municipal project the airport is still in the experimental stage. Its further development within the next decade may be as extraordinary as has been that of commercial aeronautics in the one just past. Undoubtedly, except in cities distant from any water route, it will be designed to accommodate the three types of aerial traffic—airplane, seaplane and airship. Landing facilities and equipment will continue to expand in area and in serviceability. Possibly the greatest improvement must come in methods of handling passengers.

Keeping Trouble Away

One of the fundamental principles of public transportation is that the passengers should not be able to come into contact with the vehicle while it is in motion. This rule is particularly important in the case of the airplane, which, in addition to actual motion while on the ground, offers another hazard in the form of whirling propellers. Designers are now planning airports so arranged that passengers will remain in waiting rooms until the plane is at rest at a designated point. Then they will proceed to the carrier by way of overhead structures or tunnels. In an airport designed for maximum safety, even taxiing could be limited to the ground runs necessary after landing or before rising. Planes could be prepared for flight in their hangars, carried to the passenger-receiving station on electrically driven trucks, similarly transferred to the proper runway after loading, and there removed from the trucks to have their motors started and to take off. Apart from assuring passenger safety, this method would obviate the necessity of cross-wind taxiing, often a dangerous procedure.

Indications are that landing areas of the immediate future will not only be huge but will be either solidly paved or so criss-crossed by hard-surfaced landing strips as to permit landings and take-offs in any direction, regardless of the wind. For this purpose, a field roughly circular in outline, with 5000-foot runways, is most appropriate. The hangars, repair shops and administration and other buildings must be at one end of the field, outside the actual landing area, and close to facilities for automobile parking and railway and bus service. Any city with water-transport facilities will endeavor, of course, to construct its airport on a site available to both land planes and seaplanes. If financial or geographical difficulties prevent this development, separate terminals for seaplanes will probably follow, for the seaplane and the flying boat seem destined to become important factors in the aerial transportation of the future. This is particularly true in relation to routes which follow river courses, as from Chicago or St. Louis to New Orleans, where a safe landing can be made at any time and many smaller communities along the river banks may be easily served by the newest and swiftest of all transportation methods.

Airship transport on a large scale is more distant, but the airport built for future needs will undoubtedly include a mooring mast of advanced design in its equipment. The stub mast, with trucks mounted on circular tracks to permit free horizontal movement of the huge gas-filled envelope and its carriages, seems best adapted to this purpose. Such masts will probably be of telescopic design, capable of sinking into ground tunnels to assure unobstructed landing areas when they are not in use. For the airships hangar space will not be needed at the field. The huge carriers can be stored or repaired at distant sheds, using the airport only as a loading and discharging station.

Another essential to the airport of the immediate future is the directional radio beacon. This is, in effect, a sending station, flashing signals along the route which the pilot flies. If he deviates from that course, the signal ceases or changes in such a way as to indicate his error. Originally the necessary signals were received by means of head phones worn by the pilot. More recent devices record the signals on instruments before the aviator's eyes. The advantage of this navigational aid in night flying is so apparent that its inclusion among the requirements for A-1-A airports is now anticipated, as is that of the control tower from which air traffic entering and leaving the port will be directed.

For Public Purposes

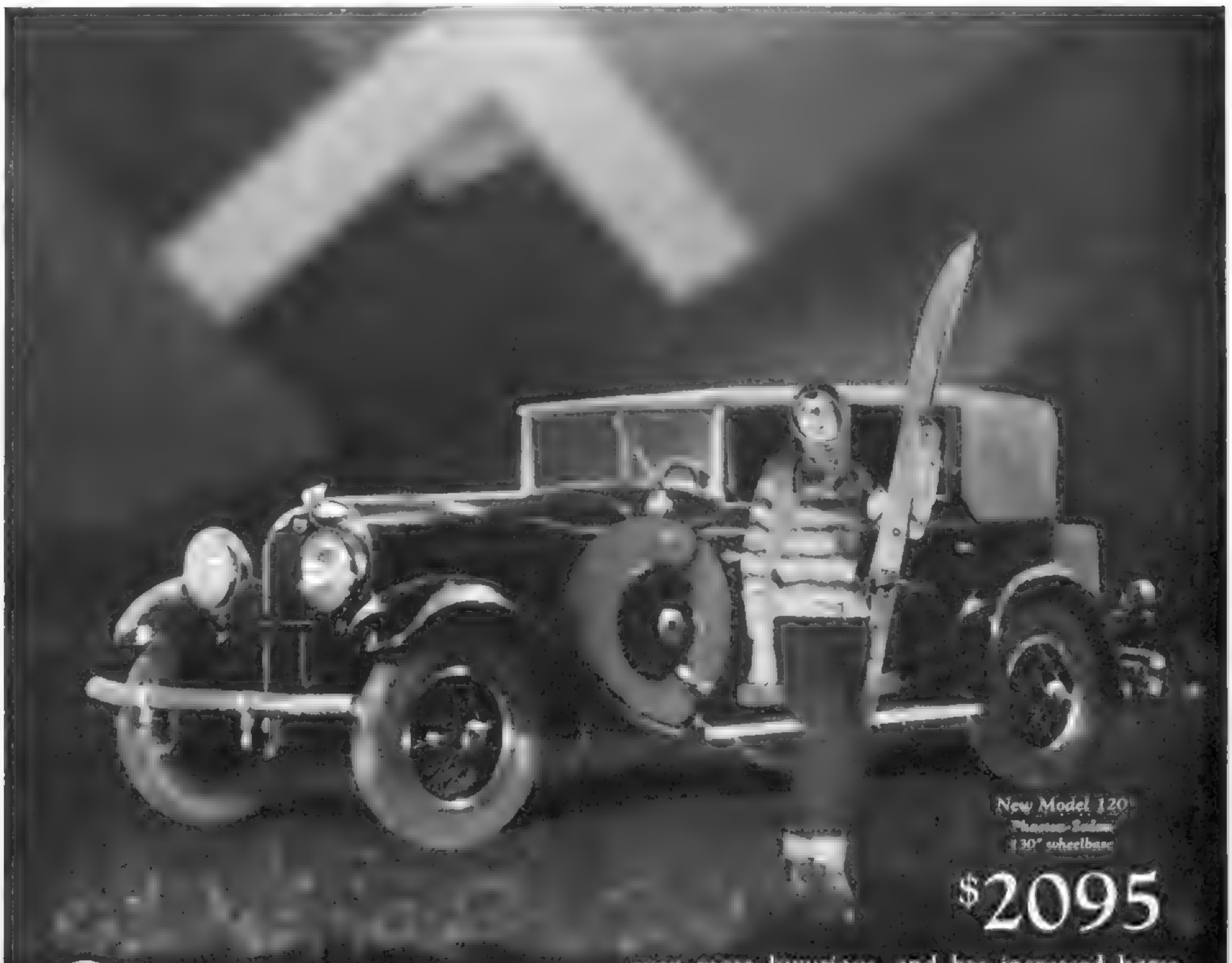
Undoubtedly, however, the most significant development of the airport will be its acceptance as a physical part of the city or regional plan and as a distinct municipal asset. This means that the site must be selected with extraordinary care, assuring its harmonious and practical relationship to the park, highway and industrial development of the community. Suggestions have been made, and seriously considered, that airports be constructed on the roofs of huge buildings, such as railway freight terminals in the heart of the cities. Though this location has the advantage of proximity to business centers, its realization should, in the opinion of most experts, await development of more reliable power plants. Motor stoppage at low altitude in a congested district immediately before landing or after taking off from such a terminal could have serious consequences indeed. With the improvement of aircraft and the inevitable rising costs of available airport sites, this development is, however, a logical one for the future, or even for the present-day community which can offer a direct air line to the landing place which avoids crowded areas.

That the establishment and maintenance of an adequate airport will some day be required of every municipality ambitious for commercial expansion is now generally recognized. Perhaps one of the best explanations of the need was contained in a recent state court of appeals opinion, which, in dismissing a taxpayer's protest against municipal expenditures for airport construction, had this to say:

"A city acts for city purposes, whether it builds a dock or a bridge, a street or a subway. The purpose is no less different in building an airport.

"A city without the foresight to build ports for the new traffic may soon be left behind in the race of competition. The dweller within the gates, even more than the stranger from afar, will pay the price of blindness."

Into the Evening Sky



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REST AND RECREATION

(Continued from Page 9)

French farmhouses. It was a room perhaps ten by twenty feet, with an earth floor, massive stone walls and a barrel-vaulted stone ceiling. Any wine or other material that might have been stored in this cellar had long since been removed. It was entirely empty except for the handsomely dressed colonel and his chauffeur. These two had preceded Arkney down the stairs and they were now cowering on the dirt floor at the far end of the wine cellar, just as Arkney was cowering on the floor outside the door.

Evidently the minds of the colonel and his chauffeur were still so paralyzed from the shock of the bursting shell that they could think of nothing else.

Arkney had been just as scared as they, but he was far more used to the sound of shells, and his mind came back to normal a little quicker.

He realized that the immediate danger was over. This shell had come from a very heavy long-range gun. Such guns were usually mounted on railroad cars, and they fired singly, not in batteries. Furthermore, it took a good while to load one of these guns, and you had to swab them out and let them cool after each shot. Probably there wouldn't be another shell for some time.

But the colonel was liable to come out of his trance at any moment, and when he did he would be almost as dangerous as the shell. The obvious thing for Arkney to do was to run up the steps and escape into the forest. But in the stress of the moment he did something else. He jumped to his feet and slammed the heavy wooden door. It took all his strength to do this. The hinges were old and rusty, and the bottom of the door dragged along the earth floor. But finally he got it shut. There was a large and very rusty wrought-iron bolt, which he could not move with his fingers. He loosened it by a kick with his heavy hob-nailed shoe, and then slid it home by a vicious push with the heel of his hand.

"Open the door! Open it at once!" shouted the colonel angrily from the other side.

Here was another chance for some brilliant repartee. But Arkney could think of nothing adequate, so he merely turned his back and walked up the steps. Behind him he could hear heavy kicks and blows resounding on the door. But he knew they were futile. The door was thick and heavy, and the bolt and the hinges were of massive construction.

For the first time in many weeks Arkney felt completely pleased with himself and with the world in general. He realized that he had committed a heinous military offense. If he were caught it might even be possible that he would be shot or sent to Leavenworth for life. But he didn't care. He felt like a schoolboy. He had locked teacher in the closet and he was going to play hooky for the rest of the day.

He walked across the courtyard, circling a huge smoking shell crater at least thirty feet across. The colonel's car was still standing in the road. The windshield and all of the windows had been shattered, and there were several holes where fragments had gone through the body. But the tires had escaped injury, and it looked as though the machine might still run.

Arkney felt just in the mood for a joy ride. He climbed into the front seat and stepped on the starter. The motor at once responded, so he put the machine in gear and started off.

After a few hundred yards, however, he happened to glance in the rear-vision mirror above the windshield. The mirror was out of adjustment, and instead of a view of the road behind, he saw a reflection of his own face, adorned with a four days' growth of black beard. He stopped the car and looked down at his muddy shoes, his ragged spiral putties and his wrinkled and shapeless uniform. This would never do: if he were driving the colonel's car he ought to look the part.

He glanced back and saw a small army trunk, or foot locker, on the floor in front of the rear seat. He climbed back, found it was unlocked and opened it. The first thing he saw was a neatly folded uniform with silver eagles, collar ornaments and everything. A further search brought to light an entire spare outfit, also various maps, papers, toilet articles, and so on.

Arkney selected a razor, shaving soap, brush and towel and walked back to a little brook he had noticed a hundred feet down the road. Here he shaved and washed. He then returned to the car, slicked down his hair with the colonel's silver-backed hairbrush and proceeded to put on the colonel's uniform. It fitted surprisingly well. Even the white linen collar and the overseas cap were exactly right. The shoes were a little small, but he managed to get them on.

After adjusting the leather putties and the Sam Browne belt, and putting his money and watch in the pockets of the blouse, he looked at himself in the automobile mirror. The result was most pleasing. This was the first time he had worn a well-made, well-fitting uniform since his days in the cadet corps at V. M. I. He squared back his shoulders, pulled in his chin and strutted a few yards up the road and back. At V. M. I. he had been a lieutenant and had had a certain amount of practice in giving commands and moving about in the peculiarly stiff military manner which seems to be expected of officers in the Army.

"Except for the actual commission," he said to himself, "I have everything it takes to make a regular high-powered colonel."

He returned to the foot locker and looked over the papers. Apparently the colonel's name was Algernon G. Johnson. There was an order directing him to inspect Arkney's own regiment. Besides this, there was an order for an inspection of another regiment bivouacked at the town of Avocourt.

By referring to the colonel's maps he found the location of this town, and he also found the little wood road along which he had been driving. It was a short cut through the Forêt de Hesse between Montzéville and Avocourt, and the colonel had evidently been on his way to make the inspection called for in the order.

"When it comes to making an inspection," thought Arkney, "I ought to be just as good as this Algernon bozo—and a whole lot better too. Later I may try my hand at it. But first I need some good food."

He rolled up his own old uniform, thrust it into the foot locker and closed the lid. Then he sat down behind the wheel and started on his way. As he bounced merrily over the wretched road his elation increased. He was now irrevocably committed to a career of crime. He might suffer for it later, but for the time being he was going strong, and he promised himself that this would be a glorious and memorable day.

It took him about half an hour to reach the ruins of Avocourt. At the corner just south of town stood a private with a pistol at his side and an arm band bearing the letters M. P. As Arkney approached, this man came to attention and saluted. It was the first time Arkney had ever been saluted by the military police, and he was so pleased and flattered that he at once decided to experiment a bit with his newly acquired authority. He stopped the car.

"Where is your superior officer?" he demanded.

"Right over there, sir," replied the private. He pointed to the entrance of a dugout in a bank beside the road about a hundred yards away. Arkney drove over. In front of the door was another M. P., who came to attention and saluted.

"What is the name of your superior officer?" asked Arkney.

"Lieutenant Douglas, sir."

"You will tell Lieutenant Douglas that Colonel Johnson presents his compliments and wishes to see him at once." As the soldier saluted and went into the dugout, Arkney swelled his chest with pride. His little speech, he thought, had rolled off his tongue rather well, considering he had been an officer and a gentleman for only such a short time.

A moment later a very young and surprised-looking lieutenant came out and saluted. Arkney returned the salute and regarded him sternly.

"Lieutenant," he said, "have you two men in your organization who can drive automobiles?"

"I think so, sir," said the lieutenant. "Yes, there are several."

"Very good," said Arkney. "I have just come through a zone of shell fire and my orderlies were struck by fragments and had to be sent to the rear. Accordingly I must ask you to detail two of your men to act as my chauffeur and orderly until I get back to my own organization."

The lieutenant looked even more surprised than before. He hesitated and seemed to be on the point of making some objection, when Arkney cut him short.

"You will send the men out at once," said Arkney. "I am on a mission of great importance, which cannot be delayed."

Apparently the lieutenant was still doubtful as to whether or not this strange colonel had any rightful authority to give him orders. But Arkney looked at him so coldly and impatiently that he decided not to argue.

"Yes, sir," he said. He entered the dugout and soon reappeared with a young sergeant and a private. Arkney moved back to the rear seat, and the sergeant sat down behind the wheel with the other man beside him.

"Sergeant," said Arkney, "you will drive to Blercourt. Do you know the road?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant. After a little fumbling with the unfamiliar controls he got the motor started, and the machine rolled down the main street of Avocourt. Arkney settled back pleasantly on the soft cushions of the rear seat. Things were going splendidly. As long as he had been driving the car himself he had been a trifle worried, for it was a rule of the A. E. F. that no officer should debase his august rank by engaging in the low and menial task of driving his own automobile. But now that he had a snappy-looking chauffeur he felt that he was equipped for the part. And he congratulated himself on his foresight and boldness in getting two orderlies. Obviously an officer with two orderlies is far more impressive than an officer with only one. The car rolled merrily on, and in almost no time at all it had reached the town of Blercourt. The distance from Acovourt to Blercourt would have been a fair night's hike for an outfit of artillery or infantry, and it was amazing to Arkney to see how quickly and easily his powerful car made the distance.

He had been in Blercourt about a month before, and he remembered that it was far enough back from the front lines so that the French inhabitants had remained in their houses. He also remembered a well-kept little *estaminet* where he and Green had once bought a drink. He directed his chauffeur to this place, went inside and ordered himself a private dining room and the best dinner in the house.

The old French woman who ran the place showed him up to a little room on the second floor and soon brought in a large and magnificent omelet, with bread, vegetables, and even a small tart for dessert. This was indeed splendid fare for wartime. And in addition to the food he had a bottle of Muscat de Frontignan; a sweet wine which is too heavy for ordinary table use but is just the thing for a husky young soldier with a ravenous appetite.

(Continued on Page 42)

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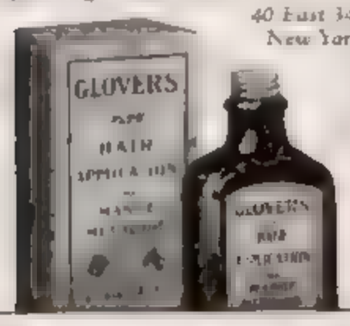

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(Continued from Page 40)

Arkney commanded that similar meals be set before his two orderlies in the public dining room downstairs. Then he set to in a leisurely way to consume his food and drink, tasting each mouthful of omelet and lingering over each sip of wine in such a way as to draw out the greatest possible æsthetic satisfaction.

He did not intend to take a long vacation, but while it lasted he wanted it to be a good one. He regretted that Private Green and some of his other friends from the battery could not be there to share in his banquet. He would have been glad to dine with the two orderlies downstairs; they seemed like nice fellows, in spite of the fact that they were M.P.'s. But they were merely enlisted men, and it would have attracted too much attention if a colonel had been seen dining with his social inferiors.

So, in lonely splendor, he ate the best meal he had had for a long time, and he enjoyed it thoroughly. Finally he looked at his watch. It was half-past one; he had been eating for an hour and a half.

"Well," he said to himself, "I must be moving."

He walked downstairs and found that the bill for the three meals was forty-two francs. He handed out a fifty-franc note and refused the change with a grand gesture.

As he came out the door of the *estaminet* he was startled to hear a familiar question shouted in an angry, military voice: "Don't you men ever salute an officer?"

Arkney gave an involuntary start and then smiled. The question was not meant for him. It had been uttered by an American lieutenant who stood on the sidewalk with his back to Arkney, and it was addressed to Arkney's two orderlies, who were seated in his car, which was parked across the street.

"Come over here!" shouted the lieutenant.

The two men climbed out of the car, came across the street and stood at attention.

"Don't you men ever salute an officer?" repeated the lieutenant.

As was to be expected, the sergeant replied with the usual "We did not see you, sir," and the lieutenant countered with "It was your business to see me; a good soldier is always on the alert. What is your name and organization?"

As the lieutenant pulled from his pocket a notebook and pencil, Arkney decided that it was time to intervene. He walked down the steps of the *estaminet* and stopped directly behind the lieutenant.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded curtly.

The lieutenant swung around and saluted. And in his haste he neglected to transfer the pencil to his left hand. As his right hand came up in a snappy salute, Arkney was pleased to observe the little stubby pencil reposing between the first and second fingers.

"Hallelujah," said Arkney to himself. "The Lord has delivered him into my hands."

"Sir," began the lieutenant, "these men failed to salute me as I passed just now, and I am taking their names so that I can report them to their superior officers."

"Are you quite sure that you know how to salute, yourself?" asked Arkney.

"Of course I know how to salute."

"You most certainly do not. You just saluted me with a pencil held between the fingers of your right hand. Is that your idea of the proper way to salute a superior officer?"

"Well, you see, sir," explained the lieutenant, "I had the pencil in my hand and I was in a hurry and ——"

"So you were in a hurry!" said Arkney. "That excuses everything. If you were in a hurry and happened to be holding a bottle of beer in your hand, I suppose it would be all right to salute me with that—or with a pair of dirty socks, or anything else you happened to have with you."

"But you startled me, sir; I did not see you coming."

"It was your business to see me coming," said Arkney; "an officer should always be on the alert." He turned to the sergeant. "Sergeant," he said, "take this officer's name, his organization and the name of his immediate superior."

The lieutenant sullenly gave this information, which the sergeant wrote down, using the lieutenant's own pencil and a page from the lieutenant's own notebook.

"You will return to your company at once," said Arkney. "You will present to your company commander the compliments of Colonel Johnson and tell him that he is directed to appear with you before me at division headquarters tomorrow morning at nine. He should come prepared to explain why the members of his command have not been taught the proper method of saluting. And I would advise you, lieutenant, before making any further ventures into correcting the saluting of enlisted men, to learn how to salute, yourself. That is all; you may go."

The lieutenant saluted resentfully and walked down the street. Arkney turned to his two orderlies.

"Wipe off those smiles," he said curtly. "I wish to be driven back to Avocourt. You will take me to the P. C. of the 289th Field Artillery. You know where that is?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant. "I saw it yesterday. It is just north of town."

The three men climbed into the automobile and were soon speeding back along the road by which they had come. Arkney sprawled himself comfortably on the now familiar cushions of the rear seat and smiled with simple childish pleasure. Truly, things were going good. He had actually bawled out a lieutenant and got by with it. And he had done it rather well. He reflected that the message which he had sent to the lieutenant's commanding officer was completely foolish. But it was no more foolish than many actual orders which had come from many sure-enough colonels. He didn't know whether the lieutenant would actually deliver the message or not. But he rather thought he would—such is the prestige of an order from a colonel—and it might even be possible that the captain and the lieutenant would go to division headquarters looking for somebody called Colonel Johnson. Life in the Army, Arkney decided, was not so bad after all.

In due course of time the automobile reached Avocourt and drew up in front of a dugout beside the road. Arkney sent his compliments in to the colonel. And the colonel, a fine-looking man of perhaps fifty, received him. Arkney was a little doubtful as to the proper procedure when an inspector arrives to look over a regiment. But he felt perfectly confident. He had been fortified by a splendid meal, and he had been warmed and encouraged by a bottle of excellent wine. His experience in the cadet corps at V. M. I., and later as a private in the Army, had given him a considerable familiarity with the lingo and the mannerisms of the officer class.

He realized that he was a little young to be a colonel, but history was full of young men who had attained high rank. And if anybody doubted, all they had to do was look at his silver eagles, his beautiful uniform, his two orderlies and his handsome automobile.

But the regimental commander appeared to have no doubts. Arkney presented the order directing a regimental inspection. He was not sure whether or not he should have done this, but the regimental commander took it as a matter of course. He read the order gravely and then asked Arkney if he wished to inspect the entire regiment that afternoon.

"Absolutely," said Arkney. "And I wish to start at once."

"Battery A is right across the road," said the colonel. "But we have had no time to prepare for inspection. We just got back from the Front yesterday."

"A properly run organization, colonel, is always ready for inspection." As Arkney uttered these words he frowned solemnly, meanwhile gloating inwardly at the readiness with which he had got off this typical military wise crack. After a moment's pause he continued, "You will have the men of A battery drawn up in infantry formation at once. I suppose the guns and wagons are parked, and the horses are on the picket lines?"

"They are," replied the colonel.

"I will inspect them where they are," said Arkney. "We will start in five minutes, and as soon as I have finished one battery I will pass on to the others."

"Yes, sir," said the colonel.

At once the regimental post of command was as busy as a beehive, and Arkney glowed with satisfaction at the sight of the turmoil he was causing. Telephones buzzed, lieutenants rushed hither and thither, and runners started out in all directions. And exactly five minutes later, Arkney, followed by the colonel and his staff, walked across the road to the field where A battery was camped. The captain and his lieutenants came out, saluted and fell in behind.

With brisk military strides Arkney passed along the line of guns and wagons. He noted that they were reasonably muddy. The harness, which was hung on the poles, was in rather poor shape. But he made no comments. He looked over the horses and then walked along in front of the row of shelter tents.

As he passed each tent, Arkney peered inside with eager eyes. Halfway down the line he found what he was looking for. Stooping down, he pulled out the blankets and equipment from within. Jutting up an inch or so from the ground in the very center of the tent was the stump of a tree about four inches in diameter. Arkney turned to the battery commander.

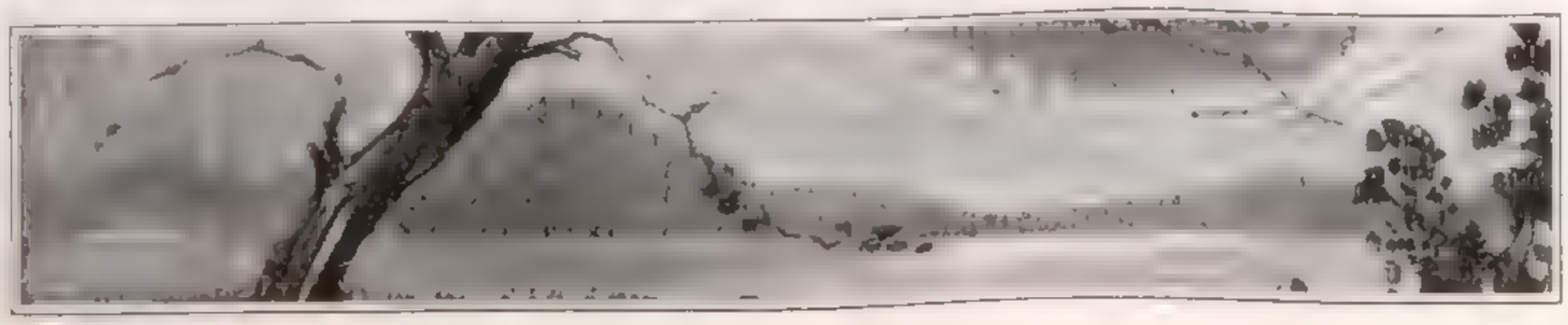
"Why is this tent pitched over this stump?" he asked.

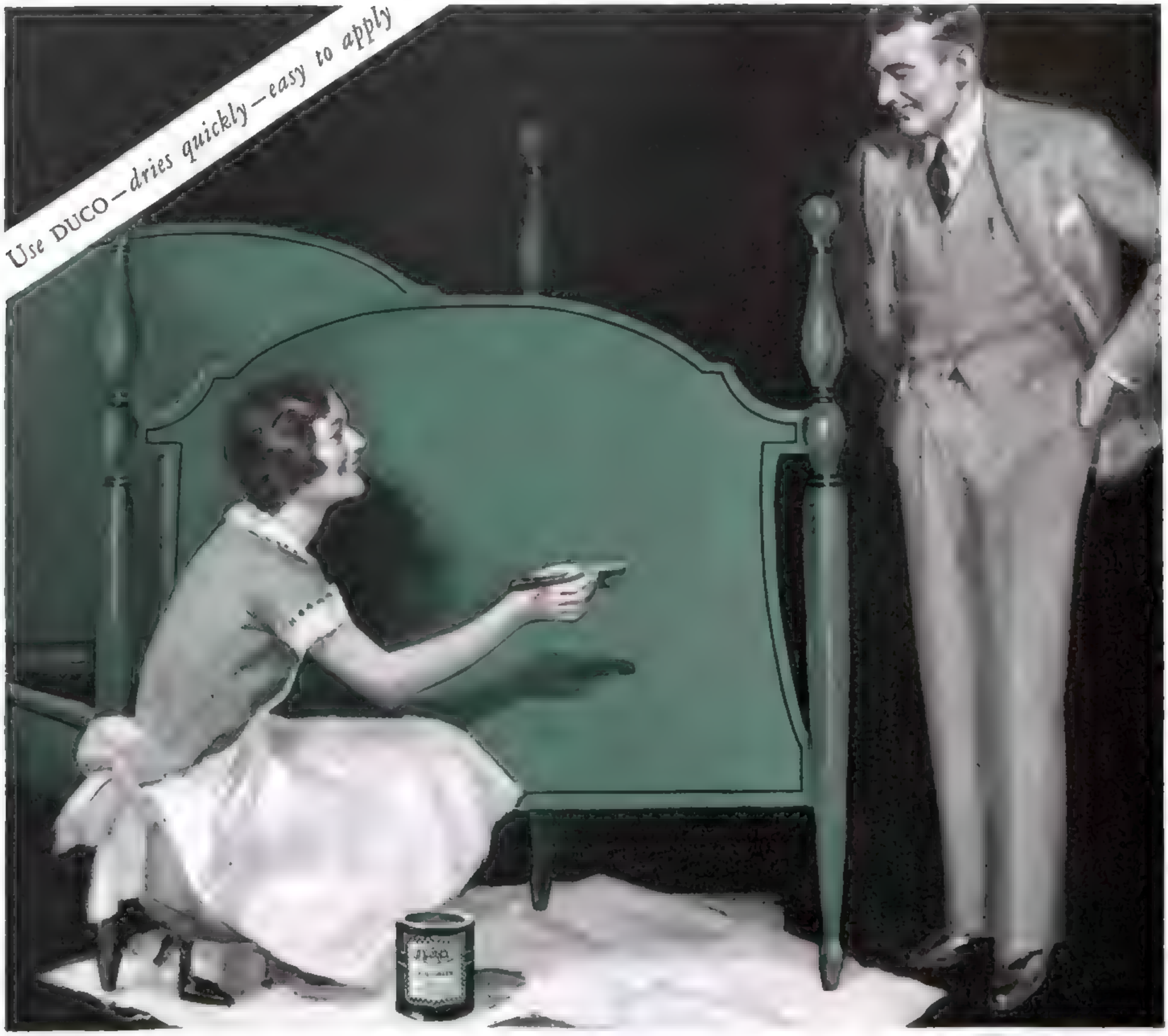
"It had to be, sir," answered the captain; "otherwise the tents could not have been lined up properly."

"I see," said Arkney.

After completing the inspection of the tents, he passed along in front and behind the men. They looked much the same as the soldiers in Arkney's own battery. They were dirty, thin and tired, and their uniforms were wrinkled and torn. After looking them over, Arkney turned to the regimental and battery commanders and the other officers, and in a loud voice which could be heard by every private in the battery, he made a speech which in later years

(Continued on Page 45)





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PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

(Continued from Page 42)

he looked back upon as one of his finest and most successful efforts.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have nothing but praise for the enlisted personnel of this organization. Obviously, they have been through great hardships. They are in great need of rest. But considering the circumstances, I must admit that I have never seen a body of men who presented a finer military appearance. The condition of the *matériel*, though not perfect, is surprisingly good; and I am glad to see that it is your policy to let the men get a little rest rather than wear them out by an orgy of cleaning up. I trust you will continue this policy, and for the next few days give these splendid men as much leisure as you possibly can.

"However"—and here Arkney frowned and raised his voice even more, so that every last private would be sure to hear every last word—"I am sorry to say that the officers of this command are a disgrace to the United States Army. Never have I seen a more slovenly, disreputable lot of bums than you, who should be an example to your men."

The officers looked at him aghast, too astounded to make a reply. Arkney took a step forward and fixed the battery commander with his eye.

"Button your pocket!" he roared. "Button your pocket! What do you mean by appearing at a formal inspection with your pocket unbuttoned?"

The captain flushed with annoyance and anger, glanced down and buttoned the flap over one of the pockets in his blouse.

"And another thing," continued Arkney in a loud and disagreeable voice; "I was shocked to see the way you had forced one of your men to pitch his tent over the stump of a tree. An officer's first thought should be for the comfort of his men. In time of war it doesn't matter whether or not the tents are in straight lines, but it is very important that the men get as much rest as possible. You will move as many tents as necessary, so that everyone is in as favorable a position as possible for the comfort of the men. I will now inspect the next battery."

Stiffly and haughtily he stalked out to his car and, accompanied by the colonel and his staff, drove down the road to B battery. With B battery, and then with C, D, E and F, he went through the same procedure—complimenting the enlisted men and bawling out the officers. He found several more tents pitched on poor ground, and he found several more unbuttoned pockets and other trifling irregularities, of which he made the most. He saved the colonel until the end. After completing a scathing denunciation of the officers of F battery—the last which he inspected—he announced in a loud voice that the colonel in command of the regiment was the sloppiest-looking officer of the entire lot of them, that his post of command resembled a pigpen and that he would recommend that he be relieved of his command. The colonel protested angrily that this was the most outrageous inspection he had ever known, and that he would take it up with his brigade and division commanders. To this Arkney replied, truthfully enough, that he hoped he would.

Then, with a last haughty glance all around, he climbed back into his car and directed the chauffeur to drive straight through Avocourt and down the little road which led into the Forêt de Hesse. It had been a glorious afternoon, and the inspiring thing about it was that Arkney wasn't through yet.

He had the chauffeur continue until they stopped in front of the ruined farmhouse in which he had locked the genuine Colonel Johnson and his orderly. He alighted and told his two orderlies to get out. He looked them over. They seemed to be husky, intelligent and energetic specimens.

"Men," he said, "I have some very unusual work ahead which may be difficult and may be dangerous. If you are willing to volunteer, I will give you a chance to do it. Otherwise I will send you back to your outfit and wait until I can get hold of some of my own men."

The two orderlies looked at each other. Then they looked at Arkney. Probably they decided that this colonel, who provided them with such splendid food and drink, and who was so ready to compliment privates and bawl out officers, was a good man to stick to. Anyway, they assured him that they were ready for anything that he proposed.

"Good!" said Arkney. "I am a member of the secret service. I have information that two German spies are hiding in this building. Both of them have been in the United States and speak perfect English. One of them is dressed as a colonel of the United States Army, and the other acts as his orderly and wears the chevrons of a sergeant. They are very clever. The one that poses as a colonel has been arrested several times, but has always talked so plausibly that he has convinced his captors that he really was an American officer, and they have let him go, with profuse apologies, instead of taking him back to headquarters."

Arkney glanced shrewdly at the two men to see how they were receiving this pleasing fairy tale. Apparently they were eating it up. The average soldier in the A. E. F. had never seen a German spy, but he had heard so many picturesque tales about them that he was ready to believe almost anything Arkney could see that his two hearers were completely thrilled at the idea of assisting in the capture of a spy.

"In case these Germans are here," he continued, "I am going to have you two take them back while I remain to see if any of their confederates show up. We will now wait a moment while I change into the clothes which I always use for this undercover work."

Again Arkney looked over his two men. It seemed incredible that they would swallow any such wild tale. But there was no hint of suspicion in their eager eyes. Arkney's uniform with the silver eagles had taken them in as completely as it had everyone else. And after months of monotonous police duty they were filled with joy at the prospect of excitement, danger and romantic adventure.

Arkney rapidly took off the colonel's uniform, pulled his own from the little trunk and put it on. Then he transferred his money and watch back into his own pockets, thrust the colonel's uniform and his papers back into the trunk and closed the lid.

"I will go down into the cellar first," he said, "and try to lure these criminals up. You will stand just outside the door and grab them as they come out. Whatever you do, don't hurt them. The intelligence department needs them for questioning. As soon as you have them under arrest you will place them in the automobile. One of you will drive, and the other will sit in the rear seat with them. You will drive back and turn them over to the commanding officer at the Advance Echelon, First Army Headquarters, at Souilly. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," said both men.

"You are neither of you armed?" asked Arkney.

"No, sir," said the sergeant.

"It's just as well," replied Arkney. "Remember, these two spies are not to be harmed in any way. You are to take them back to Souilly at once. And you are to pay absolutely no attention to what they say. As I told you before, they are very clever talkers, and undoubtedly they will try to convince you that they are genuine members of the American Army."

"You can count on us," said the sergeant.

"All right, then," said Arkney; "come on! And as soon as I see that you have these men subdued, I will slip into the building here and let you go on your way by yourselves. When you get your prisoners to Souilly you will receive further orders from the general in command there."

Arkney led his men to the door at the top of the cellar stairs and stationed them just outside. Then he sneaked quietly down the stairs, drew the bolt and opened the door. The colonel and his orderly were sitting dejectedly in a corner of the cellar.

"All right, Algernon," said Arkney, "snap out of your dream and come up here. An officer should always be on the alert." As the colonel sprang angrily to his feet, Arkney raced up the stairs and out the door.

"Look out, boys," he said, "they're coming. Good-by, and good luck."

He stepped around the corner of the barn and looked through a small chink in the broken masonry. He saw the colonel and his orderly come up the stairs. He saw the two husky young M. P.'s leap upon them and, after a short struggle, lead them off as prisoners to the waiting car, which soon rolled away down the road.

Slowly and thoughtfully Arkney strolled across the road and through the woods. When he reached the battery it was almost dark, and he ran into a scene of great activity. The horses were being hitched to the guns and wagons, the cannoneers were rolling their packs, and officers and noncoms were shouting orders. Arkney found his friend Private Green.

"What's the excitement?" asked Arkney.

"We just got orders to move," said Green. "You'll just have time to roll your pack. We're going back to the Front. Where have you been?"

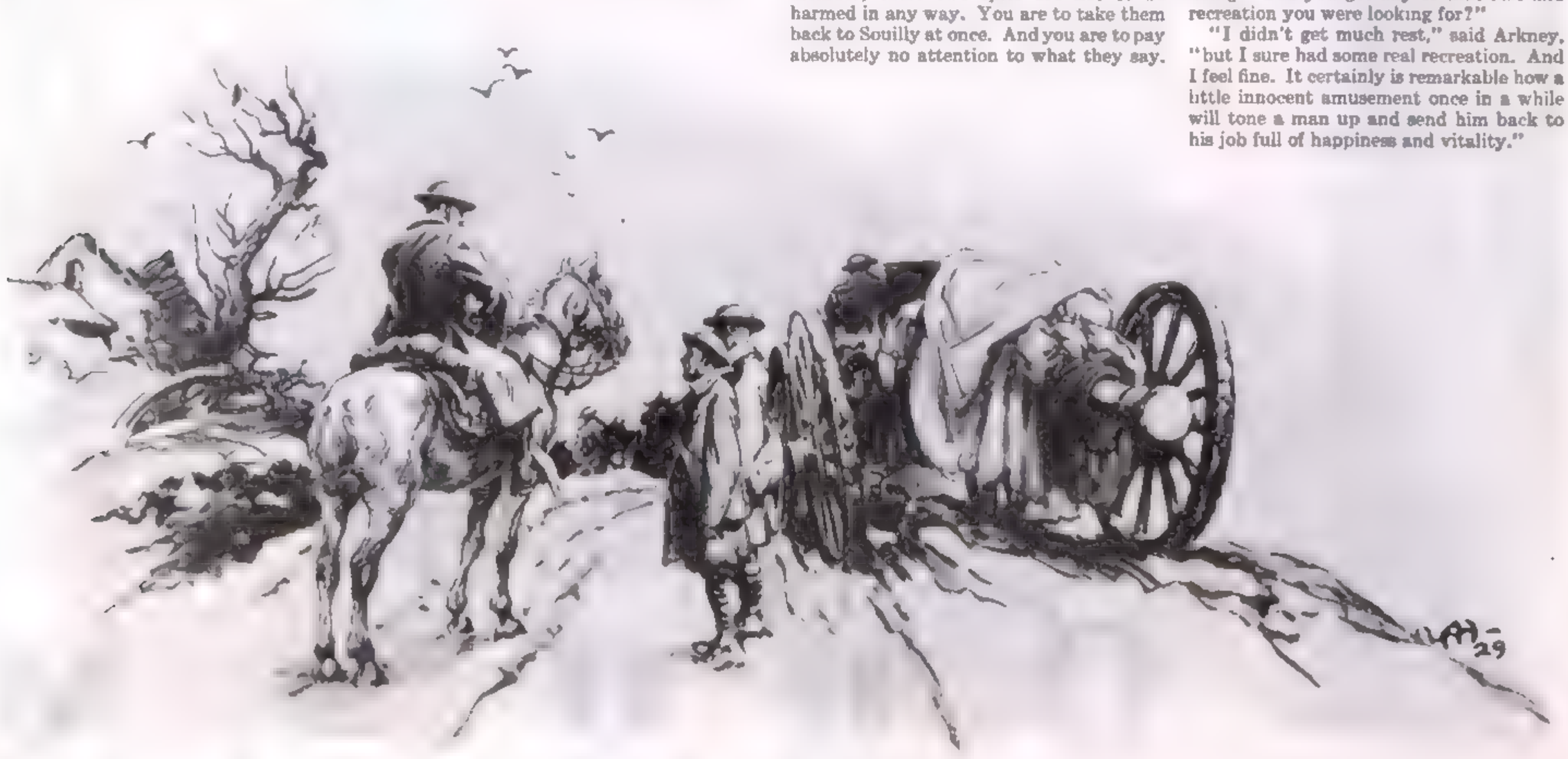
"Have there been any roll calls?" asked Arkney.

"No," said Green. "Nobody knows you've been gone. They've been working us all day, but that bloody colonel never showed up after all."

"I wonder what could have happened to him," said Arkney vaguely.

Green looked him over. "You look awful cheerful," he said. "What have you been doing? Did you get any of that rest and recreation you were looking for?"

"I didn't get much rest," said Arkney, "but I sure had some real recreation. And I feel fine. It certainly is remarkable how a little innocent amusement once in a while will tone a man up and send him back to his job full of happiness and vitality."



"Didn't You Hear the Orders," Asked the Captain, Talking Down From His High Horse

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GENERAL MOTORS

THE CODE OF THE NORTH

(Continued from Page 19)

It was just like the movies. It was even more like the movies when the bunch of us, engineers, bosses, trainmen and others, scattered along the construction work of the Hudson Bay Railway, heard that the lady had taken her future into her own hands and departed with the French-Canadian trapper upon the Muskeg Limited for points north. This was romance. Especially since the word also traveled along the hand-ring telephone line—with listeners at every engineer's camp—that the husband of the lady had resented this departure and intended to do something about it.

Nobody could wish for a better scenario than that; an elopement under the dancing gleam of Northern Lights. All the rest of the stage props were there too: Dog teams, fur-lined parkas and moose-hide Cree moccasins, snowshoes, the white trail into the land of icebergs and the trotting death, as they called the giant migrations of the caribou.

Love was flitting toward the Arctic, while in the background an outraged husband planned his revenge!

Up the line of the Muskeg Limited came the lady and her French-Canadian swain, while at every stop gawking men gathered about the train so they could take a look at them, then rush to the telephone and send the word on to the next stop.

In caboose and grub car, under snow-festooned tents, they talked it over, these men of the North. Engineers who the winter before had dared death in a location journey from the end of steel to Fort Churchill gabbled over the runaway and the pursuing husband as though this were to be another Shooting of Dan McGrew.

The cop on the beat—five hundred miles—narrowed his eyes and said he hoped he'd have a chance to talk to all parties concerned before there was any trouble. The train news vender on the Way Freight, who broke into business life by butching in the old days of grifting circuses, got the habit of dropping off at every station to ask what news there'd been and if there was any danger of a clem—the same being a circus word for fighting. The nurses at the railroad hospital at Mile 396 grew worried over the matter and smoothed down a cot or two.

Onward went the eloping pair, on to the Northland, on toward the Barren Lands and the snows of sixty-three. But at last they reached the end of steel—Mile 412. There a telegram awaited.

It announced that the lady's husband had consulted a lawyer, and that if she wished to avoid trouble she would return home immediately.

A Romance Frozen to Death

The freeze-up was on just then, with sweep of blizzard and howl of wind, with the forms of the track workers visible only at short distances, even then they were little more than misshapen lumps of dirty white in the grasp of the snow-blown gale. The lady read the telegram again, meanwhile dipping her pretty head—for she was pretty—deep into her shoulders and veering about in a vain effort to escape the slashing attack of the blizzard. Her clothes did not seem nearly so thick and warm now as they had when she left civilization. Out beyond the end of steel stretched the Barrens, lead gray and ominous beneath the shifting scud of the storm. The lady looked longingly toward the comfort of the Muskeg Limited. The next day the French-Canadian trapper went onward, into the bleakness of the North—alone.

For sadly enough, from the standpoint of the melodramatic as it applies in the relation of man to man, about all the excitement that comes out of North Country activities is that engendered by talking about it. The drama of man against the elements, or the antagonism of humanity and the obstacles of Nature is ever present in an exalted degree; there, indeed, may the heights and depths be run to every note of the scale. But personal melodrama suffers greatly.

It is good to talk about though. Men gather about a camp stove in a construction camp or under the shuddering canvas of some far outpost of aerial navigation and dilate thrillingly upon the roughness and toughness of The Pas. Or someone who knew Rouyn, in Quebec, during the log-cabin days, has much to say of all the goings on which happened there. But this writer, having seen The Pas at its supposed roughest and toughest, and having looked—oh, so longingly—for Yukon Jakes and Two Gun Charlies in the "wild days" of Rouyn, and a number of other new Canadian towns, must conclude that the old frontier ain't what she used to be, when it comes to lawlessness.

Where Men are Gentlemen

For instance, there are no dance halls in the gold-tinged North. There is, however, the Crystal Palace, at The Pas, where perfectly staid persons, dressed according to the perfectly staid fashions of any North American city of 5000, dance decorously to jiggly music furnished by a family orchestra. And there is a movie house in a new town almost as quickly as there is a restaurant. There virtue triumphs and vice bites the dust, just as it does in any well-ordered community. There is also the church missionary, holding services wherever people will gather; now and then one gets the familiar feel of dropping a coin into a Salvation Army tambourine.

There are no gambling halls as such. One listens in vain for the click of the roulette wheel, the call of the croupier and rattle of chuck-a-luck. By being well enough known, one can sneak into the back room of a pool hall and, after being properly introduced, take part in a thoroughly secretive game of draw poker, which anyone can do in the most stringent of cities. One sees roughly clothed men, unshaven, booted, grimy from long months in the bush; one sees these men slightly wabbly on their legs as they pound along the boardwalks, and one feels the protective urge for innocent womankind.

But about that time one meets some smiling little woman who has lived for months in a new, raw camp, and who shrugs her shoulders with the remark:

"Oh, yes, a roughly dressed man spoke to me one day. But he saw immediately that he'd made a mistake, so he apologized."

For to tell the truth, the badness of the North is the badness of bad boys, not of bad men. Starved for human companionship, dreaming of the big time they'll have when at last they reach civilization, men with burning eyes come out of the bush and hurry for the liquor store or for the beer parlor if the province happens to be one which allows such things.

If the liquor store has been visited, then like boys with stolen apples, they rush for their hotel room, where they sit and drink and talk, hour upon hour, until the bottle is gone and a headache is all that's left. Or if it is the beer parlor, they sit and drink and talk also; the places sound from a distance like the droning of thousands of bluebottle flies, the rising and falling of inflections continuing ceaselessly. Toasts fly in a dozen languages. Great tables are in regulation football huddles, men bent head to head, in their eagerness for the sound of another human's voice, broken perhaps only by the insistent question of some sad man at a side table:

"Were you ever a hundred miles from noo-where in the bush, all alone, an' didn't you get lo-o-o-ne-some?"

To which are joined the rising inflections from a huddle near by, as arms link and glasses knock against teeth to the call of the Scandinavian toast:

"Skoa.!"

After a time it becomes eleven o'clock—closing time. Many men rise and weave forth from a great smoke-filled room. There isn't anything else to do; they go to bed, befuddled and happy. They've had a great time in this wild, hell-bendin' boom town. They'll have another wild time tomorrow if their heads don't ache too much!

Understand, there is lawlessness of a type. There are the sure-thing men, the con workers and pay-off guys. There are the smart boys with cards, and the dips and mobs and gun molls. But they exist only as they exist in every city in America; they work stealthily, always with a covert eye for the form of a redcoat or a provincial; sneaks and cravens, they hide in the dark and exist with the reptilian sinuosity of their craft. They live in fear, ready to move on at an instant's notice. More than that, they do move; the same women who invaded Rouyn, which was the primary boom mining camp of the last big rush in Canada, can now be found far in the northwest of Manitoba—if they haven't been shuffled out of there by the genial announcement of a policeman:

"'Tis an unhealthy country for such little gir-ruls as you. Now supposing you take the next train out."

A Victory for Law and Order

But even allowing for all these illicit things, these hidden avenues of vice, the whole of frontier Canada, from Rouyn on through the older camps of Timmins and Porcupine, across through Hudson and Goldpines and Red Lake, on up through The Pas and Cranberry Portage and Flin Flon, across Herb Lake and upward along the Hudson Bay Railway to the end of steel, the whole of these, I say, might combine and produce enough wickedness to equal a block or so of San Francisco's old Barbary Coast—but I doubt it. To tell the truth, in one small ordinary boom oil town of the United States I have seen more lawlessness than in all of Canada combined.

Waiting for the Opening of a New Movie House in a Boom Town

Nor is it because the Canadian police concentrate their men immediately a new town starts. Instead of that, life seems to run along on about its usual course for the police; a couple of men is plenty for a new town of three or four thousand. The only time I ever saw policemen at a disadvantage was in a town where there hadn't been time to build a jail. But that matter was finally looked after by the erection of a double log cabin, whereupon the two provincial policemen arrested some fifty persons, jammed them into the jail, fined them impartially the next morning and then rested easy thereafter in the knowledge that a naughty place suddenly had become just like any other small town.

Of course there is the argument, advanced by old sourdoughs of Alaska and the Yukon, that the boys haven't the money to make whoopee upon, like they did in the days of '98. That is wrong. There may not be the heavy concentration in the pockets of a few, but there is a far greater distribution of money, in amounts worth the efforts of crooked persons to get it.

Saving Half a Century

Many of the prospectors today are company men. One company, for instance, operates almost entirely by airplane. A romantic idea, born in the mind of a romantic man who for a quarter of a century has pursued indefatigably the ambition of cracking open the North, this entails the operation of an entire fleet of planes, by which, it is hoped, the unmapped, distant regions of Canada will be opened to mineral development a half century before their time.

Here and there, far beyond the possibilities of railroad construction, caches have been established for gasoline and provisioning bases. Out from civilization the planes go, carrying their burden of gold-minded men, to drop them at various points and leave them there for a sufficient time to investigate thoroughly the surrounding country. Chesterfield Inlet, a full five degrees north of the farthest north of steel, Mistake Bay, Baker Lake, Great Slave Lake, Lake Athabasca, the Mackenzie River—all these names are becoming familiar ones to civilization, because airplanes have flown men in there to scrape the ground and to unlock its mysteries. Then there are the men for every big mining outfit, invading all available regions in the vicinity of a rich find. Added to these are the individual prospectors who may make a strike in the neighborhood of a big development, with a ready market, therefore, awaiting them. Beyond that are the workers of mines and commercial developments, and of the railroads. Figures for the latter are surprising.

It is one thing to make thirty or forty cents an hour and get that money each week. It is quite another to be shoved so far from civilization that pay day comes sometimes only once in six months, and at even greater intervals. There are contract companies in the North who get their wages once a year.

A company on railroad work may be anything from one man up. "M. Pizakajain and Company," may be merely Mr. Pizakajain in person, or it may be Mr. Pizakajain, Mr. Gujuzzilak, Mr. Kaplanovitch and a dozen others of unpronounceable names, entered under the one to whom the railroad contractors are responsible. These companies are the backbone of the army that is throwing back the frontier.

Great-shouldered, small-headed men, Finns, Swedes, Danes, Poles, Lithuanians and Belgians, they form the shock troops that are never idle. They are the men who make it possible for a railroad to be built. For, since the North is primitive country, it is necessary in a certain degree that it be

(Continued on Page 53)

G.T.M. SPECIFIED
GOODYEAR CONVEYOR BELT
FOR THE SAND AND GRAVEL CONVEYING SYSTEM
IN PLANT No. 1 OF
THE GRAND RAPIDS GRAVEL CO.,
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LENGTH - - - 651 FT.
WIDTH - - - - - 24 IN.
5 PLY
BELT - - F.P.M. 300
TOP COVER - - 1/8 IN.
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INSTALLED MAY 1ST 1925
TO CRUSHERS AND SCREEN
54" DIA - 26 FACE LAGGED PULLEY
TAKE-UP IDLER
GROUND LEVEL
TO PIT

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-equipped conveyor system in Plant No. 1 of The Grand Rapids Gravel Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan, with inset photograph of main conveyor

Copyright, 1929, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

A 311-ft. carry, a 60-ft. rise—and the G. T. M.

The low-cost conveyance of sand and gravel, from dump cars to screens and loader, an inclined distance of 311 feet—up 60 feet, an angle of 11°7′—this was the problem with which operators of The Grand Rapids Gravel Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan, were faced in 1925.

Plant officials had experimented with a number of different belting materials. None had "the stuff" required for the exacting demands of this strenuous up-grade service. None was successfully operated for long. The cost of frequent conveyor failures was a large item of mounting plant expense. Then, early in 1925, Mr. N. H. Battjes, General Manager, decided to call in the G. T. M. —Goodyear Technical Man.

The G. T. M. applied the Goodyear Analysis Plan to determine scientifically the correct belting for the Grand Rapids Gravel Company's conveyor requirements. He made a detailed on-the-ground study. He observed that many of the conditions were those frequently found in sand and gravel plants. The operation was seasonal. The belt was exposed to weather the year round. During the wintertime period of idleness it was frequently completely encrusted with ice. He knew that Goodyear Conveyor Belts, correctly specified, had successfully stood up to such conditions elsewhere.

His observations enabled him to suggest changes in the installation which would increase the life of the belt. He found plant officials most willing to co-operate in eliminating the destructive cross loading of material onto the belt.

In full possession of all necessary data he computed his solution of the problem. His expert recommendations called for 651 feet of 24" 5 ply Goodyear Conveyor Belting, 1/8" top cover and 1-16" pulley cover—a belt specified to meet the needs of this particular installation. In May, 1925, the new belt, G. T. M.-supervised, was installed at the No. 1, or "Wyoming" Pit.

Now, after four gravel seasons, this Goodyear belt has carried more than 783,000 tons of gravel and sand, weighed and sold, and in addition sand and washings estimated at 25,000 tons! The belt is still in service and paying dividends. Moreover, as a result of the profitable performance of this conveyor equipment, The Grand Rapids Gravel Company belting is now Goodyear-specified—*the plant is practically 100% Goodyear.* Mr. Battjes says, "Goodyear G.T.M.-specified belting has effected real economies in our operating costs."

Does it not stand to reason you are likely to get the lowest-cost, trouble-free service from belting specified and built for *your* particular job? The records of hundreds of installations, in every line of industry, bear out the dollars-and-cents wisdom of buying belting on the proved Goodyear Analysis Plan—G. T. M.-specified.

The G. T. M. is an expert on belting and can effect real savings for you, as he has for many other plants the country over. To get in touch with him, or to receive detailed information about the service that Goodyear Mechanical Goods—belts, hose, molded goods, packing—are giving in your industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

The Greatest Name In Rubber

BELTS • MOLDED GOODS • HOSE • PACKING

GOODYEAR

This Great
New Six Cylinder

32% More Power — 7 Inches More Wheelbase
Economy Equal to Its 4-Cylinder Predecessor
Greater Speed — 50% More Capacity
4 Speeds Forward — 4-Wheel Brakes

1½ Ton Chassis, $545 1½ Ton Chassis (with Cab), $650 Light Delivery Chassis, $400 Sedan Delivery, $595

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

1½ Ton Truck

only $545

CHASSIS ONLY
F. O. B. FACTORY, FLINT, MICH.

AT A PRICE of only $545, the new six-cylinder 1½ Ton Chevrolet truck offers a dollar-for-dollar value that has never been equaled.

Its new six-cylinder motor provides a power increase of 32%. It accelerates faster in every gear. It operates smoothly and quietly—with unusual freedom from "lugging" at slow speeds. And its fuel-economy equals that of its famous four-cylinder predecessor! Combined with this increased power and finer performance is a wheelbase of 131 inches and rugged 189-inch frame. This provides a carrying capacity of 1½ tons, and permits the mounting of all types of bodies with a load space up to 9 feet.

A perfected 4-speed transmission provides increased pulling power for heavy roads, deep sand and steep hills. A new and completely lubricated ball-bearing steering mechanism makes steering easy over any road. The newly-designed 4-wheel brakes are powerful, quiet and easy of operation—with emergency brakes operating entirely independently.

Investigate this remarkable truck at your Chevrolet dealer's today.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

— a Six in the price range of the four!

GEORGE • *"The whole family is tickled pink about it. The replacement didn't cost nearly so much as we expected it to. And you ought to see how the water pours out of these Alpha Brass Pipes! I get a real shower now—anytime I want it."*

CLARA • *"I thought we'd have to tear the whole house to pieces to get the old pipe out, but it wasn't bad at all. Hardly any fuss or dirt—the plumbers were so nice—plenty of water all the time."*

LILY • *"About time we changed, I say! I've been telling father and mother to put in brass water pipes for years. And now that they've done it we won't have a thing to talk about . . . no more wise cracks about rusty pipes and slow baths."*

ARBUTUS • *"Yo' all ought to see mah clothes now! Dey's white as snow. Yes, Ma'm! No mo' blamin' me fob stained clothes. I'se surely glad I got Missus Wallop to put in them brass watah pipes."*

Alpha Brass Water Pipes give the Wallops CLEAN WATER *at last!*

The Wallops have replaced their worn-out rusty pipes with brass water pipes that can't rust. They had good reasons for selecting Alpha Brass Pipe: First, they'd heard and read a lot about it; second, their plumber told them that it made lasting, leak-proof joints; third, they knew it was *guaranteed* by Chase.

The Wallops are typical of many thousands of American families who suffer the irritations and discomforts of dirty, rusty water. They have now solved their plumbing problems for the rest of their lives—as we hope many of their friends will do.

This is the last of the Wallop advertisements. In next week's Saturday Evening Post the new Chase series begins.

The mark that identifies good brass and copper products

Alpha Brass Pipe is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. Its use means the end of thick, red water, low pressure, leaks. The word "Alpha" and the distinctive Chase-mark are stamped on every twelve inches of its length to guarantee satisfaction. Why not use Alpha?

• CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO •

INCORPORATED

WATERBURY • CONNECTICUT

(Continued from Page 48)

conquered by primitive means. The strong back and the Irish buggy, or wheelbarrow, are two of the things that are as necessary as the steam shovel and the airplane.

Muskeg is vicious stuff. One walks upon it like a trapeze performer upon a net; the spongy, porous ground seems constantly rising before one, necessitating high, awkward steps.

There is only one way to beat it, and that is to drain it by ditches, sometimes for miles, that the sogginess may depart from beneath a roadbed, leaving an approach to solidity upon which to lay corduroy, ties, rails and ballast. This can be done only by hand; so the contractors of a rail road make subcontracts, at a usual minimum price of twenty-five cents a yard for ordinary ditching, with allowances for frozen ground and for rock. There are no hours, no requirements, other than that the work be done.

Truck horses of labor are these men. Dawn comes early in the North Country in summer, darkness does not arrive until nearly midnight. And from dawn until dusk these men will labor, with the flies literally clustered upon their bronzed bodies, with the stink of the muskeg upon their clothing, and the monotony of one day's labor melting into the monotony of another without end.

I have seen men go temporarily mad with this monotony; hip-booted, slimy with the scum of the swamp, swollen from the bites of flies, I have seen them drop their tools and go screaming and clawing at one another like veritable animals. Then, their minds too dulled even to direct them in the intricacies of a fist fight, they would merely stand at arm's length and yell out the outpourings of harassed brains. At last, whimpering and cowed by their own eruptiveness, they would return to their labors, to the slime and the greasiness of the age-old morass, to the blue ice beneath the covering of soggy, rotten vegetation; to the gritty handles of the long spades, the black-smudged barrows; to the monotony of cut and fill, fill and cut, day on day without diversion.

Commuting From Poland

Their board costs a dollar a day, not paid for in money but subtracted at the time of settlement. Likewise their purchases at the cache. By and by they send word to the engineer that they are going out. The engineer drops by and looks over the work, estimating always with the edge for the workman; a little bonus, he knows, doesn't hurt when a man is working past the edge of civilization. Then the check is made out, to be cashed in the nearest town, and wide-eyed men, walking on pavements with the high step of ones who know only muskeg, come to lights and people and diversion with a thousand dollars or more apiece for a holiday!

Often it is much more. Sometimes it is gone in a week or so, and M. Pizakajain and Company go back to work. But often it is not. Far ahead of the end of steel, with Maj. J. G. McLachlan, construction engineer of the Hudson Bay Railway, I halted at the sight of a half dozen snow-streaked men, bent under the weight of heavy pack sacks. They had come a dozen miles already through the storm; they had a dozen more to go before they could reach shelter for the night.

"Now for a big time by Winnipeg?" joked the major. But a grinning Pole shook his head.

"Naw," he answered, "we just got time to catch the boat."

They passed us then. The major smiled.

"Our commuting workers," he said. "They've been in the bush since early spring. Going out now with about six months' contract money. They'll buy an excursion round-trip ticket to the old country for two or three hundred dollars, go back home to Poland, be rich men in their village all winter, and return here in the spring. Which, in a way, beats the life of an engineer at that! We stay here the year round!"

Lost Prospector, Lost Job

That, of course, disposes of many thousands of dollars. For the others—those who take their money to civilization for the big time—it usually is accomplished in the unimaginative way of simply getting drunk. Nor is that the real desire; it is a means unto an end. To meet people other than the same stolid faces one has seen for month after month. To talk of faraway places, to hear of adventures, they who have had none save the grueling battle against the elements. To hear jokes and to laugh—to laugh! They roar at the merest turn of a word—these men.

In that desire of communion, with the bottle passing from man to man, lies the real problem of the policeman in the North. Unromantic as it may be, the big job concerns that most modern product of moral progress, the bootlegger.

Prohibition produced the bootlegger in Canada just as it produced the bootlegger in the United States. Then Canada decided to become wet again, under various ramifications of liquor control for the different provinces. Arrangements were made to supply all the liquor that any human could possibly desire. But the bootlegger remained.

There was something about the convenience of the illicit vender which appealed; by buying his liquor at the government store and cutting it to his needs, he could often undersell the government. Then, too, a new camp often might not be deemed large enough to support a liquor store, and so the bootlegger moved in, just so that none of the boys need be thirsty. Of course the higher-up of prohibition days is gone; it is the small fry, constantly hiding and moving, which gives the trouble in the new town—that and the home brew, manufactured by foreign workers, far from civilization.

One day an engineer and myself noticed a wisp of smoke coming from the tar-paper shack of a company just beyond the end of steel. Quite an odor accompanied it, and loud yelling.

"Don't mind that," said the engineer. "They've probably just tasted a new batch of home brew. That's their tonsils burning out."

Prosaic brewers and prosaic bootleggers interfere terribly with previously formulated ideas of new country. So do persons who become prosaically lost. For another bane of the policeman and the redcoat alike is the dude prospector.

Canada has called volunteers from all the world in these past few years; gold does that. There are thin-lipped men who knew the Rand of Africa. There are the big hats indicating miners of the Western United States; there are men from Australia and South America and Mexico and China. And there are others from the city who wouldn't know gold if they saw it, but who are eager to search nevertheless. After a time someone reports that a man who left a certain camp on a certain day hasn't yet reached civilization. So out start the police, and often the airplanes go also, scouting from the air while others scout the ground. But in some cases the matter is solved more easily. Recently the manager of a big mining company employing many prospectors called before him a certain little group of unfortunates whom the bush had closed in upon with a great deal of irregularity.

"Now, men," he said, "I'm not hinting that any of you go out and deliberately get lost. I wouldn't suggest for the world that you're soldiering, and that you're taking it easy somewhere in the bush while we turn the whole North Country upside down looking for you. But I would like to say that the next prospector who gets lost from this mining outfit loses his job!"

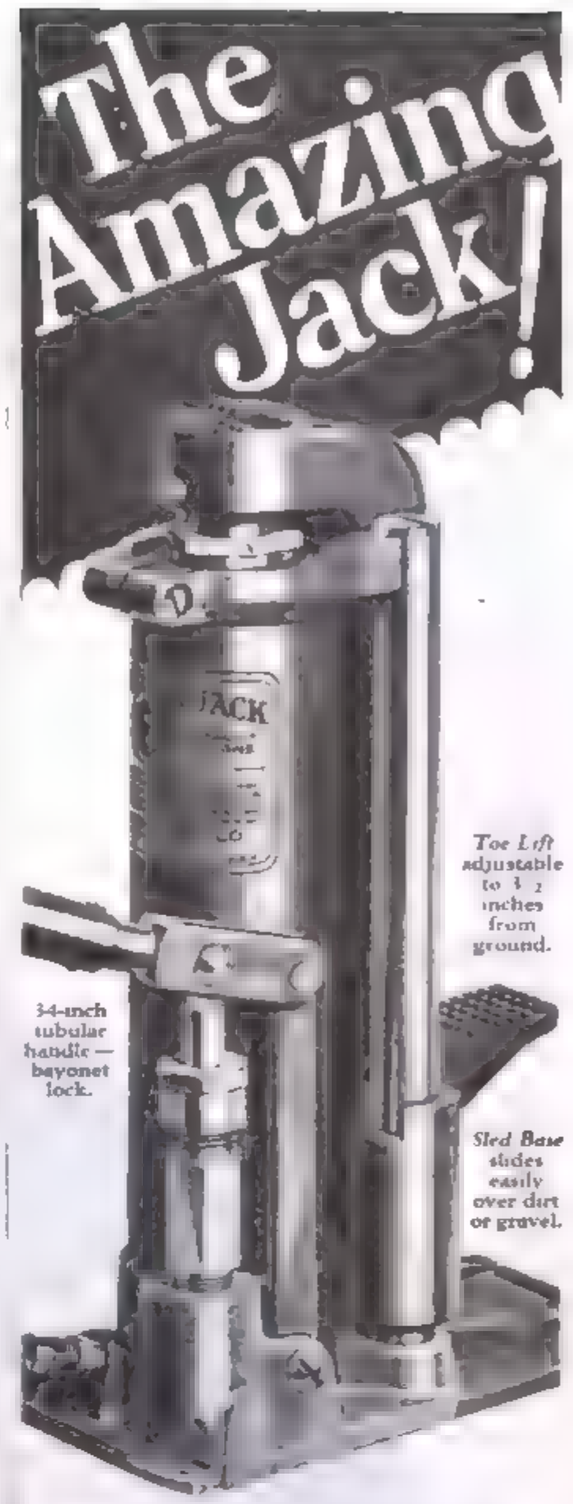
It was wonderful after that, just to see what a miraculous woods sense a certain group of men developed.

Legitimate Thrills Aplenty

There is enough to do in the savage North without worrying about the malingerer. When an airplane sails forth upon a mission of rescue it must be one of seriousness; the fable of the boy who cried wolf, must not and cannot be allowed to come true in a country all too eager to take the life of an invader. Into this land the airplane has come as a means of deliverance; every little settlement has its story of rescue. There is the case of the ill at Cranberry Portage, flown into The Pas for hospital treatment. There is the story of an Indian boy, mauled by brown bears, rescued from air, and placed under medical treatment within a few hours; he had been attacked two hundred and twenty-five miles in the bush. Prospectors have been saved, supplies rushed to the famished, serums taken to the stricken. The arrival of an airplane at The Pas, bringing men suffering from exposure or freezing or injury to the hospital there, has become an ordinary affair, all within a little more than a year.

It is from that sort of thing that the North gains its thrills, rather than from the possession of Soapy Smiths and other fabulously bad persons who once made a new country notorious. In the North a man takes his excitement out of other things: The casual story of an engineer, telling quietly of the escapes from death which his party had the year before, lost in the Barrens. Or others who speak casually of cold so intense that leathern cow-puncher chaps were necessary to hold out the wind. Or G. C. S. Johnson, resident engineer of the

(Continued on Page 56)


The Amazing Jack!
JACK
Toe Lift adjustable to 3 1/2 inches from ground.
34-inch tubular handle — bayonet lock.
Sled Base slides easily over dirt or gravel.

BLACKHAWK HYDRAULIC

AMAZING in its easy lifting. Pressure of a finger tip on the long, rigid handle raises the car.

Amazing in its easy lowering. Turn the simple, sturdy release valve with handle tip, and the load eases down without pumping or cranking.

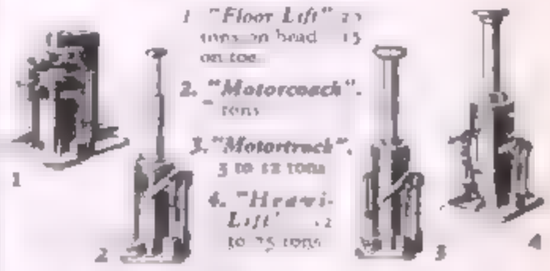
Amazing in its wide utility. No axle too low or too high for this "Allcar" model, and the power is ample for any automobile.

Let your dealer or garageman demonstrate this amazing jack. Its price is $12.90 — and it's worth its weight in gold when there's jacking to do.

Other car and truck models, 1½ to 12 tons capacity. Write for illustrated literature.

BLACKHAWK MFG. COMPANY
Department P-2 Milwaukee, Wis.

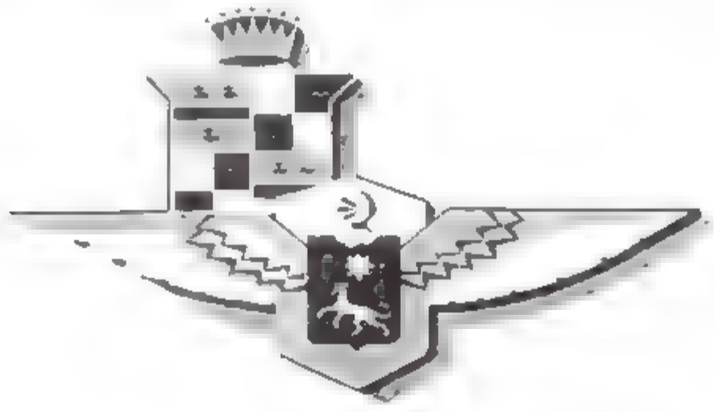
Industrial Jacks — capacities up to 75 tons — see cuts below. Write for special Industrial Folder.



BLACKHAWK JACKS
INDUSTRIAL *and* AUTOMOTIVE

The smart, distinctive La Salle design that created today's vogue in motor-cars finds in the new La Salle a still richer and more fascinating expression excelled only by Cadillac itself and unequaled by any other car in the world.

In addition to 23 refreshingly beautiful Fisher Bodies for the new Cadillac and the new La Salle, there are 15 exclusive and exquisite custom-built models Fleetwood designed and Fleetwood built.



THIS IS A MATHEMATICAL CERTAINTY . . .

If a buyer starts out with the one thought and the one thought only that he wants his driving comfort to be as complete as is humanly possible, the contrast between Cadillac-La Salle and all other cars admits of only one decision.

Cadillac's position as the leader of the fine car group is an accepted fact that one would scarcely think of challenging. On the basis of quality and value, the contrast with all other cars has always been so sharply drawn that a discriminating choice offered no real difficulties.

But within recent months Cadillac and the Cadillac-built La Salle have forged ahead to such an extent that you may not realize how vastly their superiority has been increased—especially from the viewpoint of safety and easy mastery of control.

Take these latter two points, which anyone will quickly admit are of paramount importance in this day of high speed and congested traffic.

In braking, gear shifting, steering and all driving operations, there are no other cars in all the world that can compare with Cadillac or La Salle.

That is because, for one thing, you can not find on any other cars the Cadillac-La Salle Duplex-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes, the most powerful braking system ever developed, yet the easiest and quickest to operate.

On no other cars can you find the Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission which enables you to shift your gears at any speed, under any conditions, without awkwardness or the slightest hesitancy. The operation is instantaneous as well as clashless.

These are safety features of the utmost importance, as is the improved steering mechanism, but there is also the Cadillac-La Salle crystal-clear, non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass. In the remote event of collision you cannot be injured by flying glass fragments; neither will there be any danger from the impact of stones cast up by the wheels of passing cars.

These are some of the new facts to add to those you already know about Cadillac and La Salle. When these new facts are yours through personal experience, and you have made comparisons with all other fine cars, one conclusion becomes as certain as a mathematical theorem: The buyer who seeks the greatest possible driving comfort must select a Cadillac or a La Salle.

La Salle prices $2295 to $2875; Cadillac $3295 to $7000 —all prices f. o. b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

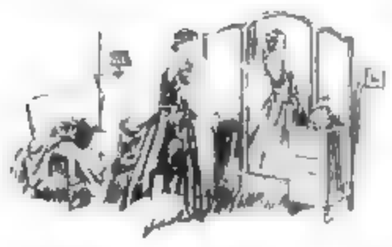
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Division of General Motors

Detroit, Michigan Oshawa, Canada

CADILLAC
LA SALLE
FLEETWOOD

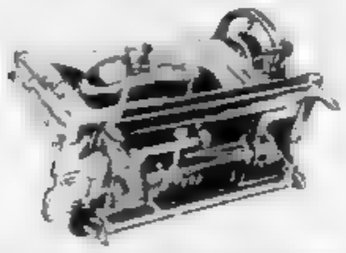
Talks to Men on Housekeeping



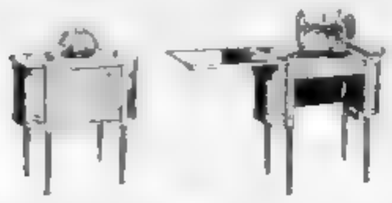
Many a man can cast a discerning eye on methods of household administration, and make suggestions that aid the little lady who runs the home. A smooth running household—a wife, charming, and with that "leisure look"—are pleasing to any man, and not an inconsiderable item to success.

Any man likes his house to be well furnished—his children well-dressed, and his wife as smartly gowned as the rest—and a little better! All things to be proud of—and when they can be accomplished well within the range of the old pocketbook—that's all to the good.

And here's her chance! She can make dresses in the very latest style for herself—draperies, pillows, for the house; because in case she doesn't know how, we show her at the White Schools of Costume Art, a free course given to all purchasers of the new White Rotary Electric.



Most men will appreciate the ease with which this new White Rotary Electric runs. A touch of the knee-controlled lever and it runs smoothly, noiselessly, at the speed desired. Its responsiveness makes it a real pleasure to operate.



Who doesn't admire beauty plus efficiency? In the new Martha Washington there's a satisfying combination of the two. When sewing is in order, a White Rotary Electric helps to get things done *promptly* and *well*. When not in use it becomes a beautiful and highly desirable piece of furniture in the home.

White
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines

MADE BY THE SERVANT OF THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN

© 1929, W. S. M. Co.

(Continued from Page 53)

Hudson Bay construction, waving a hand toward the ghosts of burn-over and grinning in retrospect of the day when he saw the Inferno.

"It was just that! For days the forest fires had been burning through the scrub spruce; here and there it would come to the tracks and set off the ties. We had twelve hundred feet burning at one time. Day after day, we never knew when we'd be caught; each time we left our camp we said good-by to it, for a shift of wind might have meant its destruction.

"Then one day, the clouds came, with the speed of an express train, so low that they seemed to scrape the very tops of the flames. They were black clouds, underfaced with bulging red. Daylight faded, almost in an instant. Then through the glare of the forest fire the lightning began to flash, while the thunder rolled, as if it were barely passing over our heads. Time after time the flashes came, and at last the downpour. Then the earth began to steam like the outpouring of a thousand geysers as the rain struck the burning forest. And in an hour the sun was shining again; there was only the steaming brule to remind us of what had just transpired. A fellow gets a thrill out of a thing like that, away off from civilization!"

Away off from civilization! They live upon it, feed upon it, out at the frontier of the New North. They are proud of the hardships, of the dangers, because they have learned they can conquer them.

There was a time, for instance, when Canada was more than slightly skittish about being called Our Lady of the Snows. Of course, there was one very good reason, and that was the fact that the Canada which most persons know is no more a land of perpetual snow than is Buffalo, New York or Chicago. Nor is even the far North of Canada a place where dog teams chase about in the summertime; this writer has experienced far colder summer weather in his mountain home near Denver, Colorado, than he has in the Hudson Bay country.

In fact, one accustomed to mountain fishing and mountain streams is struck by the warmth of Canadian streams in the summer. One of the first things that happens in the building of a boom camp along one of the innumerable lakes is the selection of a bathing beach. The clothesline of practically every little red-spruce cabin flings a bathing suit to the wind after the daily dip. Summer evenings find the waters alive with the inhabitants of the new villages. Therefore, when the country is heralded as one of eternal ice, the comparison is quickly disputed.

But in winter—it's different in the wintertime. Then the blizzards rage, and no Canadian denies it. Nor does the Northman care to have his life looked upon at any time as an easy one.

Several years ago, for instance, I covered an assignment into Canada for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST which was concerned with the life of the prospector. I told of their tribulations in the bush, of the dangers of death for the man who attempted to traverse alone the impenetrable jungles of timber growth or fight his way unaided along the canoe routes. I mentioned the prospectors who carry their vial of poison, that they may end their lives in case of an accident that might otherwise doom them to a dragged-out death.

I told of the awful months of loneliness, of the privations, of the flies in summer, of the blizzards in winter. That done, I assembled my proofs, so I could be in readiness for those who might object on the grounds of overstatement.

No such objection came. But after a time there did arrive a letter, from a man in the North of Quebec, containing facts and pictures—to show that prospecting in Northern Canada was not the joy-riding life of beer and skittles which he said I had pictured.

MRS. ELDRIDGE

(Continued from Page 17)

never saw such terrible flops as he's been making."

"Oh, is that so?" Stanley asked.

At his words the Carr girl ran from the room, Stan after her, and the rest following.

"Do all American young people act like that?" Lady Mary asked. "How interesting!"

"I can only vouch for it that my son never has before," Mrs. Eldridge said.

"How very interesting!"

Mrs. Eldridge didn't see Stanley again that night, because he and his companions all went on to the local Maxim's, but she was really annoyed with him about his behavior, until it occurred to her that possibly such actions were just an outlet for being bored. She could remember being driven by boredom to do unheard-of things herself.

The place wasn't a success for them. They'd better move on and not waste any more time.

She looked up trains before Stanley was awake, and even packed a little; then, since apparently he was going to sleep the whole morning, she motored over to Cannes, only to find that Henrietta Carpenter had sold her villa the winter before.

She didn't see Stanley until he joined her at the luncheon table, looking handsome but somewhat knocked about.

"You've been doing more surf-boarding," she said.

"Yes, and I was worse at it than yesterday, even. I've got to eat and run. We're all going to Monte Carlo to try out the beach there."

That meant an absolutely blank afternoon for Mrs. Eldridge.

"Are you?" she asked.

"Yes. Are you finding anything to do to amuse yourself?"

"To tell you the truth, I'm not. I've been wondering if you'd mind if we moved on tomorrow."

His face clouded. "But I think it's great here," he said.

"Do you honestly?"

"Where could we possibly find anything as much fun?"

"I've been looking over the lists of people staying at the Lido in the Paris Herald. You'd find everything there that you like here."

"The Lido's the most expensive place on the Continent," Stanley said, smiling a rather puzzling smile.

"Aren't you reversing our rôles? All summer resorts cost just about the same."

"The Lido wouldn't offer quite the same attraction." He was still smiling curiously.

"Well, if you don't want to go, I think ——" Mrs. Eldridge began.

She'd been intending to say that she thought she would go on alone and he might come and join her when he wanted, or meet her in Paris, when it occurred to her what he had meant to convey by that smile, and she stopped.

"What were you going to say?" he questioned.

She didn't dare ask if she were right. It would be too ghastly if she were.

"I was just wondering whether Biarritz might not be better fun."

"I thought my words would have some effect," he said. "My vote is to stay right where we are."

"Who's getting up the party to Monte Carlo?" Mrs. Eldridge asked.

"Chooch"

Mrs. Eldridge put her question in a form so mild that she needn't dread the immediate answer.

"Your enthusiasm for Chooch, as you call her, remains unabated?"

"She's grand."

The way the two words were pronounced made even them dreadful. They chilled Mrs. Eldridge's blood. He was taking that terrific girl seriously. She'd been right in not mentioning her plan to go on alone. This was certainly no time for his mother to desert him.

Stanley was not without intuition. "Why?" he inquired. "Don't you like her?"

"She seems to me one of the nicest boys you've ever known," Mrs. Eldridge said. "Of course, my acquaintance with her is very slight. I'd like to improve it. I suppose it would bore you terribly if I should join your party this afternoon."

"Why, I don't think so," Stanley said. "I'll ask."

"I mean, if you have plenty of room in the car for me."

"That's what I meant."

Ordinarily, Mrs. Eldridge would have been the last person to crowd herself in uninvited, but this was vitally important.

She must do something, and the best way to do something was to get to know the Carr girl. That any marriage should take place between any two people, each party to it had to shut his or her eyes to some aspect of so gigantic a change. The thing was to find the aspect toward which Stanley was shutting his eyes, open them, and focus them on it.

That was what Mrs. Eldridge had done, in a casual way, about the romantic sentimentality of a girl named Wilbur in whom Stanley had been faintly interested when he was an undergraduate—just pointed out that she was silly. Eventually Juliet Wilbur had become a perfect synonym for mawkishness in Stanley's mind.

Stanley finished the fish on his plate.

"I'll run down and ask Chooch right now," he said. "I don't care about any dessert."

When he came back he reported that his mother could go.

They went over in Phil Beauregard's car.

Susie Grant and Phil sat in front, Mrs. Eldridge, Adele and Choochoo Carr on the back seat, and Stanley and Bill Phineazy on the little seats.

The conversation was a kind of juvenile fooling which Mrs. Eldridge felt that she hampered. She was very glad when Adele suggested playing twenty questions.

Four of the five sitting together had to choose some character, actual or from fiction, and the fifth was supposed, by asking not more than twenty questions, to discover their choice.

They chose people like William Haines and Tex Rickard, but when it was the Carr girl's turn to guess, Mrs. Eldridge suggested to the rest that they take Petrarch, who was a great favorite of Stanley's.

Choochoo Carr never got any farther than learning that it was an Italian who lived in the fourteenth century.

"Columbus is the only one that I remember in the fourteenth century," she said.

Stanley shouted with laughter.

"Fifteenth, my dear," Mrs. Eldridge said quietly.

"That's right. The one's that begin fourteen are fifteenth, aren't they? I always forget that."

Decidedly, there were things Mrs. Eldridge could do when she was present.

The game languished after that, and very soon the young people began singing instead: A Room With a View and Let's Do It. Mrs. Eldridge was conscious in every nerve that she was *de trop*. If Stanley married this girl, she would always be *de trop*.

When they reached Monte Carlo, she said she would do the shops while the others swam, but as most of the shops were closed, she sat on a bench in a little park and faced her thoughts.

If Stanley married and took out his part of their income, as he'd have to do, she'd

(Continued on Page 58)

They may *look* alike – *but*

one has the mark of quality

YOU need never make any mistake about the quality of the lamps you buy.

The name MAZDA on the bulb means *tested quality. It assures you the full value of the current consumed.*

For your convenience Edison MAZDA Lamps are safely packed in cartons of six . . . to prevent breakage and to assure you an extra supply on the shelf whenever sockets need refilling. Where there are *empty sockets,* there is likely to be *eyestrain.*

Edison MAZDA* Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

* MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

1879-1929 . . . 50th Anniversary of the invention of the Edison Lamp

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

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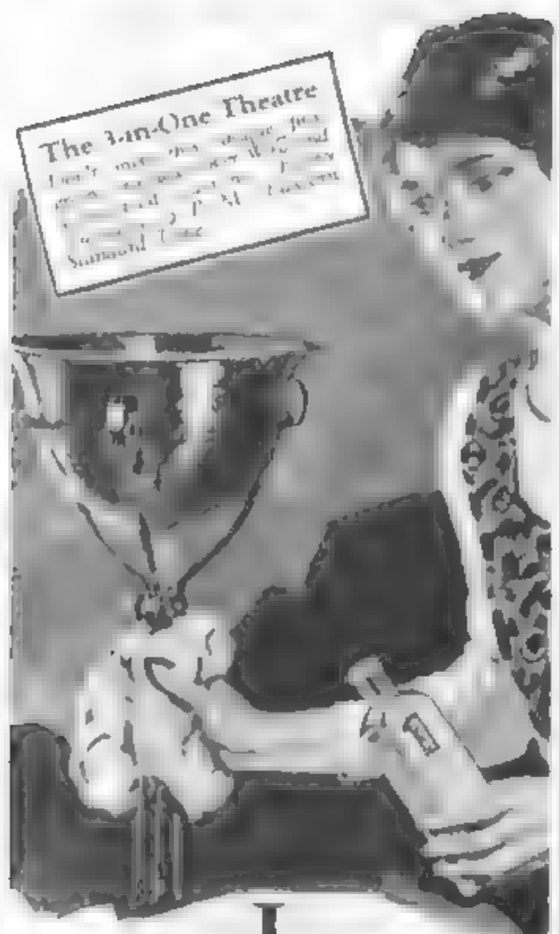

It *Can't* Rust

The microscope reveals that all metals are porous. When 3-in-One is rubbed on any metal, it penetrates the tiny pores and prevents rust by keeping out moisture.

Apply regularly to all unlacquered ornamental metal; to the gas or oil range, all faucets and bathroom fixtures. Then they'll never rust or tarnish.

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Prevents Rust · OILS · Cleans & Polishes

This good oil is very different from ordinary light oil, sometimes called "machine oil". It is really a scientific compound of several high quality oils — a blending of many virtues. That is why 3-in-One does so many things that ordinary oils can't do.

There are 79 uses for 3-in-One in the home, alone. Try it!

Sold in most civilized countries and cities in the world, by grocery, drug, notion, hardware and general stores. 1-oz. "Oilright" Handy Cans, 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

FREE: Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request them on a postal.

Manufactured since 1894

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. L—, Rahway, N. J., says she has kept her steel range in wonderful condition for more than 20 years by regularly wiping sides and top with a cloth moistened with 3-in-One. Try it!

Name on request

(Continued from Page 56)

have only eleven thousand a year. It would mean giving up the apartment and taking something cramped in comparison. Not that that mattered. She wasn't a materialist. If it were a different kind of girl, she wouldn't mind if it meant living in one room in a boarding house. She remembered how her maternal grandmother had said, of the blindness and paralysis which beset her eightieth year: "One rises above such things."

The point was that Stanley mustn't make such a mistake.

If it were only a girl of their own sort, with a certain elegance of mind, a girl like—well, she couldn't think of anyone of the exact type.

Stanley would grow awfully bored, and boredom could be a major tragedy in marriage.

As for herself, such a marriage would entail a hundred disagreeable adjustments. She'd have to find some other woman when she wanted to travel, and it was so stupid to travel with a woman. Then there'd be nobody always on hand to go to the theater with.

And it would be necessary to get an extra man for dinner parties. The men she liked were all married; she couldn't abide fussy old bachelors. Oh, dear! How strange to be experiencing real misery of mind on a park bench in Monte Carlo.

It was simply stupid of Stanley to consider such a girl. And not to talk it over with her! Stanley had a fine, bookish mind; he ought to realize that he couldn't long be happy with a girl who considered life as one long track meet.

She'd say that to him, of course, if it became really necessary; but she hoped it wouldn't. Scenes like that were so ugly. The thing to do was to bring it to his attention in other ways. That seemed very nebulous as a campaign, however.

The party was to meet at the restaurant opposite the Casino for dinner and, approaching it, Mrs. Eldridge felt an unexpected throb of hope at the sight of the Carr girl and Phil Beauregard sitting at a small table taking an *apéritif*. There was something extremely loverlike about the way Phil Beauregard was talking as he leaned forward. Mrs. Eldridge didn't disturb them.

The next person she ran into was Adele Pearson, in the ladies' dressing room. Mrs. Eldridge cast for information.

"Choochoo Carr and Phil Beauregard seem to be having a very profound conversation downstairs. They didn't even see me."

"Poor Phil," Adele commented.

"He hardly strikes me as a subject for sympathy."

"He's been crazy about Choochoo for years, you know, and I think he thought it was coming along rather well for a time this summer."

That was the solution, of course. But how to manage it!

They dined on the terrace, just opposite the rococo façade of the Casino.

"Any surf-boarding this afternoon?" Mrs. Eldridge asked.

"No, luckily for Boojums," Choochoo told her. "How were the shops?"

"Closed."

"What did you do then? Go to the Casino? Boojums, your mother went to the Casino this afternoon and lost the family fortune."

Mrs. Eldridge tried to look as though her taste weren't offended.

"You don't know mother," Stanley said.

Phil Beauregard sat next Mrs. Eldridge.

"You seem a little melancholy," she said to him, in a conversational tone, which was safe amid the loud talking of the young people.

"Do I? I'm sorry."

"It's rather becoming."

He seemed disinclined to pursue the subject.

"I'm afraid you regard me as rather an enemy," Mrs. Eldridge went on. "You needn't. Even though I am a mother, I'm for letting the best man win. I find it safer to be. He almost always does."

"Who?"

"The best man."

"I was afraid you meant Stan."

"He's awfully good at most things."

"The important thing is that he's new, and I'm old hat."

"I suppose you've tried all the obvious things, like being devoted to somebody else ——"

"This would be a good time to start that, wouldn't it?" Mr. Beauregard eyed Mrs. Eldridge distrustfully.

"Shall I give you a really worth-while bit of advice?" Mrs. Eldridge asked. "One that Stanley would strangle me for giving to anyone else?"

"What is it?"

"Be gentle with her for a change. You all whack and bang her about from morning until night. No woman resents being cherished a little, particularly no woman who's used to other treatment."

"She hates that sort of thing."

"What opportunity have you given her to know whether she hates it or not?"

"I just know she would."

"Of course she'll laugh at it at first, but it's the right method. I once heard of a lady boxer who abducted a man because he gave her his seat in a crowded car. That's an unfortunate illustration, but it proves what I mean."

"Have you told this to Stan?"

"He wouldn't have the sense to believe me. I doubt if you will. But remember, if you lose her I warned you."

"It's a thought, anyway," Phil said.

Mrs. Eldridge felt that it had been a tonic conversation for the young man. She was able to eat her duck with oranges more whole-heartedly after having delivered herself of it. A man came from the orchestra to ask if there was anything *messieurs* and *mesdames* wished played.

Choochoo Carr began naming over dance tunes, none of which the man knew.

"Of course the perfect thing for this setting," Mrs. Eldridge said, "would be the Dance of the Hours from La Gioconda. Could you play that?"

"Oh, yes, *madame*."

Stanley smiled at his mother when the florid music began to uncurl in the soft air. He appreciated the droll appropriateness of it there in the moonlight under the walls of the bestatued palace of pleasure.

"I'm afraid this is a great bore for you," Mrs. Eldridge apologized to Choochoo Carr, "but it won't take long."

"I think it's swell," Choochoo returned. "It takes you back to the time when it must have been at its very best down here. Isn't there another one they could play after this?"

Mrs. Eldridge felt that she'd suffered a minor defeat.

When dinner was over she imagined the party would go into the Casino to gamble; a pastime which Mrs. Eldridge loathed with the hatred of a person who cared deeply for possessions and security. Choochoo Carr, however, said that she'd lost as much as she intended to that month, and would stay outside and dance while anyone else went in who wanted to.

"I think I'd rather like to try my luck at the tables," Mrs. Eldridge said. "Come, Stanley, you must show me how."

They bought five hundred francs' worth of chips and lost them one by one.

Mrs. Eldridge thought grumpily, as she saw the last one disappear under the croupier's rake, that she hoped, at least, that Phil Beauregard had made the most of the time she'd bought him.

"Well, mother, which'll it be," Stanley inquired, when he saw her expression, "Suicide's Leap or the pool in the garden?"

But Mrs. Eldridge cheered visibly when, on getting to the motor, Choochoo Carr said that she wanted to drive it home, and that Phil better sit beside her so that she wouldn't make any mistake about the controls.

They returned by way of the Moyenne Corniche, which is perhaps the most sensationally beautiful road in the world. It was bathed in full moonlight and overhung with a sky positively pretentious with stars.

No one bothered to talk much. The other youngsters sang, and Stanley moped visibly. That was to be expected. The only way for anyone of any mentality to endure existence in such a silly, jejune circle was to be having a successful flirtation.

If only there were some really charming people about with whom Stanley could contrast these youngsters! There weren't. If only one could import some.

Mrs. Eldridge had it: George and Kate Saltonstall. They played marvelous bridge, and were witty and thoroughly intelligent, and adult. That was what Stanley needed—the contrast of a few adult people.

Mrs. Eldridge wrote the Saltonstalls the next day. It was necessary to send the letter in care of their bankers, as she didn't know exactly where they were, so it would take some time for it to reach them; but Mrs. Eldridge was sure that they'd come when they received it. She'd managed to combine being urgent with being amusing.

She hadn't mentioned the Carr girl by name, but had merely pictured herself in an adolescent paradise where imbecile danger menaced Stanley. The Saltonstalls were clever enough to read S O S between the gay lines, and they weren't likely to delay. She'd once done them a rather important service.

Having written and posted the letter, Mrs. Eldridge dressed for swimming and went down to the rocks to resume the campaign of tagging Stanley which was so distasteful to her.

She arrived just as Stanley was falling off his surf board, and she watched him mount and fall off it, to the delighted howls of Choochoo, Phil, Susie, Adele and Bill, for half an hour.

After that, Choochoo and Phil told him he was too rotten to waste more of their time on; Choochoo mounted the surf board, Phil produced another for himself and, standing side by side, they tore away on an indefinite cruise. Stanley swam to the raft where his mother waited.

While she was watching them, Mrs. Eldridge had had an inspiration which should take up a good part of the dangerous days until the Saltonstalls arrived, but she didn't broach it until luncheon.

"Do you know, Stanley, that you're not presenting a very brilliant figure to your Choochoo?" was her introduction of it. "Half the time you're under water, and the other half you're spitting forth Mediterranean you've swallowed."

"Don't I know it? But I've got to beat that surf board or bust."

"You realize that it would be easy enough for you ordinarily, I suppose."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're being self-conscious. You'll never learn while you are."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, and as is almost never the case, I have a helpful suggestion."

"What is it? A psychoanalyst or something?"

"No; it's this. There must be beaches along this coast almost deserted at this time of year, but with speed boats near by which one could hire. Why don't we find one within easy motoring distance and have your practice there in privacy?"

"By George, that's not a bad idea!"

"You can say that we're doing the coast towns by motor, and even let your friends get the idea that you're a little discouraged on the subject of the surf board. It will make your ultimate triumph more dramatic."

"I don't know that I like to be away just now," Stanley mused.

Mrs. Eldridge knew what he meant, and let him see that she did.

"I should think it might even be a rather wise thing," she said, "to seem to relax your attentions to your Choochoo Carr while she's waiting, a little uneasily, to know whether you're going to propose."

"Think so?" Stanley asked.

She'd always brought him up on the assumption that he had only to toss his glove

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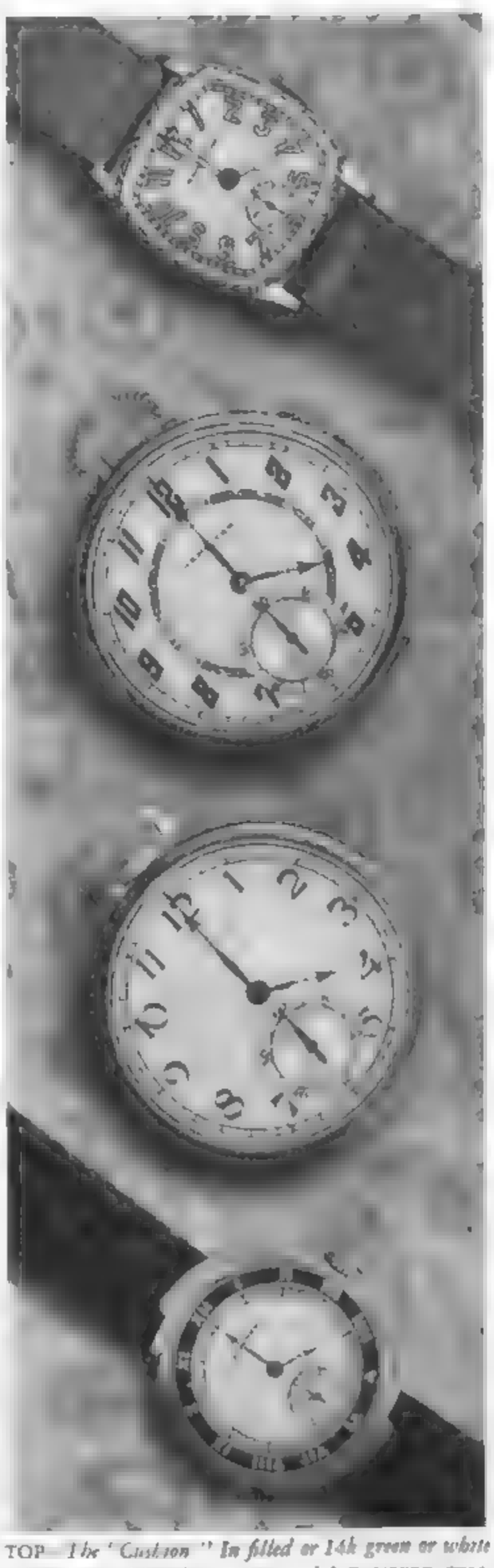
The meeting was called for 4 o'clock



TOP—*The "Cushion" In filled or 14k green or white gold, engraved (as shown) $52 and $87.* UPPER CENTER—*The "Wheatland." In 14k filled green or white gold, engraved $50.* LOWER CENTER—*The "Ramsay." In 14k yellow or white gold $100 to $160.* BELOW—*"The Spur." Available in solid 14k yellow or white gold, with 19-jewel Hamilton movement. $125*

At one minute before the hour the trustees were in their chairs

It was the monthly meeting of the trustees of the New York Public Library.

At one minute before the appointed hour the attendant closed the doors. As he did so he took notice that all the chairs were occupied.

The spacious room and its furnishings reflected the dignity of the building. A long table centered the setting.

Here sat a steel king. At his right a Prince of the Church. Next an ex-Secretary of State. Three lawyers of international fame. Two former Justices of the Supreme Court. And a group of financiers whose names make Wall Street pause.

The meeting had been called for 4 o'clock. At 4 o'clock the meeting began. Every man was on time.

* * * *

Can you tell a successful man by the Time he carries?

"Yes," says Dudley Nichols of the New York *World*, "asking for the time of day all over New York I discovered that the higher you go in business the more accurate watches you find. Of 75 bank officials that I interviewed, for instance, 69 were within a scant half minute of exact time. Apparently a man bears something around with him, ticking away in his pocket, that blabs the truth about his success!"

If you'll look at the watches of these time-minded men, you'll

find many of them are Hamiltons For as every jeweler knows, as every railroad man knows, as every Hamilton owner knows, there are no "ifs" about Hamilton accuracy. The two words belong together. Hamilton" means "Accuracy." 'Accuracy" means "Hamilton" whether you are man or woman, whether you want a pocket or a strap model, whether you want to pay $48 or $685. Send for our interesting booklet, "The Timekeeper," Hamilton Watch Co., 850 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna., U.S.A.

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End this needless Waste and Risk

It is bad enough to waste good top cream trying to pry an old-fashioned milk bottle cap out of a bottle. But even more serious is the danger that the fork or whatever you use may *not be absolutely sterile*—in which case the whole bottle of milk becomes contaminated instantly!

To avoid this waste and risk, thousands of milk dealers now supply the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP, *which need not be pried out of the bottle.* See below how sensibly it is designed for your convenience and protection. Perhaps your dealer has already adopted this modern method of sealing his bottles. If not, you'll be glad to suggest it to him once you've found how much handier and safer it is!

With PERFECTION all you need do is Pull, Tear, Press

PERFECTION is the only cap with a hinged flap. A slight pull on the tab opens it for pouring. A gentle pressure returns it to place and re-seals the bottle. Protection is assured until last drop is used!

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free A month's supply free if you will mail the handy coupon below. Tear it out now before you forget it!

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Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE.

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(Continued from Page 58)

to any girl he chose. It stood her in good stead now.

The beach they found was up the coast at Baphé, on the littoral where the rocks look as though they were made of terra-cotta plush, and are startling in juxtaposition to the turquoise water.

It was an hour and a half by motor from the Riviera Hotel, which meant sacrificing the whole middle portion of every day to their project. Nothing could have suited Mrs. Eldridge better. She took a book, and sat on a rock and read, looking up occasionally to see how Stanley was getting on.

There had been more than a little truth in her remark that self-consciousness was at the root of his awkwardness. He was going to be very good at the surf board. Fortunately, he wouldn't be satisfied until he was expert.

The days should have been happy for Mrs. Eldridge, but they weren't. She concluded that the climate was depressing to her, or perhaps it was the highly colored rocks and the brilliant water that made her nervous as a too-gawdy room might have done.

Of course she hadn't done away with the menace entirely. There were the evenings, but things seemed to be progressing satisfactorily between Choochoo and Phil Beauregard. Stanley fretted a little about them the second morning that they motored down to Baphé.

"Don't tell me I've brought up a son who can be brought to heel by that old trick," Mrs. Eldridge laughed at him.

"What trick?"

"Pretending interest in another man. Why, that's Lesson I in the very first primer, and I'm not sure that it isn't mentioned in the preface." No one could have failed to be cheered by her gay assurance.

That evening when they returned to the hotel they found that the three girls and the two young men had hurried off on one of their impromptu jaunts.

As Sir Henry and Lady Mary had departed for good, Mrs. Eldridge asked the Whitewrights, with whom she'd kept up a nodding acquaintance, to play bridge with them after dinner. They consented, but old Mrs. Whitewright, in Kelly green and black lace, played badly; particularly when she grew sleepy, which she proceeded to do almost at once.

"Hold up your cards, will you, mother?" Mr. Whitewright would say.

"I'm holding up my cards, Benny. You don't have to look, anyway."

"And spades are trumps, not hearts. We'll let it go this time, won't we, partner, because mother forgets, but next time try and remember, please."

Old Mrs. Whitewright went upstairs at half-past ten, and should have gone at nine. Her son accompanied her in the lift, to turn her over to the maid.

"Fetch a cushion for that chair in the elevator, Benny. It's so hard."

"I left the cushion last time. I wish you'd give me credit for some sense."

"That's not a very nice way to talk to your mother."

"Whew!" Stanley said when the lift had carried them out of earshot.

"Poor old thing."

"I suppose so, but that's about as far south as I ever got in the way of a bridge game."

"He might not be so bad playing alone."

In fact, they had a rather decent game of three-handed when Mr. Whitewright redescended.

It turned out that he was in the real-estate business in New York—some kind of clerkship in a big firm. Evidently he and his mother had some money besides what he earned. They had lived, before coming to New York, in Binghamton, where they considered themselves to be of great importance.

In the midst of listening to Mr. Whitewright, Mrs. Eldridge suddenly became acutely aware of what a dull evening it was being for Stanley.

"Why don't we go down to Maxim's?" she suggested to him. "Maybe some of Choochoo's train will be there."

"Great"

"You'll come, won't you, Mr. Whitewright?"

"I don't like those places," Mr. Whitewright said; "besides it's time for me to go to bed."

For an instant Mrs. Eldridge had a vision of him as a little boy forbidden rough games and saying "I don't want to play, anyway."

It was an unpleasant and pathetic glimpse.

She and Stanley went to Maxim's. None of his particular crowd was there, but it was noisy and gay.

Choochoo and her train, Stanley discovered the next morning, had chartered a yawl and set sail for St. Tropez, and they hadn't returned when the Eldridges got back from Baphé that afternoon, nor did they appear during the evening.

Next morning Mrs. Eldridge received her reply from the Saltonstalls while she was at breakfast; a meal she ate alone and on the terrace, because she always rose rather early and couldn't endure food in a bedroom.

The Saltonstalls were at Biarritz and having a heavenly time. Nina Pierce was there, and the George Careys, with a mysterious lady guest who must be explained. If she really needed them desperately, they would come, of course; only why didn't she join them there instead? Better telegraph.

It was ungenerous of them to put so much burden of responsibility on her. Nevertheless, she got a form at the office and was writing out a telegram when she felt someone bend over her.

"How long are these excursions of yours going to last, Mrs. Eldridge?" Choochoo Carr inquired. "We've been missing you and Stan a lot."

"Only a day or two more. We've seen most of the country now."

"A man from the movie studio at Nice is giving a big whoopee on the rocks tonight, and he's asked me to invite anyone I want. It ought to be lots of fun and I hope you and Stan will come."

"We'd love to," Mrs. Eldridge said. "What time is it to be?"

"Oh, dinner will begin about half-past eight."

Just then Stanley appeared from the lift, so Mrs. Eldridge crumpled up the telegram she'd begun and threw it in the waste-basket. She'd send it that evening.

Stanley and Chooch had one of their typical conversations.

"Well, where the deuce have you been?"

"Sailed to St. Tropez and got becalmed. It was a riot. We didn't have any food, and just two berths that weren't full of fleas. We had to take turns sleeping."

"Sounds slick."

"Oh, it was. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing much."

"There's going to be a party tonight. I've been telling your mother. Big sob-and-smile man from Nice that we had along with us is giving it."

When they got in the car, Stanley said to Mrs. Eldridge: "I guess this'll be the last day we have to make this trip."

"Really? Are you getting as skillful as that?"

"As good as I'll ever be. Ready to surprise Phil and Chooch by comparison with what I used to be anyway."

Mrs. Eldridge cursed the luck which had kept her from sending her wire.

When they reached Baphé, she saw that Stanley was right. He could get up on the surf board, which was the difficult thing, as though it were the back of a lazy horse, and the speed boat couldn't make a turn which would unbalance him.

"When did this come to you?" she asked.

"In the night. I woke up all of a sudden, and just knew I knew the trick."

Since it was their last day down in that direction, Mrs. Eldridge suggested that they stop at St. Laurent on their way back, and see a church there about which she'd read.

It was a humble-looking stone building, but very gay and magnificent within. Louis XIV had given splendid, bulbous altar pieces, and the walls of some of the little chapels were painted in pink, lilied draperies, and there were shimmering crystal chandeliers and a beautiful silver twelfth-century virgin. Mrs. Eldridge would have liked to wander about it for a long time, but Stanley grew bored.

"Had enough, mother?" he kept asking, like the husband in a story about Americans abroad.

Stan was evidently excited about the party. On the way home he actually consulted his mother about what he should wear.

"I've got that short white duck coat I got in Manila to wear with dinner clothes, when I was on the cruise in Jake Higley's yacht. What do you think about wearing that down here? Do you think it would look fancy?"

"I certainly don't. Just pleasingly tropical."

"That's what it's supposed to be for. Any place that's very hot. I don't want to look like Rosebud's first ball though."

There were great searchlights trained on the rocks, and the children's swimming pool had been drained and shellacked so that it could be danced in. On one terrace there was a hot buffet, and there was a cold one on another. Waiters plied about with trays of cocktails and champagne.

As for guests, everybody on the coast was there. Mrs. Eldridge was sure that she was going to find some people she knew and liked. She wandered through the crowd to the gay blare of the jazz orchestra.

"Oh, Mrs. Eldridge," she heard a worried voice say.

It was only Mr. Whitewright.

"I wonder if you could stay with my mother a moment, while I run up to the hotel to get her a shawl. She gets nervous in crowds. I told her she ought to wear one, but she wouldn't."

"Of course," Mrs. Eldridge said resignedly.

"Quite gay, isn't it?"

With those words Mr. Whitewright hurried away.

Old Mrs. Whitewright didn't look as though any crowd on earth could make her nervous. She was dressed in a lingerie frock which she might have bought in the little misses' department of any large store. There was a bright pink satin bow on one shoulder, and she had blobs of pink paint on each cheek. Her eyebrows were made up in an elderly, uncertain line.

"Benny always looks after his mother," she said complacently.

"Yes, I've never seen such devotion," Mrs. Eldridge agreed.

"Well, I've always made myself his pal—ever since he was a little boy. Anything Benny can do once I can do twice, I always say."

"It's a wonderful thing," Mrs. Eldridge remarked, meaning nothing.

"He used to be in business in Binghamton, you know," Mrs. Whitewright rambled on. "Doing real well, too, but not well enough to suit him. Benny's ambitious, all right. I taught him that. Finally he decided he'd move to New York. He hated to leave me, but it seemed the only thing to do, and he could get home for week-ends. I was too old to make any such change, of course.

"He moved and lived at his college club. But gracious, a boy who's been used to everything can't be comfortable in a place like that. He didn't complain, but I knew. Well, without saying a word to him, I sold our house in Binghamton and came down and took an apartment in New York and had it all fixed up before I let him know I was there. Then I called up and said: 'Come home, Benny.' Maybe he wasn't glad to come."

"Really," Mrs. Eldridge said. It was the most enthusiastic comment she could muster.

"I suspected there was some girl at the bottom of that New York move," Mrs. Whitewright went on. "Oh, lots of girls

(Continued on Page 62)

At a touch of his hand . . . *these brakes grip a hundred wheels*

A train speeds toward a station. Two million pounds—an avalanche of steel—in full momentum! The engineman touches a lever. Instantly, simultaneously, brakes begin to grip a hundred wheels or more. Quickly and easily, as if smothered with cushions, the train stops.

A FEW years ago the automobile industry was thrown into a furore by the invention and general adoption of the 4-wheel brake.

But almost three score years ago the Pennsylvania Railroad adopted the air-brake—which makes it possible to grip a hundred wheels or more simultaneously.

The basic principle was multiple brake control on every wheel of every car. This was operated from the engine cab through the medium of compressed air circulating through the entire train.

When the principle was applied, the pulse of traffic quickened at once, because the beat was stronger. Speed could be controlled, therefore it could be utilized. It was found that a track could handle many times more traffic than ever before, more trains, heavier trains, faster trains. It was as if a narrow path had suddenly become a broad highway.

With new resources of speed at their command railroad engineers began their work of revolutionizing freight and passenger service, with results beyond their most sanguine hope. A new door opened to agriculture: perishable produce could be shipped to markets thousands of miles away.

Last year there came to the New York Metropolitan District on the Pennsylvania Railroad fresh fruits and vegetables that would fill a freight train as long as the distance across the continent—and the average haul was 1500 miles! Public health, no less than agriculture, profited from the invention.

Industry, too, sprang forward, sure of rapid transit and of economical national distribution. Huge reservoirs of capital, released from the necessity of financing goods in slow transit, poured into productive enterprise. It is almost impossible to picture an America today denied the service of the air-brake over even a small part of the last sixty years.

As in the case of many another contribution to transportation technique, the Pennsylvania was first of all railroads to adopt the Westinghouse air-brake.

Photo by Paul Hosse

Leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hrs.

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis & New York—24 hrs.

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington —19 hours

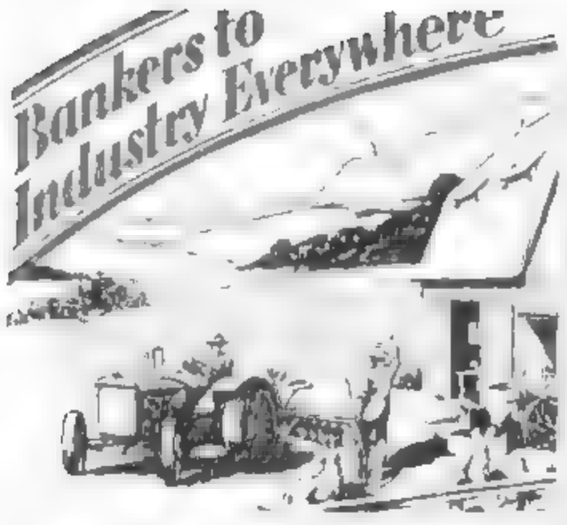
CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington and New York —4 2-3 hours

BUCKEYE LIMITED
Cleveland and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York —18 hours

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America



The B_____ Company manufactures and distributes farm machinery. A typical recent sale covered two tractors, clover huller, and thresher, totaling $1,650. The customers, joint proprietors of a 200 acre farm, paid part cash and gave notes for the balance. The seller used C. I. T. service to investigate credits, discount the paper and attend to collections, thus freeing his office of much detail and reserving his regular credit lines for the direct needs of his own business.

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(Continued from Page 60)

have been after Benny, but none of them have caught him yet. Thank the Lord!"

The picture of little Mr. Whitewright in full flight before a horde of beauties made Mrs. Eldridge's lips twitch, but she didn't laugh.

"Make them comfortable enough and they don't go kiting away after the girls," Mrs. Whitewright pursued her theme. "What do these modern girls know about taking care of men, anyway? All they think of is their own shapes. Why, this one Benny knew in New York used to play golf and ride horseback all the time. 'Better stick to your old girl,' I told him. That's what he calls me—his girl."

Little Mr. Whitewright panted up with the shawl.

"I only hope you haven't caught cold," he fussed.

"Cold! Nonsense, Benny! I'm as warm as toast. I just wanted it in case a breeze came up."

"Thank you an awful lot, Mrs. Eldridge," Mr. Whitewright said. "Can't I get you something to eat, while I'm getting mother something?"

"No, thank you," Mrs. Eldridge answered. "I'm meeting some people."

"What do you want, mother? A little of the creamed chicken and some hot vegetables? I don't think you'd better try lobster at this time of night."

"Doesn't he look out for his mother?" Mrs. Whitewright beamed, and she added a phrase which froze Mrs. Eldridge's blood: "Well, you know. You've got a good son too."

Mrs. Eldridge didn't look for anybody she knew. All she wanted was to have a little time alone. There was a bench in an embrasure sheltered from the searchlights by a jut in the rocks. Mrs. Eldridge took refuge there.

"You have a good son too."

Was she really like that horrible, child-devouring old woman? Had Mrs. Whitewright and her son once been really good friends, before she converted him into a dominated daughter? Oh, nonsense. There wasn't anything similar in the two cases. Stanley had always been manly and independent. She'd never presumed on that independence. Never?

Well, she wouldn't send for the Saltonstalls, anyway. She'd keep her hands off. Choochoo Carr was probably an average nice girl. Oh, above average. Why expect some impossible princess? Mrs. Eldridge wished bitterly that she hadn't spoken to Phil Beauregard as she did. Perhaps it hadn't done any harm.

What was she going to do with herself, though, if Stanley and the Carr girl married? What was there for an old woman to do? Not that she was an old woman, but she'd be one some day. The Westcotts were terribly long-lived.

Well, there was quite a career to be made of being an old woman who didn't interfere. An old woman who preserved a charming relation to her son, and her son's wife, and her grandchildren. Who, if she were lonely, didn't complain, and preserved her integrity as a sovereign individual.

"I can do it," Mrs. Eldridge said to herself proudly, "and there aren't many who can. Or do, at least."

She was brought from her thoughts by a sound from the people on the other side of the rock, a concerted "Ah" of admiration.

Mrs. Eldridge stood up. The most powerful of the great lights had been turned on the sea, and in the center of its beam were Choochoo Carr and Phil Beauregard standing on their surf boards, each with right arm drawn taut by the rope. Choochoo was in a white satin evening dress which hadn't been even spotted by the water, Phil Beauregard in dinner clothes, white shirt front gleaming beneath his brown face. They swept out to sea in a great circle which would eventually bring them back again, and they were a thrilling picture against the night and the dark water.

Everyone cheered them wildly, but Mrs. Eldridge saw Stanley sitting on the highest rock watching in silence. Perhaps she was morbid, but she thought that on his profile, clear in the brilliant light, she could discern that Mr. Whitewright expression of a little boy not allowed to play and pretending he didn't care. If it were true, she didn't want anyone else to see it. She climbed up the rock and joined him.

"Too beautiful, isn't it, Stanley?" she said. "That glimpse of Choochoo Carr did something to me that nothing but the Victory of Samothrace has ever done before."

Stanley wasn't enthusiastic. "She's certainly fixed it to make a show of herself," he remarked.

"Oh, I don't think that's just. If she were thinking how she looked, she could never do it. What miserable luck that you didn't get your practice in sooner. Do you suppose she'd have let you be her partner?"

"I know darned well she would."

"Look here, young man," Mrs. Eldridge said. "It rather seems to me that you're taking things for granted. I'm not in the least sure you have only to bestow your nod to capture that girl." Stanley looked at her in blank astonishment. "She's a pretty attractive girl, you know."

The speed boat had almost completed its circle and Choochoo and Phil were close to their gallery again.

"What is the Beauregard boy doing?" Mrs. Eldridge asked.

He was leaning toward Choochoo, saying something, holding out his hand, laughing.

"Just trying to kid Chooch into taking a spill."

The words created a sense of relief in Mrs. Eldridge. Phil Beauregard hadn't taken her advice seriously then.

Choochoo Carr paid Phil no least attention. Straight and Greek she held her splendid balance taking the curve, and just before the point where they would be nearest to the rocks, to a yell of delight from the assembled company, Phil Beauregard himself toppled over, and it was she who swept on alone. Beauregard cut through the water toward the landing ladder, his surf board bobbing about where he had left it.

"I've got an idea," Stanley Eldridge said. "Take care of my shoes, will you, mother?"

He slipped them off and climbed the ladder to the highest diving board. No one saw him dive except Mrs. Eldridge, but everyone heard the splash.

"What is it?"

"Did somebody fall off?"

The searchlight was turned to the spot where Stan swam, but he motioned it away, gesturing that it kept him from seeing. It went out to sea and found Choochoo again, a little speck at the end of her second circle.

"What's Stan doing?" people asked Mrs. Eldridge.

"I don't know," she said. The moonlight showed him swimming in the direction of the bobbing surf board.

Choochoo Carr came back, riding the waves. As the light which followed her caught the surf board Stanley was clinging to it. The speedboat passed it, Beauregard's rope dangling free. Stanley caught the rope, pulled himself upright; his white coat shone beside Choochoo's gleaming dress. The crowd gave a great cheer. Side by side, Chooch and Stanley swept by that noisy gallery. Then it seemed as though the driver of the speed boat had tired of circles and was bent on making straight for Africa.

In the furrow behind the craft, the two white figures stood. As they got farther away they were like two motes drawing close in a beam of light. Then the searchlight wasn't powerful enough to reach them any more.

"Was that really your son?" old Mrs. Whitewright caught Mrs. Eldridge's arm to ask.

"It certainly was."

"My! Weren't you frightened to death?"

"He can look out for himself."

"Well, it was a handsome sight, wasn't it, Benny?"

"I thought so," Mrs. Eldridge agreed. "It's been a very nice party for my last evening here."

"Oh, are you leaving?"

"Yes, tomorrow. I'm joining some friends in Biarritz."

"Well, we'll miss you a lot, both of you."

"My son is staying," Mrs. Eldridge said.

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A COMICAL FADE-OUT

Continued from Page 35

girl can have it to lean on while she sobs out her sad story and the name of the guy who threw her out of the car. And Miss Dale says she has become an authority on the latest quirk for putting trusting husbands where they won't come home any more to bother wifey and her boy friend, and one day she is beating it across the tracks to interview a poor wretch when the woman's husband has been spread all over a quarry in a blast, and the next day she is sent to be alone with a leering old sugar daddy while he explains why he wrote the babykins letters and wondering whether she will stand for a fatherly embrace

Miss Dale tells Mr. Nelson to but her no buts, and asks him what it has got her. She says to lay off the bunk about seeing life and getting experience which will serve her when the time comes for her to attain recognition as a literary artist. And she says if Mr. Nelson tries to keep her snub nose to the grindstone by dangling what Fannie Hurst or other real geniuses have done as bait, why she'll land on him and give the tabloids something to yelp about for fair.

Then Miss Dale has her voice softer than I ever heard it, even when she was bucking up a girl that worked on social for us last year and didn't turn in a story of another girl turning on the gas in her boarding house because she thought it would bring disgrace on the poor dead girl. And the girl that lost her job with us was named Daphne and Miss Dale told her never mind, because if she looked around she would see plenty of city editors still alive when they shot men like Lincoln, and gave her some money and a note which got her on another paper and she made good.

When Miss Dale spoke soft to Mr. Nelson that way and he'd let go her arm, she said to him after all he was worth looking at when he was a little bit yanked out of his shell, and he was a big handsome boob, she'd say that anyway, and that half the women in the world were out gunning for such grown-up babies as him and would go to the devil just for a chance to rumple up his hair, and that went for married women as well as single.

Mr. Nelson must have been all red in the face, because Miss Dale laughed at him, then he said she sounded more like the gentle little Skeets he used to know back when both of them was starting out to set the river afire and the longer he looked at her the more he realized how lovely she'd grown with every passing year. Which was a lot for Mr. Nelson to say to a woman and didn't sound like him.

So Miss Dale said yes she remembered all of it and darn the luck why hadn't she hooked him when he was always following her around and talking about how he was out to rise from copy butcher to head of the works and when she could coo better than she could cuss.

Miss Dale wanted to know why Mr. Nelson hadn't shot her while she was happy and had her illusions, instead of letting her go on in this lousy trade. And she told him she'd helped him toughen up a hundred nice boys until they would write scandal about their gray-haired grandmothers and give three rousing cheers if it made the front page. Miss Dale said she had staked them when they were broke and they had come back all plastered up and thought they were doing her a favor if they made love to her.

She wanted Mr. Nelson to name any decent man in the shop who would want to marry her like they would want to marry another girl they'd worked with in any other sort of place. And she said not on his life and that when the urge came on them they hunted up some little cutie with a lisp. She said when the boss calls her up to the house to order her to tone down a night-club racket where some of his smart friends have been nubbed, he lets her into his library by the side door and his good wife peeks in every ten minutes to see if Miss Dale is sitting in his lap, as if the old geezer had any.

Mr. Nelson tells Miss Dale she is all wrong and everybody in our shop admires and respects her, and some of them worship the ground she treads on because she has done her duty and never let it smirch her, and he talks so nice all she can think of to say back is boloney.

I think Mr. Nelson is going pretty good for a quiet man like him, but he begins to talk about everybody should be loyal to the paper, and he might as well have set off a Roman candle or a skyrocket, the way Miss Dale stamps her foot until things rattle on Mr. Nelson's desk. And she says it may be all right with him about to get his reward and everybody knows he is the Frank Merriwell of this pesthole and he ought to be ashamed to preach to people who are not as fortunate as him.

Miss Dale wants to know if Mr. Nelson thinks anybody is being fooled when he is being invited up to dinner at the home of the Boss and it is general knowledge Pop Clark is on the skids, and Mr. Nelson knows it, too, and that he is slated for the job.

I am glad Mr. Nelson don't get mad and swear any when Miss Dale rides him so hard. Mr. Nelson says that all this has nothing to do with Miss Dale taking up with that Connell in any manner and he thought better of her than that.

Miss Dale gets not so brash and her voice is low, and she says, Hank, you never will know what it is to be twenty-eight and lonely and tired of living in hen hotels or having an apartment where nobody comes except to expect you to let them raise the devil or to tell you about the dates they have with fellows or to talk about what they did. And she says she wants to be like other girls that grew up in her home town, and she never bobbed her hair because some day she always wanted to sit before her glass wearing a silk kimono dingus with pattern like a circus parade and have a man stand in the doorway and watch her, and if the man will only tell her he loves her and a lot of hooey for a month, after that he can yell his fat head off for all she cares, cussing his job or asking her where in heck she put his dress studs, and she won't give a whoop in anywhere, she will know she has nailed her man.

So it was pretty quiet again and I'm wondering whether to sneak out when Mr. Nelson makes a cutback to Connell and tells Miss Dale he is something that I have cut out of my scenario because it could not get past the Pennsylvania Board of Censors and which is only said in newspaper shops where people is used to it.

Miss Dale says she knows that and she don't get sore, and she says allow Connell is a worm and maybe worse than that and the lowest form of animate life. But she says that he is a man and the only one that has fell for her and too dense to realize that she is working on his weak point, which is belief he is an Apollo with pants on, and that he will do as well as any other for her fling, which is her own business, and she can hew to the divorce line, let the chips fall where they may. And she digs down in her bag and tells Mr. Nelson, here are the tickets and the reservations, and that she has a cute little roll of mazuma tucked away to keep her and her intended victim until one or the other gets tired of each other and how does Mr. Nelson like that.

Mr. Nelson blows up in the air, and when he gets up I hear his chair fall over, and it and the waste box must look like a couple pork-and-bean prelim fighters which has both fell down in the ring to keep from getting a good punch which will wreck their mugs. Mr. Nelson says Elizabeth Dale she don't dare throw herself away like that, and that it means practically going to the devil, and think of what it will mean to him that never knew a girl as straight and clean and

(Continued on Page 66

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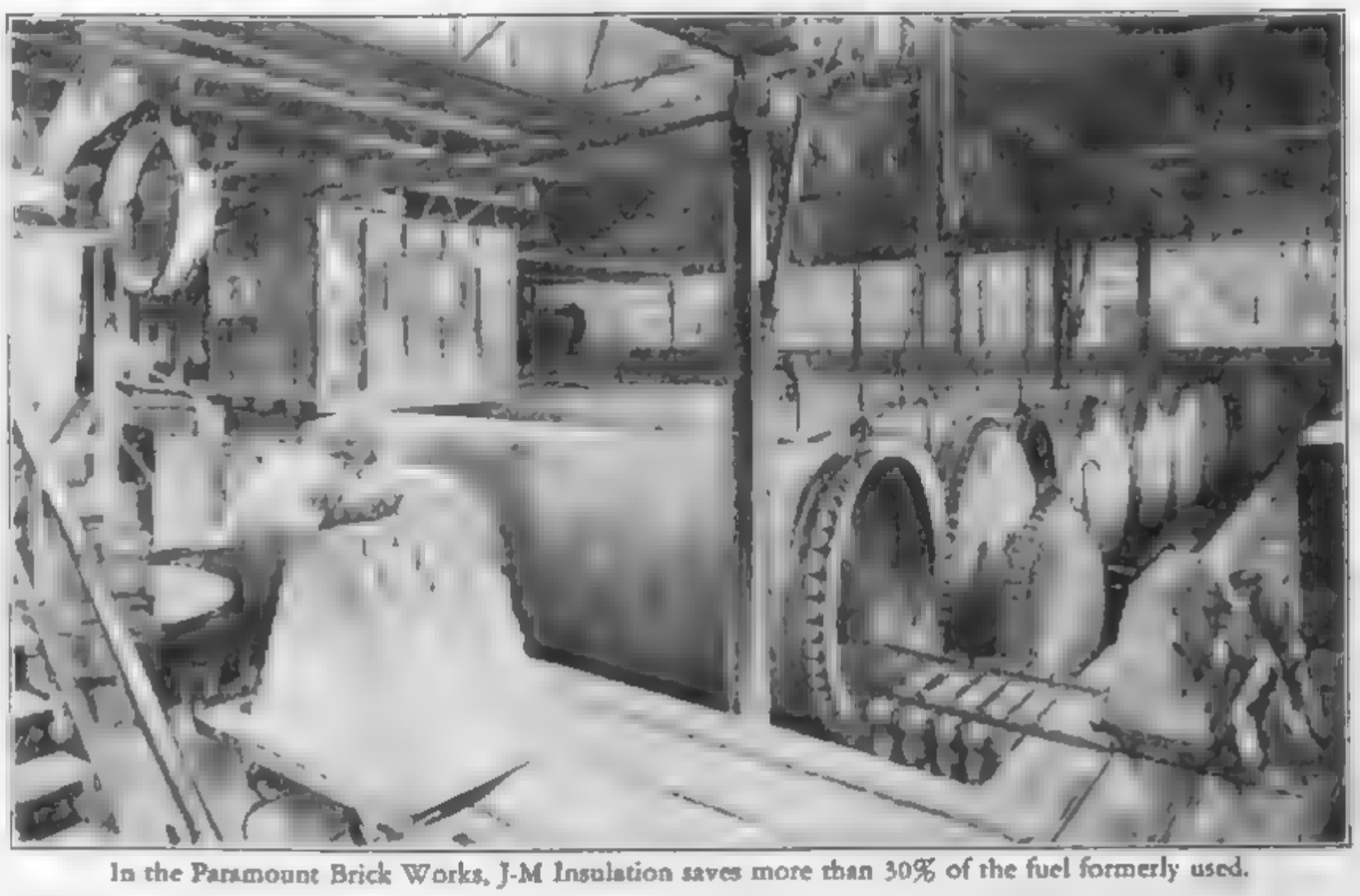

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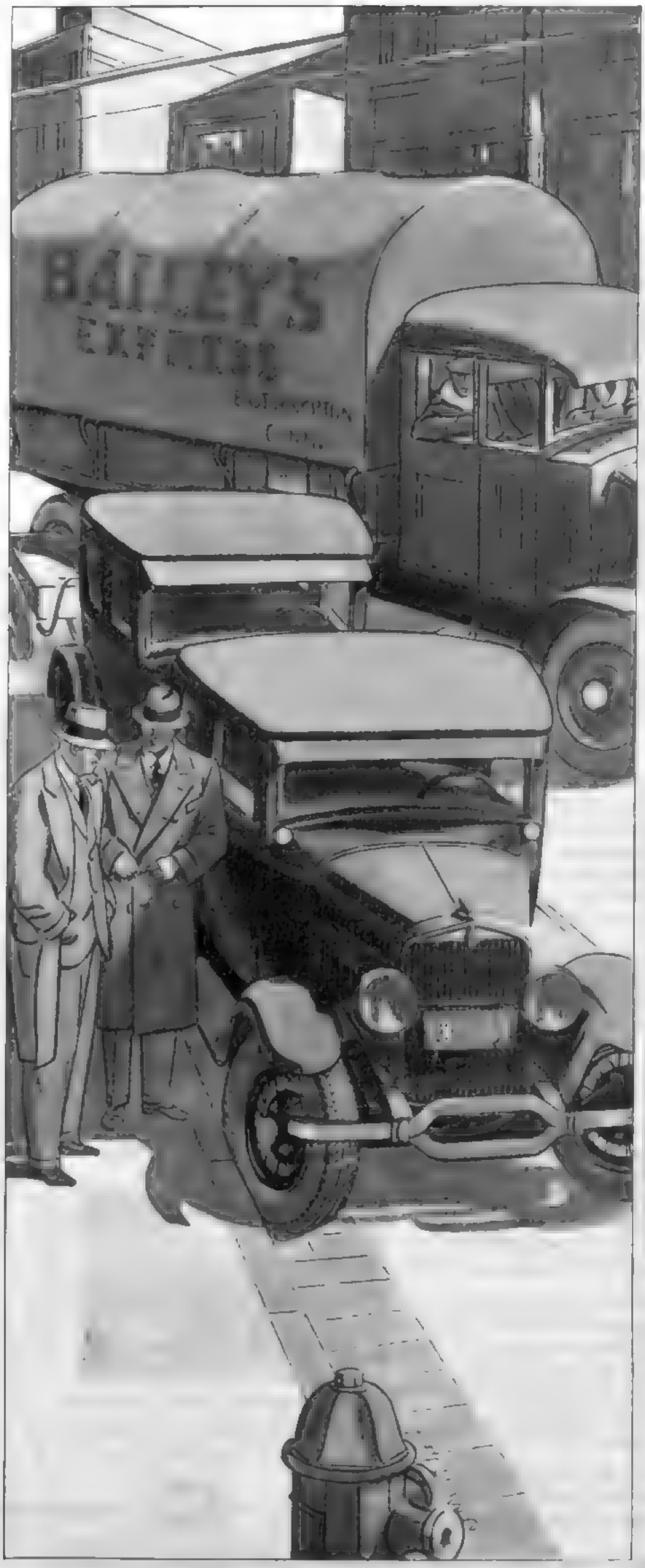


"That sure is a good little car, Jimmy, but why such expensive tires?"

"Well, in the first place, they don't cost any more than the make that came on the car, and in the second place, they're Kelly-Springfields."

Continued from Page 64

worthy of a man better than anybody he knows.

Miss Dale stamps her foot again and shoots out at Mr. Nelson he is a great one to talk, when he is falling for that Isabel the Boss' daughter, and he will get a nice slice of stock in this paper with her.

Mr. Nelson is pretty well riled up then and he says shut up Miss Dale don't know what she's talking about. And Miss Dale says don't he think she has got eyes and what does this Isabel come snooping around here for to see the busy news bees at their labor or to make eyes at Mr. Nelson, the brazen hussy.

By the time Miss Dale gets to where she is telling him to go ahead and get it while the getting is good, and that he knows this Isabel is a favorite chick and that the Boss will buy her anything she wants, even if she wanted a pink jackass, and that the Boss will even buy Mr. Nelson for her, by that time Mr. Nelson must be gasping for air.

Mr. Nelson says what put such an idea in Miss Dale's head, and she gives him the horse laugh and I can hear her start to run for the door.

I don't think Miss Dale should be let go off with this Connell, who is the worst slob in Circulation, until Mr. Nelson has had a chance to talk to her, so I beat it out of the cubbyhole and hold on to the knob of the door to Mr. Nelson's office and I want to hear some more before I tell it to Mr. Potts anyhow.

But Miss Dale don't pull the doorknob on the other side very hard and Mr. Nelson must have hotfooted it after her, because all of a sudden he must have hold of her and she is half crying, because I can hear it, and Mr. Nelson is saying things over and over again worse than some of our reporters trying to stretch a stick story out into a column for a day's work. So all he says is that why didn't he take his chance while he had it and that while he was waiting to get where he could offer Miss Dale something more than a hovel and a crust, she has got onto him that he is not man enough to take what he wants worse than anything in the world. And he don't say this so much because Miss Dale must be putting her hand over his mouth or something, but he is always saying that he loves her, and this is what he says over and over, because she don't sound as if she was stopping him then.

So when it is pretty quiet and nobody talking I sneak the door to Mr. Nelson's office open and they are in a dandy clinch. And Miss Dale has got her face buried in Mr. Nelson's shoulder sometimes and sometimes he is kissing her as though he liked it, and she don't seem to hate it. And her hat has fell off.

While they are still in the clinch, and it would take a good referee to break it, Miss Dale sees me and she says, come here, you inky Cupid, and she reaches with one hand in her bag and gives me a finif, and before she can tell me what to spend it for, like most people tell me when they slip me anything, Mr. Nelson says, here boy, like he was making believe the way he makes us snap out of it when he wants to make a correction in a hurry, and he gives me a sawbuck, which is fifteen dollars altogether, and a lot of money for me.

Well I stand around because nobody puts me out and Mr. Nelson says, thank the Lord, my vacation starts too tomorrow, and if Miss Dale gets away from him, young lady it will be over his dead body, and will she marry him next morning and they will start on their honeymoon. And Miss Dale says these tickets and the stateroom are for that night and Mr. Nelson says why not now, and he looks at the clock and says by Jupiter it is 4 30, and darn the luck, it is too late to get a license, or he would show Miss Dale something in the line of fast work so she would never tell him again he was a dead one until he is taken out feet first, and he hopes that will be a long while to give him many years to love and cherish his beloved.

That part sounds pretty mushy to me, but Mr. Potts said, leave it in, but be sure to bear down on the rest, which is Miss Dale fishes around in that bag of hers and brings out a paper and tells Mr. Nelson here is the license all signed and sealed and delivered, and Mr. Nelson better never roast Connell again because Connell did the trick even if he had to do it and wasn't entitled to credit any more than a rabbit.

Mr. Nelson says he's heard enough about Connell to last him a lifetime, but how come, and Miss Dale says she has the goods on Connell because Connell had turned in a lot of fake subscriptions and collected on them, and she knew it. So Miss Dale says she led Connell to the license bureau by the ear and he posed as Mr. Nelson and he got the license in Mr. Nelson's name.

And Miss Dale asks him how does he like that and what is he going to do about it.

Mr. Nelson looks as foolish as a swell private chauffeur who is afoot and has been run down by a flivver, and he says maybe it is all right and anyhow he's game, because the Lord hates a coward. And Miss Dale says he'd better like it, because the next morning every pussyfooter covering city hall will have it off the vital statistics file and he'll have to slip Kennedy in the License Bureau a real one in its place.

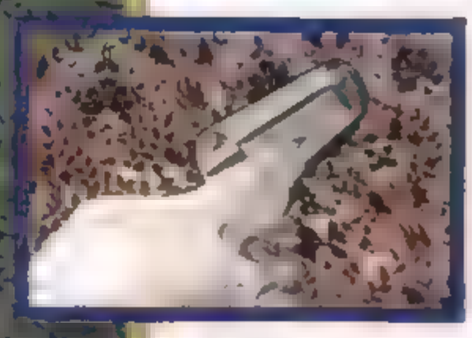
So when Miss Dale and Mr. Nelson are going out, she says she didn't intend at any stage of the game to leave on her vacation until she had showed that Isabel that handsome is as handsome gets away with. And both of them laughed, and when I tell Mr. Potts he says to turn my movie into a talkie and then I would have a comical fade-out.

A New York Newspaper Columnist Expressing Himself

The FLOOR gets its share of every MEAL

But you can wipe food, stains, and grease spots right off this Accolac Processed rug

Enjoy your meals without thoughts of hands-and-knees floor-scrubbing afterward.



The stickiest food, stains, or grease spots can be wiped right off this lacquer-surfaced rug.

The cheerfulness of this pretty floral pattern makes it an appropriate rug for almost any room. Ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4632.

CLEANING up the floor after meals is one of mother's everlasting jobs. Sometimes it's just a few crumbs. But often it's something sticky that requires rubbing and scrubbing—for with boisterous children at the table accidents will happen.

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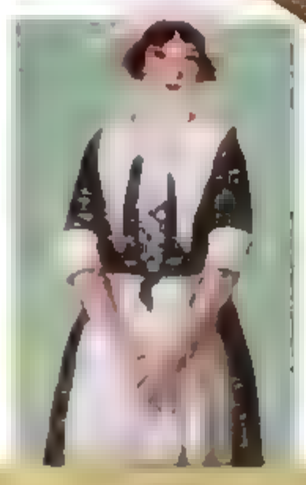

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DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

(Continued from Page 2)

Charlie chuckled. "Bellmer! He brags that he's never beforehand for an appointment, and never late."

"That so?" the old man remarked. "I've heard a lot of stories they tell about him. Never happened to hear that one." He turned aside. "Well, let's see if the drug clerk's still here."

They found the goggle-eyed boy asleep on a stool in the prescription department behind the ground-glass screen, and the inspector shook him into wakefulness, till the boy scrambled to his feet, rubbed his eyes and said resentfully:

"Oh, all right, all right. What do you want?"

The inspector studied him. "Work here right along, do you?" he asked.

"Sure I do. Been here five months."

"What's your name?" Tope inquired.

"Eddie Sartoris," said the boy, his eyes bulging.

The inspector carefully made a note in a tiny book which he drew from his vest. "Address?" he prompted, and the boy gave it.

"Why?" he demanded, having done so. "Who are you anyway? What do you want with me?"

"I'm a police inspector," Tope returned—"looking up an automobile accident out here. You saw it, didn't you? Man got knocked down, over on the corner."

"Sure I did."

"Don't talk about it to anyone," the inspector instructed, and made a significant gesture. "I'm counting on you."

"Sure!"

"Knocked him down, did it?"

"Head over heels," the boy asserted. "Yes, sir, an awful wallop. Landed right on his head. Knocked him cuckoo. Three or four of us tried to pick him up and he swung at us and went off mumbling to himself."

"Bleeding bad, was he?"

"Mouth and nose," the young man avowed. "Yes, sir, covered with it."

"Get the number on the car, did you?"

"It was a low number," said Eddie Sartoris—"four or five figures in it. One of those English cars, with a girl wrapped up in a sheet for a radiator cap, like she was taking a high dive."

"Sure!" the inspector assented. "That's right. The man he hit went on away, and so did the car?"

"Like that," Eddie declared, and brushed the palms of his hands together in a graphic gesture. "Just as quick as that."

"What time was it?" Tope inquired, and Eddie for once paused to consider his reply. He seemed to weigh the matter carefully.

"Well," he decided. "The Variety, next door, let's out at 10:45 the last show. There's usually some come in here for sodas and all, and there was quite a few tonight. Kept me humping for a while—fifteen-twenty minutes anyway. It was right after that."

"The crowd had gone?"

"Yes. I got heated up waiting on them, so I was at the door cooling off. Wasn't much of anybody in the street when it happened."

Inspector Tope calculated. "Yes, 10:45," he said. "And five minutes to get out of the theater is 10:50. And fifteen or twenty minutes here is five after—maybe ten after. And time enough then for them to get an Elevated or the Subway or walk. Say, ten minutes. Pretty close to 11:20, at a guess?"

"Well, pretty close," Eddie judicially agreed.

"Ten minutes' walk to the house on Scurvy Street," the inspector commented for Charlie Harquail's benefit. "Or a man might take longer." He thanked Eddie, warned him again to hold his tongue. Outside, he asked, "Going back to the office?"

"Nobody there now," Charlie confessed. "No use." And he added: "The boy's a fancy liar. His story grows."

"Probably nearly right about the time. That's what I wanted."

"What will you do now?" Charlie asked.

"Report, and then get some sleep," the inspector decided.

Charlie was vaguely disappointed. "I should think you'd want to work fast."

"The poor devil can wait," Tope returned. "I'm too old to work all night." His eyes clouded faintly, as though with thought. "Yes, pretty old," he repeated, something attentive in his tone. "I'll see you Monday then, won't I?" A taxi, cruising for fares, slid toward them at his lifted hand.

Charlie said virtuously, "Tomorrow, probably. I'm going to dig into this."

The inspector smiled. "Well, let me know what you find," he requested. "I'll need anything you dig up. Good night, Charlie."

His taxi bounced away and Charlie stayed where he was for a little. He was desperately tired, and he was full of regret because he had not reported to the office; and he resented, with the impatience of youth, the patience of the old inspector. In the end, with some faint notion in the back of his mind that he might set the other an example of industry, he returned to the Journal office to write his story of the death on Scurvy Street.

VI

WHEN young Charlie Harquail climbed the stairs to the city room, he disturbed a scrub woman at her task there, and the room smelled of suds and hot water. The chairs were stacked on the tables and desks and the linoleum on the floor was wet. Except for young Faber, filing clippings in the reference department and ready to answer the telephone if it should ring, there was no member of the staff about. The Journal was on week days an evening paper, with no morning edition, and not till after midnight Sunday night would the wheels, at rest now, begin again to revolve.

So there was no hurry about Charlie's story. In fact, much of what he wrote now might well be rendered obsolete in the next twenty-four hours. Nevertheless, he sat down at his typewriter and began a running account of all that had happened. He was foot-weary and brain-weary, too tired to think or to attempt to reason from the facts at hand, and he contented himself with setting down in straightforward and lucid fashion the events since he left the office. To Molly Bell's story, as the most dramatic feature of the case, he gave more space than to any other incident. He wrote some description of Scurvy Street, because that squalid locality had made upon his mind a strong impression; but having written it, he tore it up again. No need to offend those who held property there. Sometimes the rents from such shabby tenements went into highly respectable pockets!

Charlie wrote rapidly; but even so, he was almost two hours at this task. It was nearly six o'clock before he finished. By the time he was done his head was drooping, and he left his copy in the night man's box and considered going home. But he had yet to report to Boetius; so in the end he rolled some newspapers into a pillow and stretched out on the counter where the daily files were kept and slept soddenly for two hours or so. When he woke, from sheer discomfort, it was a little past eight in the morning, and he washed his face and went out for a cup of coffee, returned to telephone the city editor. Boetius should be awake by now.

The city editor's telephone was unlisted, the number a private one. The men on the staff did not know it, and only a few of the older employes knew even where Boetius lived, or anything of his affairs. But the operators on the switchboard had the number, and Charlie simply directed the girl to call Mr. Boetius. A moment later a woman's voice answered. Mr. Boetius, she said, had gone out an hour before; she did not know when he would return.

"He left early, didn't he?" Charlie commented in his disappointment.

But she replied, "I couldn't say, I'm sure." And Charlie grinned and hung up the receiver. Probably the city editor was still asleep and Mrs. Boetius was protecting his slumbers. He rang Jackman, the chief's assistant.

Jackman heard his report, and he asked, when Charlie was done, "Why didn't you phone in?"

Charlie confessed honestly: "I was so interested, waiting to see the thing develop. Matter of fact, I forgot. Why; was the boss sore?"

"He went home about two," Jackman replied—"before we got the regular bulletin from headquarters. I supposed you'd cover us if there was anything." He considered. "We've got all day now. This might turn out to be a big story. I'll get hold of Redford and send you a photographer. You take the photographer out to Scurvy Street. Try to get a picture of the woman too. You cover Tope and headquarters—Tope specially. Redford will work on the outside end. I'll be in the office about one o'clock, and you might come in then and we'll see what to do next. Stay there till the photographer comes."

"Right," Charlie agreed. He was no longer sleepy. He was young enough to recuperate quickly from long fatigue. Jackman had not asked whether he was tired, and Charlie thought of this with a grin. While he waited, he read his copy again and made some notes from it, chose some lines to be followed. He might find someone who knew Bull Fowle and Molly Bell—might try to trace the car that had hit and run—might attempt to get something more out of Mrs. Culp. There were, he realized, astonishingly few leads. Such sudden tragedies, unplanned, unprepared, are like accidents; they come as mysteriously as lightning and they are as hard to understand as to foresee. If it were not for the woman, with that racking grief in her eyes, telling her strange tale, the matter would be worth no more than half a column. But the woman and the fact that thus far it was impossible to say just where the blow that killed Bull Fowle had been struck, lifted this killing out of the ordinary. Charlie pondered on it thoughtfully and long.

Redford came in, grumbling at this interruption of his Sunday freedom. He was a florid man with a heavy mustache, and he was credited with a peculiar success at arriving at facts which were sought to be concealed. He could not write, but he furnished the materials which other men put into journalese. He heard Charlie's narrative, read Charlie's story, and with an air of some importance took himself away upon his own investigations.

A few minutes later the promised photographer appeared. His name was Keen—a swart, stalwart little man. The heavy camera in his hand appeared to have produced a permanent sagging of his right shoulder. Charlie had worked with him before. In the taxi on the way to Scurvy Street he told Keen what was before them; and Keen, with that assumed helplessness characteristic of a staff photographer, who thus evades responsibility, said stolidly:

"Well, you tell me what you want. I don't know."

Charlie grinned. He knew well enough that Keen, once on the spot, would take charge of the business in hand.

"Don't pull that one," he retorted. "I've seen you in action. I'll help you all I can, but you're the captain all the time." And he added a moment later: "Here's the house now."

They had no particular difficulty in making the pictures Keen desired. The patrolman on duty at the house was neither Tyler nor Mea; but Keen knew him, gave him a cigar and proceeded to take flashlights of the interior of the room where Bull Fowle had been found and of that in which Molly had told her story. Also he took a view of the street looking toward the warehouses from the window where Molly had kept her vigil; and he took another from the bathroom window, showing the walled clothes yards behind the house. When Mrs. Culp appeared to protest at their activities, Keen winked at Charlie, and Charlie engaged the landlady in a heated argument and led her out on the front stoop, still arguing, so that Keen was able to get a picture of her there. Then two or three shots of the house itself from various angles, and at Charlie's suggestion, a picture of the shabby street, the ash cans very much in evidence.

When they were done and about to depart, Charlie said casually to the patrolman, "Be a mob of reporters here before the day's out."

But the officer as casually returned: "Oh, there's been one already."

"There has?" Charlie echoed. "Who was he?"

"Journal man too," the officer explained. "Older man, though—mustache."

"Redford?" Charlie guessed, but the policeman shook his head.

"No, I know Redford. This man was bigger. Walked with a limp. Kind of heavy-shouldered."

"Boetius!" he exclaimed. "Right on the job! What a man, Keen!" He asked the patrolman, "Did he go inside?"

"He rung and I let him in," the officer explained. "I couldn't tell him anything except there was a man killed, and about the woman, and so on. He went along after a little while."

Charlie turned away toward their waiting taxi. "All right, Keen," he said, and they got into the cab. "Back to the office," he directed the man at the wheel.

"How about this drug clerk?" Keen suggested.

"He's on nights—not there today," Charlie pointed out. "I want to get back to the office. Boetius is there by this time. I've got to take my medicine." He confessed his error of the night before, but Keen was not interested.

"I'll drop you there," he remarked, "then go see if I can fix it for a shot at the woman—maybe take one of the man, too, if the medical examiner will let me."

But Charlie was inattentive now. He alighted at the office like a guilty small boy facing the punishment he cannot avoid, and he went swiftly up the stairs and into the city room.

Boetius, as he had expected, was there; he sat at his great desk, his heavy shoulders lumped forward, and he was reading Charlie's running story of the events of the night before. In the great empty room, usually so full of the swift activities he directed and controlled, the man seemed very much alone.

At Charlie's approach, he turned his head; and when he recognized the young man, he swung in his chair and sat there, his elbows on the arms, watching the reporter come toward him. The light was at his back, but even so, Charlie had an impression that Boetius looked very tired, that he was haggard and weary and old. His eyes had a curious blankness, like the eyes of the blind.

Charlie stopped before him, tried to stand at ease. "Good morning, sir," he said, and Boetius nodded heavily. "I see you've got my story."

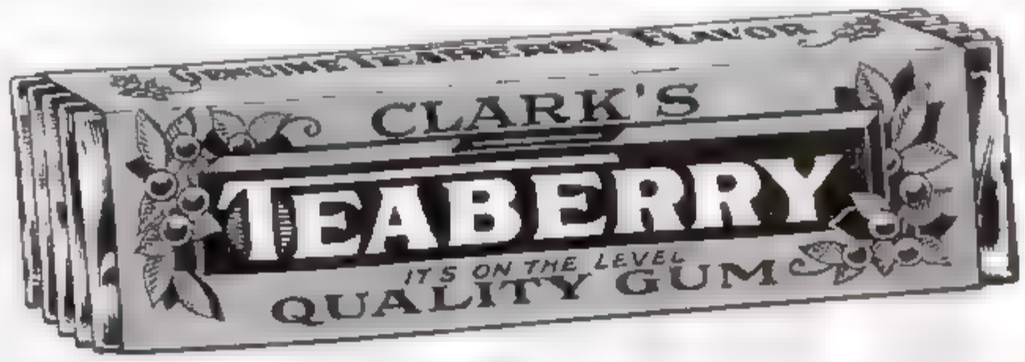
Boetius looked down at the manuscript in his hand, as though anxious to be sure of his ground before he replied. "Yes," he said at last, ponderously.

"It's all there," Charlie affirmed. "Keen and I have just been out to Scurvy Street, and Keen made some pictures. He's gone to try to get a picture of the woman."

(Continued on Page 72)

•TANTALIZING TEABERRIES•

"That chap over there sure has pep!
He must have arrived on the Zep."
"No, dear, he did not—
But he chews quite a lot
Of TEABERRY Gum...watch him step!"



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In the business world, at least, events which seem phenomenal and hard to understand usually have a very simple explanation. It may seem strange, for instance, that the public turned to the Seiberling Tire, and rewarded it with a volume of sales which is the wonderment and admiration of tire men throughout the world. The explanation is in the very name Seiberling. Long before that name appeared on a tire, it stood for inventive genius, for integrity, for leadership in the tire industry.

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Mileage Tires

(Continued from Page 68

Boetius did not move. His eyes closed, as though he were sleepy; but when he opened them, he asserted slowly: "She won't let him."

"No, I don't think so," Charlie agreed. He made a gesture as though to point toward the manuscript. "She impressed me, sir. She's a tragic, pitiful figure. There's no question that she loved this man. She lifts the story out of the commonplace, it seems to me."

Boetius seemed to twitch with fatigue. "Yes, it's not commonplace," he agreed, and Charlie stirred uneasily.

"I called you this morning," he explained, "about 8:30. Mrs. Boetius said you'd gone out, so I called Jackman."

"It was the maid," Boetius corrected.

"Well, anyway, I called Jackman," Charlie insisted. "Redford's working on it. I thought I'd get in touch with Inspector Tope again—see what's come along."

Boetius stirred. His tone was monotonous. "Harquail," he said heavily, "you didn't cover us last night."

Charlie colored. He thought of excuses and explanations, but in the end he said straightforwardly:

"No, sir. I couldn't have given you the whole story, anyway; but I had the best of it. The woman end of it and what Doctor Gero said. I could have phoned in by two o'clock, I think." He hesitated. "Honestly," he confessed, "I forgot—I forgot the time. Things were developing so fast, and the promise of something new was right around the corner all the time. I didn't think of it till Inspector Tope and I left the house, and it was too late then."

Boetius nodded. "No alibi!" he commented sternly. "What do you think we are, Harquail—a monthly magazine? We'd have beat the town. I didn't send you out to satisfy your own curiosity."

He checked and sighed in a curious stifled way. Charlie thought there was an unreality about this moment. He had heard Boetius chide other men in the past, and he knew the city editor had a tongue and a tone like a bludgeon. But now it was as though Boetius spoke by rote.

"I can't offer any excuse, sir," Charlie said again.

"Excuse? No!" Boetius agreed. "But you could have phoned! You could have told me where you were going—the address!" His accent was broken; and Charlie, embarrassed and ill at ease, was astonished at the grief so evident in the older man's tones. Boetius seemed to discover this astonishment. He paused for a moment, then said harshly: "Never mind! A bad break! Can't have it! We'll have to let you go!"

Charlie took a moment to steady himself. He had feared this, dreaded it, for his work here was a long delight to him. And the punishment seemed more than the crime demanded. Yet in the end he nodded.

"Yes, sir," he agreed, and abruptly he smiled. "Of course," he repeated, "I can see that." But he added slowly: "Just the same, sir, I'd like to make it up to you."

"Not me," Boetius suggested—"the paper."

"The paper—yes, and you. You're hooked up together, sir—you and the Journal." He colored. "I'm not trying to change your mind, Mr. Boetius. But—I can take a little time on my own account. I'm going to keep working on this—see what I can turn up. If I get anything, the Journal can have it. That may help to even the score."

"A matter of discipline," Boetius said, in a sort of reluctant regret.

Charlie smiled again. "But I'm going home first," he explained, wearily now. "I'm sleepy, all of a sudden. I'm sorry I fell down, sir."

Boetius hesitated. "This is well done," he remarked uncertainly, and lifted the manuscript in his hand.

"I'll come in Tuesday for my pay," Charlie concluded. "And if anything turns up, I'll let you know."

He turned away, but Boetius called after him, "Did you see this Bull Fowle?"

"Yes, sir," Charlie confessed.

"Didn't know him?"

"No."

Boetius said no more; so the young man, with no further word, departed, descending the stairs, trudging to the Subway, drowsing through the ride to his station. His room was across the river, in a pleasant, suburban locality. He walked from the car to the house through the bright sunshine of a Sunday noontime, and he stepped under the shower, and so got gratefully into bed.

When he woke it was dusk, and he lay for a few minutes, his thoughts beginning once more to function. Then he got up and began to dress. He was no longer sleepy, his energies had revived, and there was much to do.

He was not under orders now; there was the greater necessity upon him to be active—and to be successful. Before he left the house he telephoned Inspector Tope; but the inspector, he was told, was asleep and meant to sleep till morning. Charlie thought the old man's energies were failing -that he was not up to the requirements of his job.

But the inspector's dereliction left Charlie no immediate outlet for his energies, and he accepted this respite with a swift gratitude, and telephoned Phœbe. She would be at home all evening, she assured him, and half an hour later he rang the bell at the entrance to her apartment. She had till a month before shared this with another girl—just now lived alone. She opened the door and Charlie greeted her smilingly.

"Come to supper somewhere?" he suggested.

Phœbe shook her head. "I'm going to bed early," she explained. "Up so late last night, and the milkman woke me this morning. I'll give you an omelet here if you'd like to stay."

Charlie grinned. "Guarantee I can eat it?" he asked.

"You'll eat it and like it," she predicted, and he tossed his hat on a chair by the door.

"Well, a free meal's something," he agreed—"to a man out of a job."

So he had to tell her what Boetius had done, and Phœbe colored with a swift loyal indignation. Charlie, sprawling in an easy-chair while she worked in the tiny kitchen, listened with a grin to her indignant protests. She was furious with Boetius.

He said at last, "The chief's all right. What else could he do? I threw him down."

"He ought to understand," she insisted. "You're a valuable man to the Journal, Charlie. It's outrageous!"

"Your cheeks are blazing," he told her. "Tickles me to see you so mad."

"Well, I am mad," she agreed.

But he shook his head again. "I don't blame him," he repeated. "I'd have done the same in his case. He's got to be able to depend on his men. Ruson would fire you just as quickly if you fell down. There's no sentiment in business, Phœbe."

"Mr. Ruson's considerate," she retorted; and she added: "For instance, he telephoned me just now. He has indigestion and he's not going to be in the office tomorrow, so he told me to take the day off."

"Tummy ache, eh?" he chuckled. "Poor old Rusie!"

She flamed at him. "You're just naturally hateful!" she declared.

"Well, there'd be nothing for you to do if he wasn't there," he urged.

But she said, "Oh, yes, there would. Filing letters and office work. Mr. Boetius doesn't give his staff a day off when he stays at home."

"There's some little difference," he grinned.

"I don't see it," she insisted. She was setting the little table, with a clatter of dishes, and he watched her smilingly and silently, willing to appease her wrath, pleased by her loyalty to him.

When by and by they were seated, with the steaming omelet between them, he said comfortably, "This is great, Phœbe. Nice of you to feed the destitute."

She asked with quick sympathy what he meant to do, and he told her, somewhat shamefacedly, since men dislike to confess a loyal deed, that he intended to serve the Journal still. She told him he was absurd to waste time trying to placate Boetius, told him he was foolish to work without pay. But Charlie shook his head.

"Make up for failing them," he explained, his mouth full of omelet; and she said again, stoutly, that he was absurd. Yet her eyes were shining, so he knew she did not wholly disapprove.

They talked at last about this matter of Bull Fowle and of Molly Bell, and Charlie tried to convey to Phœbe some sense of the impression Molly had made upon him. The affair seemed to Phœbe no more than sordid tragedy, but Charlie would not agree to this.

"Of course the gangsters may have got him," he conceded. "But even if they did, this woman is remarkable. She makes the story. Maybe the hit-and-run driver killed him. That would ruin the story, of course. But I don't think he did."

"Why not?" she asked.

"The blow was a sharp crack, probably struck with a slender stick like a cane," he pointed out. "The only thing Fowle could have hit, if the car struck him, was the curb, and the curb right there is worn and broken. It would have done more damage, or less. And there weren't any bruises on him, or the doctor didn't say there were—anywhere."

"What does Inspector Tope think?" she inquired.

He considered this. "I hadn't tried to figure," he confessed. "He's holding the woman."

"Of course," she agreed. "She did it and made up that story to get out of it."

He shook his head. "She wouldn't have said he was shot," he urged. "Not if she'd just cracked his head open. Besides, I didn't notice any cane around, in the room."

"I don't care," Phœbe insisted. "I know she did it. A woman like that! She'd be just the kind. I know it."

He chuckled teasingly. "Second sight?" he suggested.

"Intuition," she retorted, smiling, yet unshaken. "I tell you, I know."

He threw up his hands lazily. "Don't tell me," he protested. "Tell Inspector Tope. You'll save him so much time."

"He knows," she declared, "or he wouldn't have arrested her."

Charlie shook his head, shifting in his chair. "He's just doing the usual police stuff," the young man assured her. "Holding everyone in sight. I think Tope's getting old. He wasted a lot of time last night, and he's asleep today. I telephoned his house. He's a wise old boy, but the work's too hard for him." And he added: "Remember, there were men in the street and in the trucks, waiting there for something. I suppose they nailed Fowle as he went by. Gang-war stuff. It's happening all the time. And there was some shooting."

They arrived nowhere, in the end. These two disagreed at every opportunity, always; they quarreled and argued with a hot intolerance. Charlie liked to provoke Phœbe for the sake of the color that mounted in her cheeks and the defiance in her eyes, and she was as combative as he.

When he left her, early, since she was tired, he decided to walk home. The distance was some miles, but the air would make him sleep. His thoughts were for a while full of Phœbe, but in the end they turned again to this matter of Bull Fowle. It was at the same time so clear and so obscure. He sensed, without being able to put his finger on any tangible point, many mysteries and perplexities in this tragedy that seemed outwardly so commonplace.

Abed at last, he slept soundly, and he woke at seven as he was used to do, and remembered there was no need for him to rise in haste and turned over and went to sleep again. When he rose at last it was almost noon, and he dressed in a luxuriant indolence. He walked down to the square, where he combined breakfast and luncheon, and afterward took the Subway to town, intending to seek out Inspector Tope and attack afresh this problem of Bull Fowle.

But when he alighted at the in-town station and climbed the stairs to the street, it was to confront the fact that this particular problem was ended; that it was lost in the great confusion of a new enigma. What had in the beginning seemed no more than a gang killing, had abruptly assumed proportions incredibly sensational.

For at the top of the Subway stairs bellowing newsboys thrust into Charlie's hands an extra edition of the Banner. This was that moribund afternoon paper which the Journal was about to absorb. And the headlines struck Charlie Harquail into stunned astonishment.

For Bull Fowle had been identified. The man who had come to his sorry end in the shabby house on Scurvy Street was Don Bellmer, the millionaire owner of the Journal. The Banner screamed the news.

VII

BULL FOWLE was Don Bellmer, and the Banner screamed the news. Young Charlie Harquail, standing there just at the top of the Subway stairs, spread the paper in his hands and in a stupor of astonishment he read the blaring headlines. Passers jostled him unheeded and looked back at him in reproach or in resentment. But Charlie was not even conscious of the offense he gave them.

The copy of the Banner in his hand was an extra edition, and even in this first moment Charlie subconsciously realized that it had been issued at the hour of the day best calculated to confound rival papers. The Banner had been moribund, but this one story would go far to restore its former prestige. This was a great scoop, a success emphasized by the peculiar irony of the circumstances. And these considerations ran through Charlie's mind even while his eyes scanned the extra in his hands.

There was a double headline across the top of the first page—two lines, each seven columns wide, each almost two inches high.

DON BELLMER SLAIN
IN SOUTH END DIVE

The whole shabby story was there in seven words -the whole story, if you knew who Don Bellmer was. And everyone knew Bellmer's name. Despite the fact that he kept himself to the utmost possible degree a figure of mystery—or perhaps because of that fact—he had long since commanded the popular imagination. Legends had grown up about him, and the town was proud of him; proud of his success and of his abilities—and envious too! There would be many who would read with an unctuous relish this story here; many who would nod as though this shabby end of a picturesque life were no more than they had long expected.

Below the seven-column head there was another, this time four columns wide and three lines deep.

DEAD "GANGSTER"
IDENTIFIED AS
JOURNAL OWNER

And below this again, two columns wide, three more lines:

WOMAN FOUND
WEEPING OVER
BODY IS HELD

The story beneath this headline was set in two-column measure to the foot of the front page, and Charlie's eye slid down the lines, catching at a phrase here and there. But the first shock of the news was passing, and the young man became conscious of the fact that he was blocking the egress of other Subway passengers. He moved aside, and then as an afterthought he turned back to buy the current edition of the Journal. He saw, as he had expected, that the Journal did not carry the story of the identification. It was a Banner scoop. And the reporter

(Continued on Page 76)

COUGH and the Concert Stops—

Silence—as he weaves the golden thread of melody—then, from the shadowed audience, the crash of a cough—another—another—his hand raises sharply—the music stops in protest until the wave of vocal static has ceased.

So, now, do Conductors of world-famous orchestras register indignant protest against the rude interruption of the cough.

Considerate people have, with the aid of Luden's, placed the cough among those things that are not done.

Luden's Menthol Action is unique—*exclusive*: cooling, soothing, refreshing—imitated, of course, but available only in the Luden Menthol blend.

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. . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM
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(Continued from Page 72)

whom Boetius had discharged the day before felt a loyal pang for the sake of the paper he had served—and meant to serve again.

There lay at one side of the Subway station a park of some extent, with diagonal walks and tall elms and benches here and there, and Charlie tucked the papers under his arm and walked to the nearest bench and sat down there. He unfolded the papers, and as a matter of orderly procedure he opened first the Journal, to see what it might contain in this affair. The story of Bull Fowle's death had some prominence on the front page, and Charlie read it through. He recognized in it Redford's hand. There were suggestions that the dead man had been a gangster; that other rival gangs had planned his death. Charlie read: "The police believe," and "the authorities expect," and "a certain man is being sought by the police." Old familiar phrases, devised to cloak and conceal the lack of authentic facts. There was some description of the woman, apparently rewritten from his own story, and he found half a column or so of his own account of the examination of the body, picked up whole. But Redford had discovered nothing which Charlie did not already know.

He turned to the Banner at last with something like a sigh of anticipation, but here, too, he was to be disappointed. The headlines told, in effect, all there was to tell; the first paragraphs added only the barest detail. He read:

The body of a man found in a room on Scurvy Street Saturday night, and at first supposed by the police to be that of a gangster named Bull Fowle, was identified today as the body of Donald Bellmer, millionaire owner of the Journal, clubman, recluse, man of mystery.

The room in which he was found had been hired by a woman who said her name was Molly Bell, and who was in a hysterical condition when the police arrived.

She asserted that on his way to join her the man had been shot by gangsters; but Medical Examiner Gero found that he had in fact been killed by a blow on the head, causing a fractured skull.

The woman was held as a material witness.

Donald Bellmer was ——

And there followed some brief sketch of Don Bellmer. Bellmer, the Banner repeated, was a man of mystery. He had an apartment where he lived alone; he had another apartment on the top floor of the Bellmer Building to which only his intimates were admitted; he kept himself secluded, never appeared in the Journal city room, gave his orders either through Ruson, his secretary and the publisher of the Journal, or through Boetius, the city editor. When he received strangers it was in a darkened room; when he had to transmit orders direct, he did so by telephone. He was occasionally absent for periods of a week or two at a time, and no one knew where he went on such occasions. No one knew what errand had taken him to the room on Scurvy Street. He had bought the Journal when it was in a run-down condition, fifteen years before, and by methods "which had been the subject of some criticism" had made it a valuable journalistic property.

Charlie smiled at the caution of the Banner's phrase. Every newspaper runs by the rule that you cannot libel a dead man, so the Banner would say what it chose about Bellmer. But the Journal was very much alive and capable of fighting back, and therefore not to be traduced.

Charlie scanned the inner pages, but what he sought was not there. He wished to discover who had identified Bull Fowle as Bellmer, and whether that identification was positive and confirmed. But if the man who wrote the Banner story knew, he did not say; and when Charlie was sure of this, he stuffed the Banner into his pocket and sought the nearest telephone and called Doctor Gero, the medical examiner.

Doctor Gero remembered him, and to Charlie's question he said frankly, "I've seen the extra, but I'd had no word before. The body hasn't been officially identified, so far as I know."

"Who has seen it?" Charlie asked.

And the doctor replied: "A Banner man came to me this morning with a note from Mr. Dent. I have the note. It said that the bearer had some acquaintance in the gang world and believed he might recognize the dead man, and I gave him an order to see the body. I didn't go with him, but I've telephoned the morgue, and the man who came to me didn't present the order personally. Another man, an older man, came there."

"You don't know who it was?" Charlie insisted.

Doctor Gero said he did not know, and Charlie thought of Inspector Tope and asked where he might be found, and the medical examiner said, "He's at headquarters, or was ten minutes ago. I talked with him there."

So Charlie went to headquarters. He was curious, and he was bewildered too. The Banner story must be true. Dent would never have permitted it to be printed so long as any doubt remained. Yet it opened up such possibilities that the young man was unable at first to grasp them all. He expected to find that the old inspector had left his office to work on this new development, but when he came to headquarters, Tope was at his desk, cheerfully at ease, tilted back in his chair, reading the Banner extra with a diligent eye.

The old man looked up at Charlie's appearance and he nodded in good-humored greeting. Charlie said good afternoon to him and dropped his hat on the other's desk and indicated the paper in the inspector's hand.

"What about it?" he asked.

Tope made a deprecatory gesture. "You tell me!" he countered. "You're a Journal man!"

Charlie grinned. "Not any longer," he confessed ruefully, and he spoke of Boetius. "So I'm here unofficially," he explained. "I'm a free agent, but I decided to see this thing through—possibly get my job back out of it. I might run errands for you, if you like. You can use me, and give me a story some day."

"That's too bad," the inspector said in a sympathetic tone. "But I don't know whether I can help you. I'm getting old, Charlie—haven't the energy I used to have. They ought to have a younger man in here."

Charlie had thought this himself, but he did not now assent. "How about that story in the Banner?" he persisted. "Is it true? Was it Mr. Bellmer?"

"I guess they wouldn't print it if it wasn't," Inspector Tope pointed out. "But this is the first word I had of it."

"What are you doing about it?" Charlie urged

"Waiting," the inspector confessed "Just waiting. Nobody has told us they had identified the body. I suppose some of the Journal men will be along to look at it pretty soon—Mr. Ruson or your Boetius."

"Mr. Ruson's ill at home today," Charlie suggested.

"Been to see him?" Tope inquired alertly.

"I know his secretary," the young man confessed, and he colored faintly. Tope nodded in sober understanding.

"I thought you might have appealed to Ruson," he explained.

"Oh, Ruson wouldn't overrule Boetius," Charlie returned. "And Mr. Boetius had to fire me. It was the only thing he could do."

"How is he?" the inspector asked. "He's not ill, too, is he?"

"I saw him yesterday," Charlie replied. "No, he's not sick. He looked tired, but he works mighty hard." And he added a question: "But aren't you going to check up on this identification?"

"I m waiting " Tope repeated

"For someone else to move?"

"Well, I'm moving too " The inspector hesitated " Charlie, he said, more gravely than his habit was, "I may not be able to give you a story at all—ever. But stick around if you want And don't print everything you hear " Charlie nodded. He understood that there was more to come.

"I'm waiting for someone who may be able to identify the body," the older man explained.

"Who?" Charlie asked.

"They picked up Rad Huginn this morning," Tope said. "You remember, the woman named him. He's locked up. I'm letting him stew a while before I talk to him."

"But if this man is Bellmer?"

"Well, she said his name was Fowle, and she said Huginn knew him. I'm taking one thing at a time. Wait a while, can you?"

Charlie chuckled. "I've nothing but time," he confessed. "What's time to a man out of a job? Sure I'll wait."

And he looked for the nearest chair and settled himself, and Tope turned to his paper again. But after a moment Charlie said eagerly, "You know, I've got an idea to clear up one end of it, inspector." Tope lifted his eyes. "You remember the drug clerk? Why not show him some of the dead man's clothes? He might recognize them."

The inspector nodded. "The idea's all right, Charlie," he said approvingly. "I had it too. We showed the boy six hats, all pretty much alike and all muddy, and he picked out the one that Bull Fowle wore. We showed him four overcoats, all muddy, and he picked out Fowle's." He smiled. "He had an eye for clothes," he added.

"Eddie Sartoris," Charlie remembered, and chuckled. "I expect he got that name out of a book somewhere."

"His right name's Rabel," the inspector assented.

"Then it was Fowle—or Bellmer -that the car knocked down?"

"Yes, it was," the old man assented.

"But that didn't kill him," Charlie urged. "The only thing he could have hit his head on was the curb, and that's flattened along there. It wouldn't leave a slender bruise. And there weren't any other marks where the car hit him. The bumper or the mud guard would have had to hit him quite a wallop."

"The chauffeur might have reached out and swung on him as he went by," Inspector Tope suggested. "If Bellmer had ducked away, the blow would have landed about in the right place—from behind and above."

"He was on the right-hand side of the car," Charlie protested.

"That make of car has a right-hand drive," the inspector pointed out.

The reporter nodded. "That's right," he confessed. "If it really was that make."

"There was one of those cars in that neighborhood," Inspector Tope assured him. "The patrolman on the other side of the Elevated saw it stop about three blocks from the corner where I met you, about eleven o'clock. This car had passed him and he noticed what it was, and it stopped about a block away from him, and a man got out and walked away and the car drove off."

"Get the number?" Charlie asked eagerly.

"A Quebec number plate," the old man said. "That's all the officer noticed."

"Doesn't help much," the reporter confessed, and the other amended:

"Not much by itself. But it ought to fit in by and by." He sighed and bestirred himself. "Well," he said, "I suppose we might talk to Huginn."

"How about the woman?" Charlie asked, as he too rose. "What does she say now?"

The inspector stirred the papers on his desk with his finger. "I haven't bothered her," he confessed. "She's kept most of the time, or pretended to Won't see a lawyer or anyone, and won't talk to the matron " He added casually. "Mr Boetius came up yesterday morning and wanted to see her, but she said she didn't want to see any reporters "

Charlie grinned appreciatively. "The chief's a wonder," he declared. "I tried to get hold of him yesterday morning, and he'd left home when I called at 8 30 or so. I suppose he got the bulletin from the office and he's a horse for work. He's apt to take a hand in stories sometimes. He beat it out to the house on Scurvy Street, and he probably came up here afterward."

"To get her story out of her?" Tope inquired, and Charlie nodded.

"He'd get it, too, if she'd talk to him," he asserted. "Boetius was a great reporter before he became a great editor."

The inspector nodded, turned away. "Well," he said, "I'm going to talk to Huginn. I'll take him down to the morgue, likely. You might meet us outside."

"I know Huginn," Charlie reminded him eagerly.

The old man considered. "We haven't booked him," he said, half to himself. "I'll have him in. You might as well stay." He spoke into the telephone.

Charlie grinned and sat down and stretched his legs. "You think he did this, inspector?"

"I'm just collecting facts," Tope evaded. "I haven't begun to think yet. It don't do to be too quick, Charlie." And he added cheerfully: "We'll ask him."

Huginn presently appeared at the door, a man in uniform at his shoulder. This Rad Huginn was not a particularly terrifying figure, though dark deeds were laid to him. He was squat and sandy, somewhat under middle height, with broad shoulders and competent hands and a pale-blue eye. Just now, though he had been picked up by the police without explanation and immured in a cell for an hour or two, he was perfectly composed, and neither truculent nor complaining.

He nodded to Inspector Tope and said hoarsely, "'Morning, inspector."

Tope returned the greeting. "You know Charlie Harquail?" he asked, by way of introduction.

Rad inspected Charlie. "I guess so," he confessed.

The inspector dismissed the officer who had brought Huginn, and when the door was closed he said straightforwardly, "Huginn, you knew Bull Fowle?"

"Sure," said the sandy man. He lighted a cigarette.

"If you had anything to do with bumping him off, keep still," the inspector directed. "I don't want to push you. But if you didn't, you can give me some information."

Huginn looked at the two men warily. "You a reporter?" he asked Charlie.

"Fired yesterday," Charlie confessed, with a reassuring smile.

"Just a friend of mine," the inspector explained. "This is all friendly. No reason why it shouldn't be—unless you killed Fowle." He hesitated for a moment, then stirred in his chair. "I'll write a note to your lawyer, saying that anything you say was said under promise that it would not be used against you unless you were in on the killing, and we'll go out and mail it, if you want. We're not interested in rum or anything else but this particular thing right now. Want that?"

"They say you're on the level," Huginn returned. "What do you want? Maybe I can tell you."

"If you were in on the killing, keep still. Don't say a word."

"If wishing was killing, you could burn me for what I thought of him," Huginn said frankly. "Outside of that—no!"

"What was his racket?"

"He ran stuff in—overland or from the water. Always looking for a fight. Raising hob generally. Wouldn't play anybody's game. It wasn't business with him. He was just a pup chewing somebody else's boots "

"You know Reevil?"

Huginn's eyes were wide and bland. "Who's he?"

Tope nodded. "All right, we'll let that pass." He considered. "The Banner's out with an extra," he remarked. "Did you see it?" Huginn shook his head. "They say the dead man is Bellmer, the owner of the Journal."

Huginn stared and he whistled, and then he laughed. "Shucks!" he urged. "Let me see him. I can soon tell you."

(Continued on Page 80)

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"That's what I was wondering," Inspector Tope assented. "I'll send for a cab."

So, a few minutes later, Charlie and the inspector and Rad Huginn bundled into a taxicab outside headquarters and Inspector Tope directed the chauffeur. They had said little more. There was in fact no more that need be said. But in the cab, Inspector Tope talked cheerfully. He spoke of the warehouses on Dean Street near that lodging where Bull Fowle had been found, and of the trucks there, and of the shots—or the back fires—that had sounded in the quiet street, and of the running man. But if Huginn knew anything of these matters he kept his knowledge to himself. Charlie was silent too. His thoughts had a trick of wandering. His attention came back only once, when Inspector Tope asked briskly:

"Reminds me—you know a woman named Molly Bell?"

"I've heard Fowle had a woman," Huginn replied. "I never saw her, though."

And so they came to the morgue; and Charlie, at his own suggestion, waited in the taxicab while the inspector and Huginn went inside. The inspector, after he had rung and before the door was open, said casually to the sandy man, "Don't say anything, Huginn. Take a look and we'll talk outside." Then their ring was answered and they disappeared.

They were no more than five minutes gone, and when they reappeared, Charlie alighted from the cab to meet them. They strolled a little way along the sidewalk, beyond the driver's hearing, and Huginn said then, without turning his head, "Sure it's him."

"Bull Fowle?"

"Yeah."

"Sure?"

Huginn made a scornful gesture. "I'll send him some flowers and my best wishes for a happy week-end," he retorted.

The inspector nodded. "All right," he approved. "You don't need to come back with us. But, Huginn, call me up every day or two, will you? I might want you, and it's a bother to hunt you up."

"Sure," said the gangster dauntlessly. He lighted a cigarette, lifted his hand and so strolled away.

And the inspector and Charlie turned back to the cab, and Charlie's pulse was pounding. That Bull Fowle should be Bellmer was astounding; but it was, it seemed to him, even more amazing and incredible that Bellmer should be Bull Fowle.

VIII

THEY rode back to headquarters together, and Charlie was full of questions. All his senses were unnaturally acute, while at the same time his emotions were in abeyance. His thoughts had never been so clear or so swift; they went darting like minnows in a pool. And by his side Inspector Tope sat smiling faintly, and by contrast with Charlie's youthful intentness, the other man seemed very old.

"Bellmer a gangster! Bull Fowle a millionaire!" Charlie murmured at last. "That's a tough one to swallow, inspector."

"The man back there is Fowle, all right," Inspector Tope insisted. "And the Banner says he's Bellmer too. Maybe he's not. No one has been down to see—not yet. I asked them, inside."

"Why don't you send for them?" Charlie urged, but the other shook his head.

"Wait and see what they'll do," he replied. "If it was my boss, I'd be there pretty prompt to see if it was him. We'll wait and see."

Charlie was silent for a space, his thoughts clouding. "But who did the killing?" he cried at last. "Was it someone who killed him because he was Fowle? Or someone who killed him because he was Bellmer? Or someone who didn't know who he was?"

"No use guessing yet," the inspector warned him. "All I can do is figure the ones that might have done it—the ones we know might have done it—the ones we know were there."

"Who?" Charlie prompted. "Who?"

"The woman was there," the old man pointed out. "She's strong enough to have done it, and she was there, and it's likely he dropped where he was hit."

"Doctor Gero said he might have walked quite a way."

"'Might have' doesn't mean he did. We know he died there. Maybe he was hit there. If he was, the woman did it, or she knows who did it. She was hysterical wild—so you can't take what she said. Maybe she lied, maybe not. But you can't believe everything she said. She might have done it. She had reason enough, and all that, if we only knew what it was. She might have."

"I don't believe it!" Charlie declared. "She loved him too much."

"I've noticed one thing, in killings, especially where they'd been planned," the inspector urged. "The one that did it is nearly always someone who knew the dead man mighty well—maybe too well. Too much intimacy—that's the stuff murders come out of as often as not."

"I don't believe she did it," Charlie still insisted.

"Well," the older man suggested, "if she didn't, then it might have been the men in the street outside. There was shooting—if it was shooting. And someone ran away, and the trucks got away quick. Maybe it was them. Huginn didn't want to talk about Reevil. I'll have to see Reevil. Maybe he was out there. Fowle might have walked that far after being hit—from there to the house.

"And then there's the car down by the corner. He got knocked down, or he fell down, there. That might have done it—that fell. Those are the three we know might have done it—the woman or the gangsters or the hit-and-run driver. But there may be others we don't know yet."

He fell silent, and Charlie considered the situation, and another possibility occurred to him. It was on its face incredible, yet this whole tragedy was beyond the ordinary course of normal events. This other possibility persisted in his thoughts, yet he would not voice it for fear of the inspector's amusement.

But he asked at length, approaching it indirectly, "Who was it identified Bellmer? Have you found out?"

"I talked to the orderly in charge back there," Tope confessed. "He didn't know the man. Well dressed, fifty or sixty years old, with a gray mustache and bald-headed. Supposed to be from the Banner. You know any reporter who looks like that?"

But Charlie knew no such reporter on the Banner.

He shook his head and chuckled. "This is a beat for them," he remarked. "It makes the Journal look mighty silly. It may put the Banner on its feet again. A piece of luck for Dent."

Tope was silent, as though he weighed this, while Charlie watched him. But if their minds ran together, the inspector did not voice his thoughts.

"Bellmer was a rich man," he said at last, half to himself. "No family, had he?"

"I don't think so."

"Wonder what will become of his money," the old man hazarded, half aloud. "I suppose they'll publish his will. You know who his lawyer was?"

Charlie grinned and shook his head. "I wasn't in his confidence," he said dryly. "I never even saw him."

Tope smiled. "That's right," he agreed. "You didn't know him last night when I showed him to you."

Charlie banged his fist on his knee. "Inspector," he cried, "I can't believe that's Bellmer back there—even now."

But this incredulity was before very long to be forced to surrender. Their return to headquarters was somewhat delayed by traffic pressure and the driver may have taken ten minutes to cover the distance. They separated at the door and the inspector returned to his office, while Charlie, at hazard, turned toward the press room to forgather with the reporters on duty there. When he entered the room, two men were playing checkers, and they looked up abstractedly to speak to him, and he stopped to watch the game in silence.

But before it was done, a patrolman called him upstairs with word that Inspector Tope wanted him; and when Charlie obeyed the summons, the inspector said briefly:

"Thought you'd want to know. Boetius turned up at the morgue a minute or two after we left. He says it's Bellmer, all right."

Charlie's cheeks stiffened. "It is, eh?" he assented soberly. And he added after a moment: "A big case, inspector."

The old man surveyed him. "What are you doing tonight, Charlie?" he asked at last. Charlie shook his head. "I was thinking you might want to look around and find out how many cars Bellmer had, and where he kept them, and so on," the inspector suggested.

And Charlie seized on this chance for action.

"I'll go right along," he promised. "I'm just going to stop downstairs and see what the gang has heard."

"You can tell them about Boetius," Tope volunteered, and Charlie nodded and turned away.

The checker players, Dankert of the Star and Fought of the Sun, forgot their game at his news; and Gail and Corey and two or three others appeared and hurried to their telephones. Gail was the Journal man, and he told Charlie:

"We haven't followed the Banner yet. I telephoned Boetius that they didn't have any official identification here and he said he'd look out for it."

Charlie nodded; and Dankert, the oldest man in the room, finished sending in his bulletin and tamped down his pipe and said thoughtfully:

"A strange man, Bellmer—Jekyll and Hyde—or Raffles—or just plain depravity. He's been a mysterious figure for ten years gone—designedly so."

"You were always hearing stories," Fought agreed.

"He was a good amateur boxer in college, out West," Dankert told them. "Expelled for some misdemeanor. His father was wealthy—disowned Bellmer, and Bellmer went into competition with him—he was a newspaper man—and broke him. He's a licensed aviator—did you know that? And he was always quick with his fists."

"I saw him one day when he'd had a fight," Gail offered. "I went into Boetius' office for something, knocked and thought the boss said to come in. Bellmer was there, and he ducked back out of sight, but he had a black eye."

"Jeffries knew him by sight," Fought contributed. "Jeff always claimed he saw Bellmer one night in a joint in Montreal." He chuckled. "But if Jeff was there, he was probably too drunk to see. I never believed him, but I don't know now."

Charlie rose. "Anybody will believe anything now," he said grimly. "We'll hear tales enough." He drifted out and left them talking.

But his departure was taken not so much in distaste as because a word spoken had prompted a new thought in his mind. Montreal! Canada! Liquor! Quebec number plates! His heart began to pound. He remembered what the inspector had asked him to do and he moved away.

But there were telephone booths just outside the press room and the sight of them suggested Phœbe. It was late afternoon and she might be at home, so he called her.

She answered, and after a gay word or two, he said, "I thought you might not have seen the Banner."

"No," she confessed. "The Banner? Why?"

So he told her what had developed. There is a pleasure in thus bearing tidings, and her ejaculations of astonishment and dismay amused and delighted him. She was full of questions, incredulous yet inquisitive too. And not till he had satisfied her did he come to more personal affairs.

"I wanted to know when we can get together," he explained. "I'm going to be busy tonight—some work for the inspector." His tone was full of amused importance. "But tomorrow, after work, say."

She agreed. "I may be late," she reminded him. "Since Mr. Ruson was out today, there'll be extra mail. And then all this about Mr. Bellmer."

"I've got to come to the office anyway," he said, "for what's due me."

"Oh, they're not having pay day tomorrow," she warned him. "I heard Mr. Ruson give orders Saturday. You know Mr. Collord died last Tuesday and they're taking an extra day to get the books in order and everything."

Mr. Collord was the cashier, a grim old man who for years had presided at the wicket.

"I didn't know he was dead," Charlie confessed. "The crabbed old coot! What happened? Someone short changed him a dime, or something?"

He heard her faint chuckle. "But he was a good man," she insisted. "Mr. Bellmer trusted him absolutely. He and Mr. Ruson and Mr. Boetius were the only ones Mr. Bellmer did trust. But it's taking time to get Mr. Fray worked into the routine. I know they're not paying till Wednesday."

"I'll pick you up, anyway," he promised. "I'll wait for you at the Murray Street corner from five on—till you come."

And she agreed and asked another question, and he answered it, and Phœbe said thoughtfully, "The woman's the big mystery now, isn't she?"

This had not occurred to Charlie. "Why? How do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean, who is she? Does anyone know? And which world does she belong to? Mr. Bellmer lived in two worlds. Was she in Bull Fowle's? Or was she in Mr. Bellmer's, or in both? I should think that's what you would try to find out now."

Charlie nodded. "Great!" he applauded. "I hadn't seen that side of it. There are so many angles to this thing." He said good-by to her and emerged from headquarters into the street, and the puzzle she proposed absorbed him. In which world did Molly Bell have her habitation—in Bellmer's or Bull Fowle's?

He had found nothing like an answer to this question when presently he turned into the Banner Building. He wished to see Mr. Dent, but Mr. Dent was out. He would be in, Charlie was assured, late that evening, and the young man had to depart with this promise. There was a question he meant to ask Mr. Dent, an answer he desired. But this could wait another time.

When he went on, the afternoon was near its end and dusk would soon be setting over the city, but dusk would serve his ends. He turned aside from the business district toward the locality in which Bellmer's bachelor apartment was located. There the quest which Inspector Tope had suggested must begin.

Charlie went afoot; for though the distance was considerable, he wished time to think what he would do. The district into which presently he came was an old one, along the river, where, among the narrow houses that dated back to Colonial times, there were here and there newer structures built for modern ways. Near the river, around courtyards to which archways gave entrance, there were groups of semi-detached dwellings and small select apartments. It was in one of these that Bellmer had been used to abide.

When Charlie came to the address he made no attempt to enter, but he scanned the entrance thoughtfully. The outer door was locked; from the hall inside, an automatic elevator ascended to serve the upper floors. But Charlie was not so much interested in the apartment where Bellmer lived as in knowing where Bellmer's cars were housed, and almost at once he turned aside and began a leisurely progress through the streets near by.

He had, as he began this search, something like a premonition of success, and it

(Continued on Page 84)

AUTOMATIC SOMETIMES

or

AUTOMATIC *ALWAYS*

THERE are two ways in which you can be a slave to your furnace room—one is by playing waiter, nurse and chambermaid to a coal furnace—the other is by playing mechanic to a complicated "automatic" heating plant. Either is permissible if you have nothing better to do with your time.

Hand-fired heating plants, of course, are being replaced or abandoned by the thousands each year. Of automatic heating systems there are some which are "Automatic" principally in name—others, comparatively few, which are automatic in practice.

Bryant Gas Heating is in this latter class.

In the first place, it has no motors, blowers, pumps or other mechanism. It does not require servicing a la your automobile. In the second place, it is truly automatic in that it "orders its own fuel" and hence doesn't require its owner to play watchdog to a fuel bin or storage tank. In the third place, it *stays* automatic because a Bryant Boiler or Furnace embodies no revolving mechanisms to wear out or require frequent servicing—making it a long-time investment with little or no depreciation.

These are just three out of many reasons why it is only a wise precaution for any home-owner to get the entire Bryant story if he is considering the purchase of *any* type of automatic heating system for *any* kind of fuel. Just 'phone your local Bryant office, or write to us at Cleveland.

WITH Bryant Automatic Gas Heating you can throw away your coal shovel—junk your ash can—make a single match your winter's kindling—'tend furnace by the calendar, not by the clock—add a useful room to your house—laugh at the ups and downs of the temperature outside—enjoy winter—and "let the pup be your furnace man."

Bryant Automatic Gas Heating is truly automatic—whether used with hot water, steam, vapor or warm air. It is as noiseless as your kitchen stove, and stays noiseless; it creates no radio interference; and lets you take your winter heating just as much for granted as the water you draw from your kitchen or bathroom faucets.

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. COMPANY
17850 St. Clair Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

BRYANT GAS HEATING

AUTOMATIC ALWAYS

© BHMC

The Greater

HUDSON

In 14 Distinguished New Body Types

In the country-wide reception of the Greater Hudson, the beauty and distinction of its new line of bodies have won pre-eminent place in public interest and attention.

For refinements of body design, finish and rich appointment comprise the most evident and many of the most important of its 64 outstanding improvements.

All the new models are larger, wider and roomier. They provide greater leg and head room, and freedom of movement for the full passenger complement.

Every advancement suggested by the experience of 1,000,000 Super-Six owners is incorporated in these 14 new body types. And they are foremost in acclaiming this Hudson achievement as the highest style and value possibility of the day.

Never in Hudson history have we presented such beautiful bodies. Never such value. Never such price advantage. And those who know motor leadership say that speaks for the entire industry. To the wider number of models presented a further variety of personal choice is provided in two chassis lengths, of identical quality.

Among 64 advanced features are:—Large, Fine, Roomy, Luxurious Bodies—92 Developed Horsepower—Above 80 Miles an Hour—70 Miles an Hour All Day—Greater Economy.

You will add your endorsement and perhaps your ownership when you see and ride in the Greater Hudson.

64 Advanced Features:

$1095 *and up at factory*

Standard wheelbase—2-Door Sedan $1095, Standard Sedan $1175, Coupe $1195, Roadster $1250, 5-Pass. Phaeton $1350, Town Sedan $1375, Convertible Coupe $1450, Landau Sedan $1500, Victoria $1500. *Long wheelbase*—5-Pass. Club Sedan $1850, 7-Pass. Sedan $2000, 7-Pass. Limousine $2100.

Standard equipment includes 4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—all bright parts chromium-plated.

FRANKLIN'S 200 YEAR BEQUEST

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in his will, bequeathed to the City of Philadelphia £1000, to be loaned out to married artisans. At the end of 100 years part of the resultant fund was to be devoted to some public use. The balance was to be reinvested for another hundred years

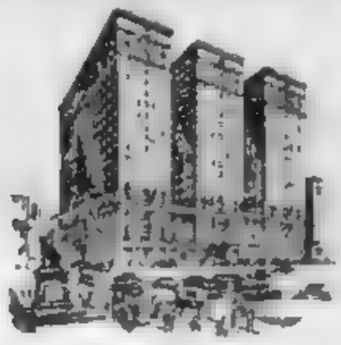
Looking far ahead was one of Franklin's noteworthy characteristics.

With vision similar to the philosopher whose name it bears, the Benjamin Franklin Hotel has made provision for your comfort and enjoyment well in advance of your visit.

The large, airy room reserved for you is tastefully furnished. Circulating ice-water is yours at the touch of a faucet. Your private bath invites a refreshing plunge. Every service that skilled management affords is at your command.

1200 Outside Rooms
Rates commence at four dollars

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street
Horace Leland Wiggins · *Managing Director*



Continued from Page 80

was not with surprise but as though it were a matter of course that he found what he sought at the first essay. He had chosen the garage which seemed to him most likely to have been selected by Bellmer. It was a new, towering, concrete structure, and the cars ranked around the walls within were expensive and immaculate.

Furthermore, there were, just inside the door and against the right-hand wall, two machines of the English make which the drug clerk had described. One was a roadster, the other a five-passenger touring car, and there was an empty space between them.

He remarked, too, and this without entering the garage at all, that one of these cars was only two numbers above the other—56 as against 54. And he wondered whether the car that should have been in the stall between were not a limousine numbered —— 55.

Then a chauffeur, who had just backed his car into place a little way beyond these two, came out of the garage and Charlie spoke to him, offered him a cigarette, said casually, "A couple of beautiful cars, there. Whose are they?"

The man grinned.

"Did belong to Bellmer, the Journal man," he replied. "Not much good to him now."

Charlie pretended ignorance and permitted the other to tell him the story of Bellmer's death. For if a man is allowed to talk, he may later be persuaded to continue talking.

So Charlie heard the story and when it was done he said enviously, "What did he want with two cars like that? One would be enough for most people."

"He had three," the chauffeur informed him. "The other's a limousine—belongs in that stall."

"Is that so?" Charlie commented in awed tones. "Say, I wouldn't mind being his chauffeur. It must be pretty soft. Or does he drive himself?"

"No, no," the other protested. "No, he's got a chauffeur. And it's no soft job, either, to hear that boy talk."

"He's got the limousine out joy-riding, I suppose," Charlie hazarded.

They were moving away from the garage and Charlie accommodated his pace to the other man's.

"Took it out Saturday night and not back since," the other returned. "But he's gone a week at a time—or two weeks sometimes. Never know when he'll be back." He chuckled. "He's scared to death of Bellmer," he asserted. "Bellmer comes down on him hard. He drove out of here a month or so ago without noticing that he had a flat, and when Bellmer found it out he knocked him cold—beat him up proper." He chuckled. "We kidded the boy about it. Oh, he was crazy! He rolled his eyes and swore he'd get even some day."

Charlie's spine was tingling. "Maybe he killed Mr. Bellmer," he hazarded in a vacuous tone, inviting assent, but the other shook his head.

"Him?" he cried scornfully. "Say, he wouldn't hurt a mouse! Bellmer had him buffaloed." He looked at Charlie doubtfully. "Say," he protested, "you're asking a lot of questions. What's the big idea?"

Charlie hesitated, undecided whether to play a part or to confess the truth. In the end, he chose the latter course. "You're wise," he said flatteringly. "Here's the answer." And he told as much as seemed to him discreet of his errand here, confessing that he was a reporter, out of a job, seeking to win it back again

"So I can sympathize with this boy," he said cheerfully. "He got a licking and I got fired. But maybe if I can find out who killed Bellmer, I can get my job back again. Where do you think the chauffeur has gone?"

The other man, reassured, was willing to help.

"But the boy didn't do this trick," he urged—"didn't have the nerve."

Yet the fact that Bellmer bullied his chauffeur seemed to Charlie of a piece with what he knew of the dead man's character; the fact that the chauffeur had made threats seemed to him likewise of decided weight.

"Just the same," he insisted, "I'd like to talk to him."

The other snapped his fingers.

"At that," he declared, "I'll bet I know where he's gone. I'll bet he's gone to Canada."

Charlie felt his hair prickle. "Why?" he challenged

"Bellmer had all his cars licensed in Quebec," the man explained. "He carried Quebec plates in the door pockets. I've seen them."

Charlie's pulse was racing, but his tone was calm. "That's a chance," he agreed. He was suddenly eager to rid himself of this man and bear his news to Tope; so he asked, "Want to let me have your name?"

And the other, in quick alarm, shook his head. "Not me! Don't put me in the paper! Glad to help you out, buddy that's all."

So they parted and Charlie found a taxi. He was intoxicated by his own discoveries. It seemed to him probable, if it were not certain, that the car which had come so near running Bellmer down was Bellmer's own! And if the car had not hit him, the chauffeur might have struck at him in passing—with a wrench, for instance, or a tire tool. Charlie was in haste to get back and report these things to the inspector.

But on the way it occurred to him to stop and make another attempt to see Dent, the owner of the Banner. Here fortune favored him. Dent was in his office, and free; and when Charlie introduced himself, the publisher nodded readily.

"I know your work, Harquail," he agreed in a cordial tone. "You've turned up some good stories on the gang fights in the last few weeks."

"Thanks," Charlie said, in faint embarrassment.

"Hope the Journal appreciates you," Dent suggested, and Charlie grinned and told the state of his affairs. "Well, here," Dent urged, "there's a job on the hook here for you. I'm not through with the Banner yet. We sold a hundred thousand extra papers today. And Bellmer was the Journal and Bellmer's gone!"

Charlie shook his head. "That's mighty decent," he said. "I appreciate it. But I fell down on the job with them. I'm roving now trying to pick up some stuff for them to make up for that." And he came to the point. "One of your men identified Bellmer," he remarked. "I don't want you to give away your stuff. I won't print what you give me till you say so. But who identified him?"

Dent hesitated, but only momentarily. "I'm printing it tomorrow," he confessed "You keep it quiet till then." He added smilingly: "We've some more facts up our sleeve." And after a momentary pause, he added: "I did. I identified Mr. Bellmer's body. I went down to the morgue and looked at him."

The young man nodded. "I guessed as much," he admitted. "But why did you go? What made you think you might recognize Bull Fowle?"

Dent smiled. "That was luck," he said frankly. "Here!" He fumbled in his pocket. "An anonymous letter came for me Sunday night. Here's a copy. Read it."

And Charlie read:

Dent: There's fifty thousand circulation at the morgue under the name of Bull Fowle. Go and see.

Charlie's eyes ran along the lines a second time and the words fixed themselves on his memory. He passed the slip back without comment. His thoughts were too swift for speech, and a moment later, with thanks almost curt, he hurried away, turned again toward headquarters.

He had been instantly struck by the reference to circulation. That note, he decided, had been written by a newspaper man; none other would have been likely to think in such terms. And by a cautious newspaper man, for any other would have said a hundred thousand. Charlie was halfway to headquarters before he perceived a further significance in the brief lines.

The man who wrote that note knew the dead man was Bellmer, not Bull Fowle. But Huginn and Reevil and Spero could not have known this; and as he recognized this fact, Charlie crossed them off his list of suspects.

Whoever did kill Bellmer, he decided, the gangsters had had no hand in the affair.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Old Offender: "Dis Used to be a Decent Jail. Now Look at th' Darn Thing!"

STRANDED
but rescued by Ætna service

ÆTNA

On the 31st of July, 1928, Miss ———, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, with her father, mother and aunt, was touring to Montreal. Near Vassalboro, Maine, a passing car forced Miss ——— off the road and her car crashed over a concrete culvert.

In the twinkling of an eye the happy, carefree party was completely wrecked. The transmission gear of the car was virtually destroyed. Vacation plans ruined. No friends at hand.

But, Miss ——— was Ætna-ized. She called the nearest Ætna representative, eight miles away, and he immediately responded. Miss ——— had no collision insurance, and the person at fault had been allowed to go on his way. But nevertheless the representative of Ætna took charge of the situation.

The wreck was towed to a garage where, on account of the high cost, Miss ——— was advised against having her two-year-old car repaired. The Ætna agent, after visiting several dealers, secured a very generous trade-in allowance on her car. Miss ——— with an unusually low payment was equipped with a new car and sent on her way happily grateful for this real service.

This actual happening, taken from the Ætna Claim Files, is typical of the service that is being rendered day in and day out by 20,000 Ætna representatives in every city and town from coast to coast. When you invest in insurance, whether automobile or accident or a fidelity or surety bond, you owe it to yourself to make sure that it is placed in a company that has an experienced nation-wide organization ready to render you aid *whenever and wherever you may need it*

The Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company • of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection

ÆTNA-IZE

See the Ætna-izer in your community—he is a man worth knowing

How HUSBANDS *can improve their* dispositions

"Of course I found that replacing caffein beverages with Postum enabled me to sleep better, and kept me from feeling so nervous and fagged out.

"But Postum accomplished a still greater benefit in my case. Its use in place of caffein improved my disposition amazingly! Heretofore, on going home in the evenings, I felt extremely irritable. Only by keeping closest guard over my tongue and actions, could I refrain from outbursts of unjustifiable temper. Jaded nerves, over-stimulated by caffein, were probably to blame.

"Whatever the cause, my disposition is now greatly improved since Postum has replaced caffein in my diet. Needless to say, my family is as enthusiastic about Postum as I am. We continue to use it and like its flavor exceedingly."

CLIFTON D. DUSH,
10903 Clifton Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio

• • •

QUARRELS that start from nothing, cross words that have no reason—these are the things that shatter happy households. And the tragedy of it is that so often the real cause of this irritability lies in a seemingly harmless mealtime indiscretion—in the continued use of caffein.

For caffein is a known nerve irritant. Slyly, it does its work, robbing a man of sleep, hammering at his nerves, until he becomes testy, short-tempered—a trial to family and friends. But eliminate caffein from the diet—replace it with Postum—see what a wonderful change takes place! Sound sleep returns, nerves become normal—smiles chase away the frowns!

Try this diet change in *your* family! Try it for thirty days! Then judge!

You'll lose nothing in mealtime enjoyment by changing to Postum. Postum has a rich, full-bodied flavor that millions prefer. A drink made of roasted whole wheat and bran—without a trace of any artificial stimulant in it.

Your grocer has Postum. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply *free*, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P—S E P 2-23-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup)] Check which you prefer
POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling)

Name

Street

City State

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada address
Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.
312 Metropolitan Bldg. Toronto 2, Ontario

VIGILANTE

(Continued from Page 5)

"I'll be hanged," he muttered after a moment's ineffectual effort. "I can't break his grip!"

A second miner offered a suggestion.

"What's th' use of tryin'?" he asked. "He went out with them cards and that gun in his hand. Let him take 'em with him that way to—wherever he's goin' "

No objections could be found to the proposal, and Arnett was laid to rest with cards and .44 navy still in his grasp.

Jermagin and Spillman were tried by a miners' court in the Worden store. The first named offered as defense that he had not been associated with the other two in any theft of horses they might have committed. He had met them, he said, on the trail a day or two prior to their arrival on Gold Creek and they had given him a horse to ride. His statement was corroborated by Spillman, and James Stuart testified that when the trio arrived in the settlement Jermagin had been riding an unsaddled horse, his own blankets being lashed about the animal's barrel. The jury deliberated.

"You were sure in bad company, Jermagin," the prisoner was told, "and you weren't in any hurry to cut loose from them, but we reckon you weren't guilty. Gold Creek can get along without you, however. You got six hours to get out of this part of the country!"

Tradition says that Jermagin beat the time limit set for his departure by approximately five hours and fifty-nine minutes.

The death of Arnett and his own capture appeared to have dazed the man Spillman. Despite the gravity of his situation, he offered no defense and sat apathetically, gazing at the floor or out through the open doorway into the bright sunshine, while Bull and Fox told the court of the theft of the horses. His guilt was clear and there could be but one verdict.

"You've got half an hour," he was told. "If there's any last requests, now's the time to make 'em."

The man roused somewhat from his lethargy. "I'd like to write a letter," he said at last.

An Act of Mercy

Paper was brought him and with a steady hand he penned a farewell to his father, blaming evil associations for his fate and expressing regret that he had brought disgrace upon his family. The message, incidentally, was never delivered. James Stuart, to whom it was given in charge, destroyed it, feeling that the greater mercy was in keeping the father in ignorance of the manner of his son's death.

A butcher's scaffold was pressed into service as a gallows and Spillman was hanged shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon of August twenty-sixth; the first man to be executed in what was later Montana Territory. He was buried beside Arnett in the river bottom.

"Saul, he went to look for donkeys, and by God, he found a kingdom!" And Bill Fairweather told Harry Edgar to wash a pan of gravel he had taken from a creek bottom and see if he could find enough gold to buy tobacco when they reached town. Thus prosaic was the discovery of the placer beds of Alder Gulch—as rich as any free-gold deposits the world has ever known. A hundred million dollars in yellow dust came from a ravine that is but fourteen miles from its head to where it empties into the broad valley of the Passamari.

"Pretty good for tobacco money!" wrote Edgar in describing the original find. Yes, a hundred million; very fair indeed!

Turning Up Tobacco Money

There were six men in the party—Bill Fairweather, Harry Edgar, Barney Hughes, Thomas Cover, William Sweeney, and an old mountaineer and packer named Henry Rodgers. They had started from Deer Lodge some weeks earlier, crossing the Tobacco Root Mountains within a few miles of the gulch they were to christen Alder, and had gone on east and south to the upper reaches of the Yellowstone River. They were captured by Indians, but released after a long powwow, and worked their way back to the westward. Here, there and everywhere they pried and sampled and sank test holes to the bed rock that lay beneath the creeks they crossed. They found traces of color on Butcher Creek and Granite Creek in the Madison Valley, but no indications of gold in really paying quantities.

Old Bill Fairweather, Whose Pick Turned Up the First Gold of Alder Gulch

Discouraged, their clothes in rags, their food supply practically exhausted, their horses lame, they decided to abandon the trip and started back toward Bannack, more than a hundred miles away, but the only town in the region.

On May 26, 1863, they once more crossed the Tobacco Roots and pitched their camp in a deep, narrow valley, its steep walls gashed by numerous short tributary ravines.

Of their camp there and the events of that and following days Harry Edgar wrote in the diary he kept throughout the trip:

May 26, 1863: Off again. Horse pretty lame and Bill leading him out of the timber. Fine grassy hills and lots of quartz; some antelope in sight. Down a long ridge to a creek and camped. Had dinner, and Rodgers, Sweeney, Barney and Cover go up to the creek to prospect. It was Bill's & my turn to guard camp and look after the horses. We washed and doctored the horse's leg. Bill went across to a bar to see or look for a place to stake the horses. When he came back to camp, he said, "There is a piece of rim rock sticking out of the bar over there. Get the tools and we will go and prospect it."

Bill got the pick and shovel, and I the pan, and we went over. Bill dug the dirt and filled the pan. "Now," he said, "go and wash that pan and see if you can get enough to buy some tobacco when we get to town." I had the pan more than half panned down and had seen some gold as I ran the sand around, when Bill sang out, "I have found a scad!" I returned for answer: "If you have one, I have a hundred!" He then came down to where I was with his scad. It was a nice piece of gold. Well, I panned the pan of dirt and it was a good prospect, weighed it and had two dollars and forty cents. Weighed Bill's scad and it weighed the same. Four dollars and eighty cents! Pretty good for tobacco money. We went and got another pan, and Bill panned that and got more than I had; I got the third one and panned that—best of the three, good enough to sleep on.

We came to camp, dried and weighed our gold, and altogether there was twelve dollars

(Continued on Page 88)

52

FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES

"The Friendship"

The Friendly Five Trade-Mark is stamped on the

soles of all Friendly Five Shoes. Look for it.

Every day thousands of men, exacting in their demands of style, comfort, and quality, choose Friendly Five Shoes. You will find as they do, that the faultless style of Friendly Fives compliments your good taste .... that their comfort, due to perfect fit, removes all sense of foot consciousness .... that their superior quality, assured by use of the world's best leathers, means extra wear and true economy .... and their price leaves something in your pocket for other things.

FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

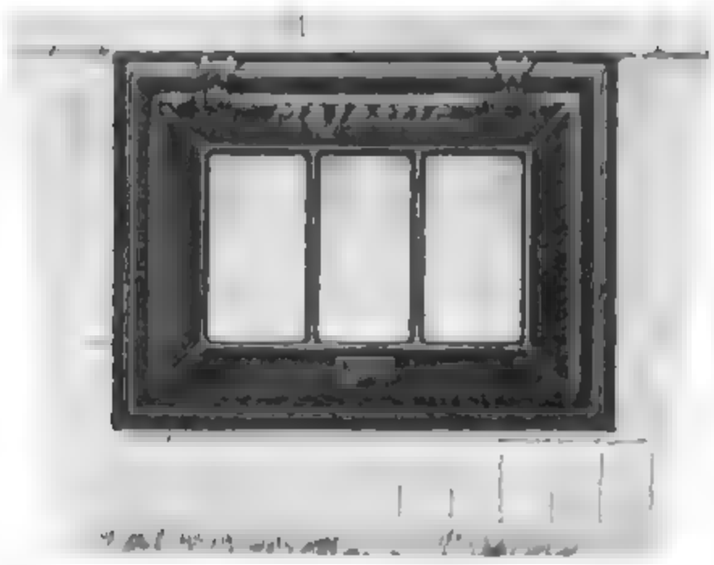
All Styles Five Dollars

You may identify stores selling Friendly Five Shoes by this emblem. If you do not find Friendly

Five Shoes sold in your community write direct to the factory and name of nearest dealer will be sent you.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES



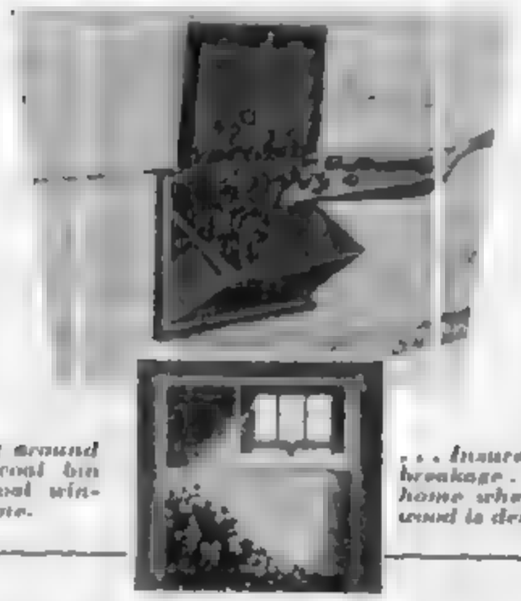
. . . Utility and GOOD DESIGN

. . . Make This the Choice of Modern Home Builders

HERE is the coal window you'll find in so many of the newer homes. It's the Glass Panel Majestic—the *best coal window ever built* by the world's largest makers of coal windows. It *protects* the home when coal is delivered . . . adds *beauty* to the foundation line . . . and gives *plenty of light* in the coal bin. Any one who has groped about in a dimly lit coal bin appreciates this feature . . . The Majestic is *absolutely break-proof*—made of Certified Malleable Iron and Keystone Copper Steel. Heavy pressed steel doors are electro-galvanized—*rust-proofed*. Panels are of extra heavy plate glass, and set in rubber to prevent breakage. Springless, positive, automatic latch. . . . The Majestic catalog describes in detail this glass panel coal window and seventeen other styles in a range of prices to meet all requirements. Whether you intend to build or buy, you should have this catalog. Write for it today.

[Majestic Quality REALLY Costs Less]

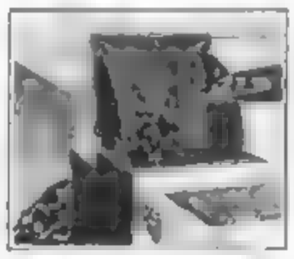
THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
129 Erie Street, Huntington, Indiana



No fumbling around in a dark coal bin with this coal window in a home.

. . . Insured against breakage . . protects home when coal or wood is delivered.

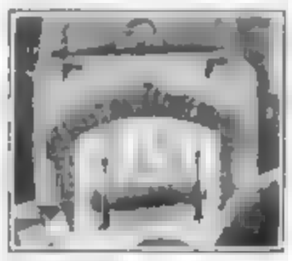
OTHER
MAJESTIC
QUALITY PRODUCTS
for the Home



Low foundations have popularized this grade line Majestic coal chute

The sanitary and safe way to dispose of garbage is the Majestic underground garbage receiver

Every modern home should have this convenient milk and package receiver



Majestic dampers, ash pit doors and ash dumps insure a correctly built fireplace

Give your child a place to study—with this attractive, useful student desk

The heart of a really efficient heating system—the Master Majestic Down Draft Furnace

Write for full information about any one or all of these Majestic Quality Products for the home.

MAJESTIC
COAL WINDOWS
AND BUILDING SPECIALTIES

(Continued from Page 86)

and thirty cents. We saw the boys coming to camp and no tools with them

Have you found anything?" we asked. "We have started a hole, but I don't get to bed rock." They began to growl about the horses not being taken care of and to give Bill and me fits. When I pulled the pan around, Sweeney got hold of it, and the next minute sang out, "Salted!"

I told Sweeney that if he would pipe Bill and me down and run us through a sluice box, he couldn't get a color, and that the horses could go to the devil or the Indians. Well, we talked over the find and roasted venison until late, and sought the brush and spread our robes and a more joyous lot of men never went more contentedly to bed than we.

May 27th: Up before the sun. Horses all right and soon the frying pan was on the fire. Sweeney was off with the pan and Barney telling him to "take it easy." He panned his pan and beat both Bill and me. He had five dollars and thirty cents. "Well, you have got it good, by Jove!" were his greeting words. When we got filled up with elk, Hughes and Cover went up the gulch, Sweeney and Rodgers down, Bill and I to the old place. We panned, turn-about, ten pans at a time all day long, and it was good dirt too. "A grubstake is what we are after," was our watchword all day, and it was to be one hundred and fifty dollars in good dust. "God is good," as Rodgers said when we left the Indian camp. Sweeney and Rodgers found a good prospect and have eighteen dollars of the gold to show for it. . . .

May 28th: Staked the ground this morning; claims one hundred feet. Sweeney wanted a notice written for a water right, and asked me to write it for him. I wrote it; then asked, "What name shall we give the creek?" The boys said "You name it." So I wrote "Alder." There was a large fringe of alder growing along the creek, looking nice and green. We staked twelve claims for our friends and named the bars Cover, Fairweather and Rodgers where the discoveries were made. We agreed to say nothing of the discovery when we get to Bannack, and come back and prospect the gulch thoroughly and get the best. It was midday when we left. We came down the creek past the forks and to its mouth, made marks so we could find the same again, and on down the valley to a small creek and camped. . . .

May 30th: All well. Ate up the last of our meat for breakfast; will have supper at Bannack—ham and eggs. Away we go and have no cares. Crossed at the mouth of the Rattlesnake and up the Bannack trail, the last stage over the hill and down to the town, the raggedest lot that ever was seen, but happy. Friends on every side. Bob Dempsey grabbed our horses and cared for them. Frank Ruff got us to his cabin. Salt Lake eggs, ham, potatoes, and everything. Such a supper! One has to be on short commons and then he will know. Too tired and too glad!

May 31st: Such excitement! Everyone with a long story about the new find. After I got my store clothes on I was sitting in a saloon talking with some friends. There were lots of men there who were strangers to me. They were telling that we brought in a horseload of gold—and not one of the party had told that we even found color! Such is life in the Far West. We have been feasted and cared for like princes.

June 2nd: Left Bannack this forenoon and came over to Rattlesnake. A crowd awaits us; crowds follow after us; they camp right around us so we can't get away.

June 3rd: Move on down to Beaverhead River, and the crowd gets more and more strong, on foot as well as on horseback.

June 4th: Down the river we go over two hundred strong. . . . We see it is no good to try to get away from the crowd, so we will camp where we leave the river. Made a camp near the Beaverhead Rock. Miners meeting called for this afternoon. I was chosen to state to the crowd what we had found. I did so and told them we had panned out one hundred and eighty-nine dollars altogether, showing them a sample of the gold . . . and said: "If we are allowed to have the claims as we have staked them, we will go on; if not, we will go no further." Some talk and it was put to a vote. The vote was in our favor—only one vote against it. At the meeting there was a set of laws adopted to govern our claims. . . . They wanted to know where the gulch was, but as some were on foot and others on horseback, they were told: "When we get to the creek, you will be told, and not till then." Everybody satisfied.

June 5th: . . . We are fearful that when the crowd gets in they will pull up our stakes. So some of the boys on the outside of the ring were told of the plan, and Barney, with ten or twelve, will get out ahead to make them secure.

June 6th: . . . When we came to the creek and were going up, I said to them: "This is the creek." Such a stampede! I never saw anything like it before. I was left alone with our packs, and took my time, for I know my claim is safe. . . . Got to camp at Discovery about four o'clock. The creek is all staked.

Such was the discovery and the stampede that followed. Tents, frame shacks, log cabins and brush wikiups sprang up as though some gold-seeking Aladdin had rubbed his lamp. In a week or ten days there was a town clustered about the site of the original discovery—a town that some Southerner christened Varina, in honor of Varina Anne Banks Howell Davis, wife of Jefferson Davis.

The town that was to be the first capital of Montana did not bear its original name for long. Dr. G. G. Bissell, an ardent Unionist, was elected judge of the district at the miners' meeting held on June seventh and confirmed by a second meeting on the twelfth. A day or two later he was called upon to sign a legal document headed with the name Varina. He calmly ran his pen through the objectionable title.

"Varina!" he snorted indignantly. "I'll be eternally damned if I'll sign any papers in a town named for the wife of Jefferson Davis! We'll call it—he hesitated a moment and then wrote in another name—"we'll call it Virginia—Virginia City! That's Southern enough to suit any rebel!"

Virginia City it became by that decree and Virginia City it remained; the change in title resulting in considerable confusion with Virginia City, Nevada, the boom town of the Comstock Lode.

Other towns were laid out for ten miles along the gulch. Travelers bound for the diggings crossed the Passamari near Bob Dempsey's Cottonwood Ranch and swung eastward between the hills shouldering down from the Tobacco Roots. Scarcely out of the lowlands was the town of Junction. Then followed, one after the other, Adobetown, Nevada, Central, Virginia City, Pine Grove, Highland and Summit. The whole gulch was one town strung along a single street; a settlement that can be described only by the words Parnesius used in telling of the miles-long city that followed the Roman Wall across Britain.

"One long town," said the centurion of the Thirtieth Legion, "long like a snake and wicked like a snake. One roaring, rioting, cock-fighting, wolf-baiting, horse-racing town. Yes, a snake basking beside a warm wall!"

Long like a snake and wicked like a snake! Such were Virginia and her sister hamlets. The cabins and tents and wikiups of the miners perched on the hillsides above their claims and followed the winding course of the creek. The single main street, also paralleling the stream, was one long succession of saloons, gambling houses, dance halls and similar resorts. Honky-tonk, hurdy-gurdy and hurdy-house were the terms generally used to describe the dance halls, and the honky-tonk girls appeared in the town almost as soon as the miners.

In a majority of the halls a dance cost a dollar, paid almost invariably in dust weighed out on the gold scales that were a part of every merchant's or saloon keeper's equipment. There was little coin in circulation in the region, and the Union greenbacks, their value depreciated because of the war, were accepted only at a discount.

With the final strains of the music the master of ceremonies raised his voice in a stentorian shout of, "All promenade to the bar!" and very rarely was a miner so lacking in gallantry as to decline to buy his partner a drink—straight whisky, usually, at four bits a shot. He knew the chilly reception that would be his the next time he sallied forth on pleasure bent if he dodged the purchase of the libation that concluded every quadrille, polka, schottish or waltz. The girls worked on a percentage basis, sharing in the proceeds of the dances and in the money paid for the drinks they persuaded their partners to buy.

The resorts never closed. Barrooms were open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and the cold-eyed, deft-fingered gamblers worked in shifts at the monte, faro and poker tables and the whirling roulette wheels. Play was high, furious and continuous. A hundred-dollar bet was

merely small change; frequently a thousand or more—the chips, or markers, bought by each player being backed by his fat sack of gold dust—would be laid as a single wager in monte or on the turn of a card from the faro box. Out of the sands and gravel of the creek came the gold in constantly increasing and apparently inexhaustible quantities, and the same glittering stream poured across the bars and the gaming tables and into the pockets of the honky-tonk girls.

Twelve thousand men lived and mined, fought and robbed, loved, gambled and drank in Alder Gulch when the boom was at its peak. The twisting main street was choked with men on foot, with wagons, saddled horses, pack trains, and slow, lumbering ox teams. Adobetown was one long succession of blacksmith shops, where the oxen were driven into stocks, slung clear of the ground, and each cloven hoof shod with twin shoes.

Bannack was the nearest town—seventy-five miles away. The metropolis of the region was Salt Lake City, more than four hundred miles distant. One stage route to Salt Lake operated by A. J. Oliver & Co.—followed the Passamari and the Beaverhead, crossed the divide to Bannack, and from there on to the ford of the Snake River near Fort Hall and through Port Neuf Canyon to the Mormon settlements. The second—and both lines were established and operating on regular schedules by the summer of 1863; so tremendous was the influx of settlers and prospectors—was Peabody & Caldwell's, employing a route that led south into the canyon of the Passamari and west through the pass between the Ruby Mountains and the mighty peaks of the Snow Crest range. Mail, clothing, flour and other staples and necessary supplies came by one or the other of these routes or were brought by pack train from Fort Benton, the head of steamboat navigation on the Missouri River.

Either route was one abounding in hardships, difficulties and dangers of which that from hostile Indians was purely incidental. The bitter northern winters ruled the land from November to June, frequently closing the passes for weeks at a time. Spring freshets undermined, gullied and washed out the miserable cart tracks that were by courtesy called roads. In the lowlands along the rivers whose courses they followed, the stages, freighters' wagons, and pack trains labored slowly through clinging mud that was hub-deep on the high wheels or up to the bellies of the plunging horses.

At the End of the Rainbow

Wild, remote and inaccessible was Alder Gulch, barred from the Western world and that distant Eastern hinterland known as "the States" by the snowy ramparts of the Rockies and leagues of territory swarming with raiding Indians and still shown on the inaccurate maps of the day as the Great American Desert. Wild towns, wild times, wild men—and among the wildest was old Bill Fairweather himself, the bearded giant who made the original discovery.

Men called him Old Bill, but he was only in his twenty-seventh year when he made the Alder Gulch strike, having been born in Woodstock Parish, Carleton County, New Brunswick, June 14, 1836. Six feet and two inches of bone and sinew, a mop of chestnut-brown hair falling over his shoulders, a pair of immense sweeping mustaches, and a curly reddish beard that fell over the breast of his checked shirt.

Gold, in itself, meant nothing to Fairweather. He threw it away—literally so—riding his horse up and down Wallace Street in Virginia City, tossing gold dust by handfuls into the air, and roaring with laughter as children, barroom loafers and Chinamen scrambled in the mud for the yellow nuggets. He drifted away from Alder Gulch in 1868, and for more than four years prospected through other lonely regions of the Northwest; far up the Peace River of British Columbia and into Southeastern Alaska. The district that bore his name called him back in the end and he died, a pauper and a drunkard, on August 25, 1875, at Robbers' Roost—Pete Daley's roadhouse in the Passamari Valley.

Such was Virginia City and such were the men who made her in the days when gold was as common as dirt, easy to get and easier to spend. A hundred million is generally considered a conservative estimate of the total output of Alder Gulch. After the placer miners had reckoned the pay dirt exhausted, the Chinamen went in with shovel and pan, and gleaned what the white man had wasted or overlooked; and after the Chinamen came great steam dredges, which turned the land upside down from the Passamari almost to Nevada, and took out a fortune.

Choked With Gold

One of these monsters was working along the northern side of the gulch, and the engineers in charge faced a rather ticklish problem in moving the unwieldy vessel around the tip of a rocky point at the mouth of a tributary ravine known as Water Gulch. It was finally suggested that the simplest course would be to dig through the obstacle. The machinery was started and the engineers surprised and delighted to find traces of color in what they had thought would prove only worthless dirt. A subsequent discovery caused a messenger to be sent as fast as his horse could gallop to find the dredge captain in Virginia City.

"What's wrong?"

"Something's busted down. We're finding color—a good deal of it—but th' dredge ain't savin' th' gold. She's just throwin' it out with th' dirt!"

"Shut her down! I'll get there as soon as I can."

He saddled a horse and galloped down to the dredge. The reason for the faulty operation was soon discovered, and the eyes of the men nearly popped from their heads.

The rocky point through which they were digging had been formed by a slide from the hillside, covering some yards of the original bed of Alder Creek and diverting the stream to a new channel. Gold from this ancient stream bed had filled and clogged every one of the plates of the dredge and the precious metal was running out, untrapped, with the waste dirt. Forty-eight thousand dollars' worth of gold was taken out that afternoon.

Bummer Dan McFadden was one of the earliest arrivals in Virginia City and became one of the town's most noted characters. He bummed his meals, he bummed his drinks, he bummed a place to sleep, he bummed tobacco. When he began bumming a few dollars in dust with which to gamble, the miners rose in their wrath.

"Get to work or get out!" he was told "Go locate a claim and dig your own gold!"

"What do I know about minin'?" Dan expostulated. "I don't know where to dig."

"One place is as good as another. Dig anywhere. Dig over there!"

They indicated a benched hillside well above the creek; a location of so little apparent value that no man had considered it worth locating as a claim. Dan bummed a pick, he bummed a shovel, he bummed a bucket and some rope, and calmly proceeded to sink a shaft into the richest pay gravel yet discovered in the gulch. Bummer Dan's Bar produced more than five million dollars in gold!

McFadden, together with all of the original settlers of Alder Gulch, came from Bannack, the town on the site of the Grasshopper Creek diggings discovered by John White in 1862. News of the wealth of the Fairweather strike spread with almost telegraphic rapidity all over the West, and fortune seekers from every part of the country turned their faces toward the new Golconda. The majority of these newcomers were earnest, hard-working miners, but others were of a different stamp.

Just as the gray wolves slunk on padded feet through the sagebrush on the flanks of

(Continued on Page 92)

TOOTH DECAY
will never have a chance
if you practice modern mouth hygiene

Every year, thousands and thousands of people are attacked by tooth decay and gum irritations in spite of the most faithful care. Why?

The reason is simple. The acids which attack the tooth enamel and irritate the delicate gum tissues form in spots beyond the reach of your tooth-brush. Yet, unless these acids are removed tooth decay and dangerous infections often develop.

Unfortunately mere brushing cannot reach all the acids lodged in these inaccessible spots—particularly at The Danger Line, where teeth and gums meet. That is where old-fashioned methods fail to protect. Your dentifrice must do part of the job of guarding your teeth and gums It must penetrate into these places where the tooth-brush cannot reach. And it must contain an antacid ingredient that is effective and safe.

Squibb's Dental Cream can bring you full protection because it meets this prime fundamental of up-to-date mouth hygiene. It contains more than 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—an amount ample to reach into all the tiny pits and crevices on your teeth and bring protection for a long time after use.

Let your dentist inspect your teeth at least twice a year. Between these visits, use Squibb's Dental Cream. These simple, modern precautions, will make it almost impossible for tooth decay or gum irritations ever to attack you. At all druggists, 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

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SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM

HENRY FORD, in an interview by Allan L. Benson, said: "I go to bed about 9 o'clock every night. I get up at 6 in the morning. I sleep about 6 hours, but am in bed nine. If I do not live to be 100 it will be my own fault." Surely most of us would be better off, both mentally and physically, if we followed this sound advice of Henry Ford

COMMANDER BYRD, when interviewed by Fitzhugh Green, said, upon being asked what he relied on most to help him stand the terrible strain of a long flight: "Proper sleep and exercise in the weeks preceding that flight. For it is during sleep that the body renews the vitality which its owner has extravagantly used during the day."

FRANK O. LOWDEN, ex-Governor of Illinois, in an interview by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., said: "The old theory that one requires less sleep as he grows older is unsound, so far as my experience goes. I require as much sleep now as ever. No matter what else I must forego, my sleep is the last thing I sacrifice, even in the greatest emergency."

INTERVIEWED

Each says proper rest

Eight hours' ... ork, and eight ... ... that's the ... that these ... recommend

Presented here are brief interviews with leaders of business, politics, science, and literature, on the subject of sleep.

These clear-thinking men in positions of great responsibility recognize the tremendous advantage of a well rested mind and body. Surely most of us would be much better off, both mentally and physically, if we followed the impressive advice given us in their statements above.

These men who guide the affairs of great business organizations, and influence the thinking of nations, realize the vital importance of sleep. They know that enough sleep—and the right sleep

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, founder of the Curtis Publishing Company, said, when interviewed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.: "Sound sleep I believe to be worth all the medicine in the world. Without sleep it is absolutely impossible for the younger generation to get ahead—or for the older generation to keep in the game of life."

GUGLIELMO MARCONI, when interviewed by the Princess Carlos de Rohan, said: "I believe in sleep. It inspires me. Rest and sleep. My doctor cares more about my sleeping than anything else I do or do not do. Active brains need plenty of sleep. And the quality of sleep is as important as the quantity. It should be restful."

H. G. WELLS, famous English author, said, when interviewed by Audrey Scott: "I don't mind what Napoleon said about six hours for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool—I want eight hours of dreamless, motionless sleep and I cannot do without it. If I do not get that allowance, then, in a few days, my nerves and mind are threadbare."

ABOUT SLEEP

KEEPS HIM FIT

is needed for the clear minds and powerful wills that carry on the world's work.

Simmons, world's largest manufacturers of beds, springs, and mattresses, have developed scientifically the sleep equipment which gives complete relaxation and induces healthful sleep.

This extraordinary comfort, embodied in their Beautyrest Mattress and their Ace Box Spring, is within reach of every income. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher.

Simmons products are being displayed at the best stores in cities everywhere. Be sure that any sleep equipment you buy bears the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

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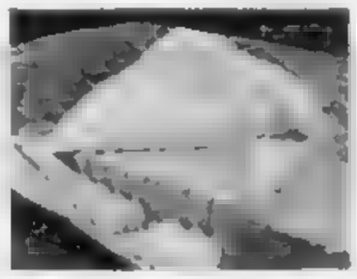
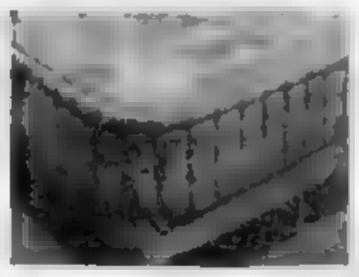
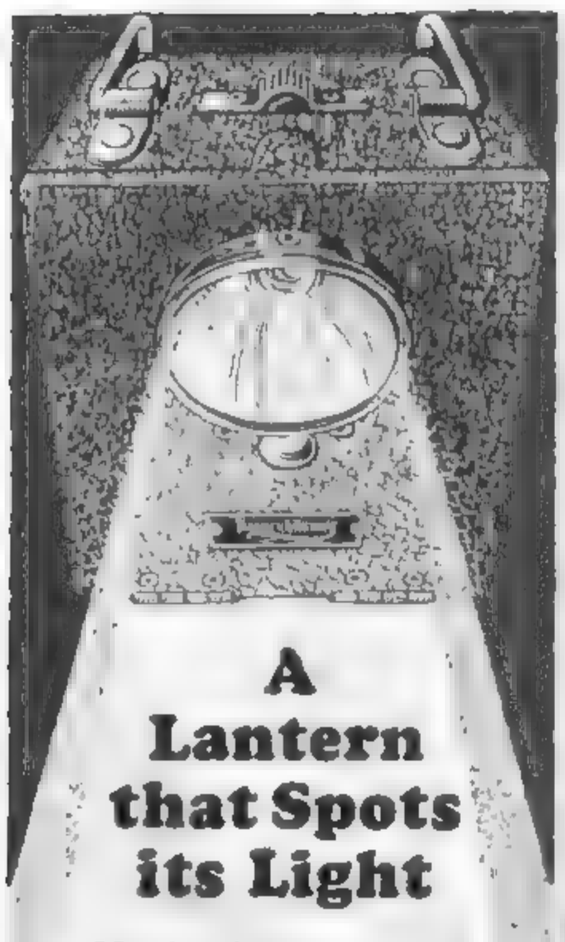


Simmons Beautyrest Mattress — Hundred ... pocketed ... coil coils, each tempered ... Thick, luxurious upholstering ... design, ... covers



Simmons Ace Box Spring — Covered in stunning damask to match the Beautyrest. Frame of seasoned lumber, steel-braced. Best grade of Premier wire coils; thick upholstering.



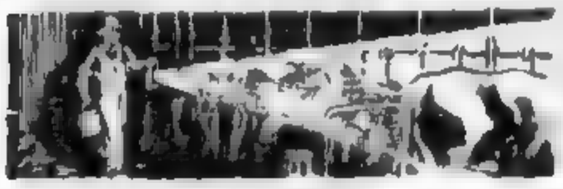
A Lantern that Spots its Light

Here's a lantern you can keep upon the mantelpiece or living room table. And, it's a lantern, built like a focusing flashlight, to actually throw and *spot* its light.

It is fitted into an attractive *square* case and finished in green crystallizing lacquer with aristocratic nickel-plated trimmings.

This BARNEY & BERRY Focusing Lantern

therefore, is a handsome ornament as well as a handy light. The flat base enables you to set it down anywhere while it can also be carried in the hand by the bail hanger handle or fastened, by this hanger, to a pocket or belt. In any position, it throws an intense clear beam up to 350 feet, as your dealer will be glad to demonstrate.



Ask your dealer also about the Barney & Berry Hedlite—the flashlight that fastens to your head, tilts at any angle and throws its light wherever you turn your eyes. Ask about the Barney & Berry Wonderlite, too—to say nothing of our complete line of standard tubular, focusing and industrial lights.

Barney & Berry quality in construction is matched only by Barney & Berry originality in design.

BARNEY & BERRY, INC.
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

FLASHLIGHTS and BATTERIES
ICE and ROLLER SKATES
TOOLS, FISHING TACKLE
WALDEN CUTLERY

(Continued from Page 89)

the buffalo herds, so did these human wolves prowl remorselessly along the trails followed by miner, prospector and trader. And of the two beasts, the four-footed was the more merciful.

No man knows whence they came, but there is no mining camp or cow town of the West that has not its tales of bandits, road agents, gunmen, high graders, and rustlers. Some had been known in California, leaving that country precipitously when the law shut down with an iron hand and the outlaws were hunted down like wolves.

Others had followed the emigrant trains across the plains, lured by the adventurous life of the Indian fighter and drifting easily into the less rigorous vocation of banditry. Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah had known them—men who shot first and talked afterward; silent, deadly men, and loud-mouthed, blustering braggarts no less dangerous. They plied their trade at Gold Hill and Carson City, Nevada; at Lewiston and at Oro Fino, Idaho. They had looked over the possibilities at American Fork, Montana, and many of them had drifted to the Grasshopper diggings as the most promising field that had so far presented itself.

As Many Birthplaces as Homer

And in Bannack, elected sheriff of that town just two days before Fairweather and his companions made their strike in Alder Gulch, was the chief of them all; a courtly, polished gentleman; a skillful, cold-eyed gambler; an admired and trusted official; a gunman as swift and deadly as mountain lightning; the most mysterious, incomprehensible character the West ever knew—Henry Plummer.

An accurate biography of Plummer can never be written. Among all the bad men of the old West he stands alone as the most mysterious, the most unapproachable. Whence he came and from what stock he sprang but one man knew—and that man was the close-lipped Plummer himself. Even Dimsdale, who published his first articles on the outlaw days in April of 1865, could learn nothing that was definite about the origin of the road-agent leader.

There exist at least a dozen stories of his origin; the most fantastic being that he was an Englishman of titled birth sent to America as a remittance man. Other narratives—and each is advanced as the only true account—credit him with being a Bostonian, a Pennsylvanian, and a native of Ohio. Dimsdale believes it most probable that he came to the West from Wisconsin, while Nathaniel Pitt Langford—an early resident of Montana who afterward wrote on the days of the Vigilantes—supports Connecticut as Plummer's birthplace and tells of meeting the man's brother and sister in New York City in 1869 and being compelled to inform them of their brother's reputation.

There is, however, a lamentable lack of corroborative detail in Langford's story. Perhaps he was prompted by a chivalrous delicacy, but no names are given; one is left rather in doubt as to whether the meeting took place in New York or in Connecticut, and there is a complete lack of the biographical detail that Langford, knowing Plummer and the mystery that shrouded the man, could and, one would think, would have obtained at such a time. The sheriff of Bannack, according to Langford, was only twenty-seven years old at the time of his death. All other accounts, together with the evidence furnished by the known facts of his life, indicate that he was at least ten years older.

He was unquestionably a most exceptional individual, the most distinctive personality among the bad men of the West. Save for a single strain of weakness in his character—a lack of moral strength; the tendency to take a crooked path even when a straight one would have proved more pleasant and more profitable—his name might stand on the pages of Montana's history with those of Sanders, Hosmer, Edgerton and Williams. Fame could have been his; he achieved only infamy.

Physically—and there are almost as many stories of his appearance as there are of his origin—he was slightly above medium stature. He was slender, though not lean; lithe and graceful. The contour of his face gave an impression of plumpness which his body did not possess. His features were regular, his eyes blue and mild, his hair chestnut-brown with a hint of red. He wore a brown mustache which he kept neatly trimmed.

He was meticulously careful in his dress and person. A daughter of Sidney Edgerton, first governor of Montana, is living today in Great Falls. Mrs. Plassman was a girl of thirteen when the family lived in Bannack in 1863 and '64, and retains a vivid recollection of those stirring days. Henry Plummer had occasion to consult frequently with her father, who was at that time Chief Justice of the Territory of Idaho.

Bad Man and Gentleman

"Plummer looked like a gentleman!" she asserted positively. "He looked more like a gentleman than any man in Bannack. He never wore buckskins and his clothes were always clean and pressed. He kept his hands clean, too, and I never saw him when he seemed to need a shave.

"Of course I saw him only when he was, you might say, on his good behavior; but I can remember that his voice was low and pleasant. He had a bow and a pleasant smile for every woman he met on the street, and the same for the men. He had the reputation of being the best dancer in Bannack. Everybody liked him. Yes, Henry Plummer was a bandit—there's no doubt about that. He was a thief and a killer, but he was a gentleman as well!"

Every account of the man that can be found agrees on the fact that Plummer possessed a most charming personality. He was able to talk well and interestingly on almost any subject, used excellent grammar, made friends easily, and invariably proved more than fascinating to women. The profession he customarily followed—that of gambler—did not prove a social handicap. It was a day when the gambler, the saloon keeper, and the dance-hall owner were recognized as readily as the doctor, the lawyer and the merchant.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Birney. The next will appear in the issue for March second.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 26)

Ah, poor companionates, who miss the fun that is your due! Compared to sustenance like this, it's apple sauce for you. Though many sex antagonisms bring us doubtful luck, an ever-joyous thrill attends the passing of the buck; while nimbly bounds the boomerang, to titillate the skull, old-fashioned wedlock may be damp, but never, never dull!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

The Perfumery Ad Writer Complains to His Landlord

Isadeur (Isador) Chats (Katz)

Chérie (*Dear*) *Monsieur* (*Sir*): I take ma plume (my pen) in hand to write you about the janiteur. Our appartement (flat) is très froid (very cold) because the janiteur appears to be too saving of charbon (coal). Our radiateurs seldom have chauffage (heat) enough to melt une petit pièce de beurre (a pat of butter).

Also the janiteur does not look after the elevateur properly. Visiteurs to our maison (home) usually have to walk up six étages (floors).

I wish also to register a sabate (kick) about the odeurs that float up the dumbwaiteur shaft. Une fragrance embaume (a bum smell) of chou (cabbage) of corned bœuf, of ognons (onions) and of chou sec (sauerkraut) fills our flat with a flaveur individuelle (peculiar aroma) that we could aller allons sans (get along without).

I would further suggest, monsieur (sir) that the garçons de corrideur (hall boys) are deux scelerats (a couple of bums). They send up collecteurs from the tailleur, the plumbeur, and the moteur dealer, but keep our friends and our bootleggaire waiting au bas (downstairs). We would regard it as une geste charmant (a good move) on your part to tell these gentilhommes nigre (bruneta) to garde les pieds (watch their step).

I trust this billet bref (memorandum) finds you en bon sante (good health) and that you will disais (speak) to the janiteur and the garçons des corrideurs or donner (give) them une biffe (biff) on the nez (beezer). Avec mes compliments
(With my compliments)
J'ai
(I am)
Votre veritablement
(Yours truly)
Guillame (William) Bruns (Brown).

—Berton Braley.

The Behaviorist Baby

ONLY a baby small
Dropped from the skies,
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes,
Waiting psychology's
Touch to attune it;
Only a wee
Biological unit.

Sleep, little lily bud,
Guarded from fear;
Mamma is watching you,
Mamma is near.
Smiling so dreamily,
Tiny and slim you lie.
What a temptation for
Trying out stimuli!

What if you're suddenly
Dropped out of bed?
What of the pistol shots
Back of your head?
That's for your benefit;
What mamma wants is
Just to condition her
Baby's responses.

Hushaby, babykin,
Why do you cry?
Why this malevolent
Gleam in your eye?
Good gracious! Mercy me!
See what he did?
He bit the behaviorist!
At-a-boy, kid!

—*Morris Bishop.*

Honk Honk

PRETTY soon the motorbike
Climbs into the air;
Then, no matter where you fly,
Eagle eyes are there;
Raucous voices chasing you,
Eager to inquire:
"Ain't you read the traffic rules?"
"Buddy, where's the fire?"

Bobolink and humming bird,
Meadow lark and crow
Up along the aero lanes
Soon will Stop and Go;
Mamma Robin, flying south,
Shriek a frightened "Pop!
Slow the kids to forty miles—
Here's a traffic cop!"

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

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TO BE THE PIONEER IN THE BRAKE LINING INDUSTRY is in itself important. To achieve leadership in this industry and retain it for a quarter of a century, is an achievement of interest to every car owner.

There is experience in manufacture which means a *better* product. There is reputation which only years of satisfactory service can create. There is a world-wide organization. Five great plants. Prestige, confidence, commercial integrity and enormous financial resources. These are the factors which determine the difference between Raybestos and—*ordinary* brake lining.

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Raybestos Woven Brake Lining

THROUGH HEAVY TRAFFIC, OR ON STEEPEST HILLS, IN wet or dry weather, Raybestos increases confidence. Brakes take hold quickly, smoothly, firmly. Especially treated to resist wear, Raybestos gives thousands of miles of service, adding economy to safety.

There is Raybestos Silver Edge *woven* lining. There is also Raybestos Silver Edge *molded* lining, formed into segments and designed for a particular type of brake. This enables you to obtain exactly the brake lining recommended by the manufacturer of your automobile. Then there is Raybestos Gold Edge brake lining made especially for heavy duty.

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Raybestos Molded Brake Lining

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The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd., London, England

Little Messages to the Deafened

Number 1—Science and artistry, patience and experiment, plus twenty-five years of experience, have given 30,000 Silver Anniversary Acousticon users the joy of inconspicuous hearing.

The lights no longer burn brightly at midnight in the Acousticon laboratories, and the rooms take on a strange and peaceful silence with the setting of the sun.

It is all quite new, almost unbelievable, this darkness and this quiet, for here, for eighteen restless months, had been activity unceasing that did not stop with the homeward rush of crowds and the velvety approach of twilight.

Here had been a welter of work that now is done, work for keen and careful minds trained in an exacting science, work for agile and patient fingers that would not hurry, work for a small yet loyal group of scientists who found in every disappointment a greater inspiration to push on and to succeed.

And now the last experiment has been made, the final test has been accepted as an achievement, and a new and a finer Acousticon . . . The Silver Anniversary Model . . . is serving upwards of thirty thousand deafened, just as former models have served other thousands the wide world over for a quarter of a century . . . with unbelievable efficiency, with rare distinction.

It was over three years ago that we first called these scientists into consultation and told them what we wanted: The smallest, the lightest, the finest hearing-aid that had ever been made . . . a hearing-aid truly beautiful and wonderfully refined in every detail . . . a hearing-aid that would appropriately, and signally, celebrate Acousticon's Silver Jubilee.

"It is not to be a hearing-aid," we added, "primarily designed to meet certain advantages, real or fancied. It must not violate, in the slightest degree, any proven acoustic or medical principles in order to be small and light. It must be utterly beneficial. And any refinements that you may introduce must, obviously, be consistent with the primary and all-important purpose of the Acousticon . . . the re-creation of hearing to subnormal ears."

Another group of men, as well, were called in . . . men who mould lovely and graceful forms in clay, men who would not tolerate anything unsightly even though it be a tiny screw. For the Silver Anniversary Acousticon was to be more than a scientific accomplishment. To reach the fullest measure of perfection, it had to be the collaboration of scientists and designers, seeking to join incomparable service to rare artistry. It must be wonderfully efficient and loyal, of course, but it must have another quality as well . . . the practical beauty of a fine watch.

And so, with enthusiasm and optimism and patience, they went to work . . . and today, they rest from their labors, flushed a bit with a pride that is pardonable. Have they been successful in their fulfillment of so exacting a commission? Thirty thousand grateful users of the Silver Anniversary Acousticon will tell them that they have. But that's for you alone to decide

Free Ten-Day Trial

You will find this Silver Anniversary Acousticon, with a tiny earpiece no larger than a silver dime, in any of the Acousticon consultation rooms located in 112 of the country's principal cities, and a free demonstration is offered to all Or should you find such a call inconvenient, you may test the merits of this new and finer Acousticon in your own home for ten days without charge or obligation of any kind. Merely send your name and address to Dept. 124, The Acousticon, 220 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

*Residents of Canada should address Canadian Acousticon, Ltd. Toronto; and those in the Rocky Mountain States write to Dept 124 The Acousticon 681 Market St. San Francisco Cal.

LOGANSVILLE AND MARY'S NECK

(Continued from Page 15)

the barn with it. He stayed in there a minute; then he came out and walked up to the stone fence where I was and put my hat back on my head again. He didn't say anything while he was doing all this, and it seemed so peculiar that I felt kind of embarrassed and didn't say anything, either. Then he went over to his sawbuck and picked up a stick of wood and threw it at me. I dodged it; but he threw another one at me and was reaching down to get more, so I left.

On the way home I got to wondering why he took my hat into the barn, so I took it off and looked at it. It was a new straw hat with a black band around it, and he had written DAM on the front of the band in chalk. It struck me as pretty singular, and when I got back to the cottage I told Zebias Flick about this old man and where he lived and what he'd done to my hat, and I asked Zebias if he knew him. It was warmer and Zebias had found a blade of grass that he had in his mouth; after a while it began to move up and down where it came out between some of his mustache, and finally he said:

"Might be I might; might be I mightn't."

"Well, who is he?"

"I couldn't say," he told me. "I couldn't say even if I was a mind to."

"Look here," I said; "that old man isn't right in his head. I might have known that myself at the start, from the willingness he showed to talk to me; but naturally, a person that begins to throw cordwood at you just because you ask whether he's a Republican or a Democrat—well, in a place as small as this, of course everybody would certainly know who he is. Do you mean to tell me you've never even heard of him?"

"I couldn't state," Zebias said. "I dun't take no interest in politics."

That's all I could get out of him. But our cook was from down-east herself, and had made some acquaintances in the village, and the next evening she came into the living room and told my wife and me all about that old man. Of course, as anybody knew, he wasn't right in his head, but he was strong and handy and perfectly gentle—except to strangers—so his family had always kept him in Mary's Neck instead of sending him away, and he was Zebias Flick's own cousin.

So that's the way it was. When the cottagers began to open up their places you could tell right away they didn't want to bother with newcomers; they looked to be a pretty stiff lot—pretty much all kid-glove and broad A and no R—and they kept to themselves. The old fellow that wasn't right in his head was the only native willing to say a word to anybody, but it seemed wiser to steer clear of him. So I was kind of thrown back completely, as it were, on the society of Mrs. Massey and the girls. They weren't having the same kind of time I was—not a bit of it! They were just reveling, as they said, in the delicious old quaintness of Mary's Neck and everything else up and down that strip of coast. They took magazines and read books about all such matters—getting themselves posted upon whatever was old enough to be worth anything—and they'd gone fairly wild antiquing, as they called it. They went out in the car, antiquing all over Mary's Neck and up and down the coast and through the country and to inland towns as much as sixty or seventy miles away, almost every day; and what they brought home with 'em—my soul!

Of course they'd already had the fever a good while back before we ever thought of coming to Mary's Neck, and they'd bought a few terrible-looking things on their trips away from Logansville, but I hadn't got myself accustomed to the idea at all. The way I was brought up, my father and mother, like everybody else in our part of the country, always used to feel a little set up and superior whenever we could afford to buy something new. The principal idea people had about the pleasure of being well off was getting rid of old things and buying new ones; and that's always seemed to me the natural way of human nature, because it's the way of progress. Even the ancient Orientals must have had that idea, or else why was everybody so anxious to trade old lamps for new in the Arabian Nights story of Aladdin? I can't seem to keep myself from feeling that there's something crazy about all this antiquing, but Enid and Clarissa and their mother fairly hoot at me when I air such notions, and they tell me I'm a barbarian, and then start in to try and educate me some more. It's pretty uphill work for them, I guess.

They came home late one afternoon when we'd been here about a month, and the car was so full that about all you could see of the three of them was their heads sticking out above the packages. And when the chauffeur and I had helped to carry all that truck into the house, I couldn't make myself heard, there was so much going on in the way of exclamations. Enid and Clarissa just danced around the dining-room table where they had their plunder laid out and kept shouting: "Look at this! Look at that!" till I was pretty nearly dazed.

"We're going to refurnish our whole house at Logansville with antiques," they told me. "Just look at the treasures we've found!"

Well, I looked at them, and all I saw seemed to me to be the worst kind of secondhand truck I'd ever laid my eyes on. A good deal of it was pewter, and if there's anything on earth I despise—we used to be ashamed to have any of it in the house when I was a boy—it's pewter! Then there was a good deal of that cheap old kind of glass we used to use in Logansville before we could afford cut glass; there were rusty iron candlesticks with snuffers; there were some ratty old stable lanterns, and heaven knows what all!

The worst thing in the lot, I thought—even worse than a glass hen sitting on glass eggs in a glass basket—was a great big china dog. He was lying down on kind of an oval plate, and too sizable for a mantelpiece ornament. You couldn't tell what kind of a dog he was, unless being a china dog made him some kind of a dog. He had four awful-looking yellowish spots on him, but for the rest of him he was polished and glistening bald white all over, and the expression on what was supposed to be his face honestly made me sort of sick. As a matter of fact, this dog was one of those things that you don't want to look at, but you can't help doing it. I'd look at him a while, then I'd walk away and try to forget about him; then I'd have to come back to see if he really did look as horrible as I thought he did, and then I'd just stand staring at him and swallowing.

"Isn't he wonderful?" Enid asked me.

I said he was. "You haven't got it in mind to take him back to Logansville, have you?" I asked her.

At that, all three of 'em went for me. This dog, it seemed, was the finest thing they'd found in all their ransackings of the country around Mary's Neck; it was old Chippingale ware or old Cheswood or something—I never could get the antiquing lingo straight. Anyhow, it was a great find and they'd got it at a tremendous bargain; but that seemed to be true of everything they bought. They were always talking of the finds they made, and seemed to consider themselves pretty remarkable discoverers. It didn't matter if something they bought was sitting right out in the show window of an antique store, they always said they "found" it, and pretty often they were sure the antique dealer hadn't understood the value of the things they bought, or maybe had got confused and put the wrong price mark on something that was worth at least three times what they'd paid for it.

But up to the middle of our second month at Mary's Neck what they "found" was mostly the kind of supposedly ornamental nightmares I've just been talking about, though they'd also brought home a few old chairs with rush seats, a couple of farmerish-looking tables and a ghastly sort of thing with mushmelon-sized knobs on it that Clarissa told me was a "beautiful old Colonial wig-stand," and I hate to think what she paid for it—she could have bought a gas-driven lawn mower with the same money. What they were really looking for, of course, was furniture, but Mrs. Massey said that "really good things" and "fine, rare old pieces" in that line were scarce; the antique stores seemed to have been pretty well combed over for Colonial furniture.

"What I wish," she told me, "is that I knew some way to get inside of a few of these delicious old houses in this neighborhood. There's where the best old pieces are—if there were any way in the world to get at them! Some of these families have been living in the same house for generations, and the place is just full of the most wonderful old concealed treasures. The girls and I have done everything we could to get a look at them; we've used every bit of tact and diplomacy we possess, but these natives seem to be a very curious kind of people. We haven't got inside a single old house."

"No," I said, "I should think maybe you mightn't have. That seems fairly plausible to me."

"But we're going to keep on trying," Clarissa put in. "It makes my mouth water to think what must be inside some of these houses, and we're not going to rest until we see for ourselves. We'll make it before long; you just wait!"

But they had to go on waiting quite a little while longer; then one day they didn't come home till so late that dinner had been ready half an hour before they drove up and came bouncing out of the car. They were just wild, though they hadn't bought anything and didn't have any packages with 'em at all.

They'd got into one of the delicious old houses at last, and the three of them tried to tell me all about it at the same time, and they were so excited it took me quite a while to make out what had happened. We were half through dinner before I could get the girls to let their mother have the floor to herself and tell me.

"There never was anything so absolutely perfect in the world!" she said. "I never dreamed they would let us in, and at first they weren't going to, but Enid looked so pretty and so pleading that dear old man simply couldn't resist her!"

"What dear old man?" I asked. "What dear old man?"

"The dear old man at this wonderful old house," she told me. "He's simply the sweetest old thing I ever ——"

"And don't forget his darling old wife," Clarissa broke in. "They were simply the dearest, quaintest, sweetest old couple in the world! The most perfect old New England characters!"

"Absolutely!" Enid had to have her say. "You could see right away they were absolutely characters. They were the most perfectly quaint——"

"Yes," Mrs. Massey said, "they certainly were! And even after they let us into the front parlor, and we saw how wonderful it was, I was just sure they weren't going to consent to our seeing the rest of the house. I think if Clarissa hadn't developed such a crush on the old lady they never would have done it You never saw such a place in your life absolutely a treasure house!"

"Why, it's absolutely a museum!" Enid told me. "There's hardly a thing in it that isn't a museum piece, father. And all that priceless, wonderful stuff has been there for generations and generations in that old

(Continued on Page 96)

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 94)

couple's family! That's the most wonderful thing about it all; they haven't the remotest idea of what it's worth themselves; so that if we ever get around the dear old things enough to persuade them to sell us such treasures, why, the bargains we could make would just take your breath!"

"Didn't you offer to buy anything?" I asked her.

"Offer to buy their family heirlooms? No, we certainly didn't! We knew too much for that; they'd have been insulted. That isn't the way to handle these people; you'd never get anywhere if you spoke of buying anything the very first day you got into the house. You have to lead up to it gradually, but after you once get them into the mood to sell ——"

"Yes," Clarissa said, "that's when you begin to get the most astonishing bargains you ever heard of. Why, Moses Brazinga told me, himself, about a woman that picked up a Julius Cæsar butter dish for two dollars at a farmhouse, and he offered her a hundred and twenty-five dollars for it and could have sold it to a New York collector for three hundred; but she knew what she'd got, and she wouldn't sell it. She was from Chicago, he told me."

Maybe "Julius Cæsar butter dish" wasn't what Clarissa said, exactly—I never can get the straight of these things—but it was something like that, and Moses Brazinga was an antiquity dealer Mrs. Massey and the girls were always talking about. He had an antiquity store in a town about ten miles from Mary's Neck, and they'd bought some old coal-oil lamps from him only the day before. I thought these lamps would look out of place in the house of the president of the Loganaville Light and Power Company, but the girls said that didn't matter. Anyhow, after Clarissa had told about the Julius Cæsar butter dish and Moses Brazinga and the Chicago lady, Mrs. Massey said that was just nothing to what happened to a picture collector she'd been reading about. He'd found some old paintings stored in a woodshed up in the White Mountains and bought them for eight dollars and a half, and they turned out to be worth over seventy-five thousand. So then Enid broke out and told about things like that she'd heard of, and they all three began talking at once about old pieces of glass and iron and pewter and rags or rugs or something, that people had "found" or "picked up," and that turned out to be worth enough to buy a first-class automobile. And they said it was going to be just this way about the delicious old house they'd been in that day and were raving over.

"Well, but look here," I said. "Hold on a minute. I thought you were telling me what a sweet old couple they are that live in this house you're talking so much about. If their furniture and bric-a-brac and all this and that are worth such a lot of money and they don't know it, you ought to tell 'em, oughtn't you? You wouldn't want to persuade them to sell you something for four dollars that's worth four hundred?"

I didn't get very far with that. They all three began to educate me at once in the methods proper to antiquing, and then Enid got the floor to herself.

"You see, father," she told me, "these things that old couple own are only worth a certain amount to them, and that's what we'd pay them; so they'd get the full value as far as they, themselves, are concerned. Besides, if they sold to a dealer, they'd hardly get anything at all and probably be terribly cheated."

Well, they talked about that delicious old house and the things in it and the quaint old couple till bedtime, and by then, though I didn't own up to it, they'd got me kind of curious and stirred up to see the place myself; though I knew, of course, I wouldn't understand a thing about it if I did see it. They held off the next day and didn't go there—they said it would be better policy—but they did go the afternoon after that and a couple of times more, and then they told me they thought the old couple were kind of coming round to the point where they'd be willing to sell a few things, maybe. Mrs. Massey had almost come out in the open and talked price with them, so she was beginning to feel right encouraged.

"Why don't you come with us tomorrow?" she asked me. "It would help to educate you to know what beautiful, rare old things really are if you'd see them in their natural surroundings, as it were, in that exquisite old house."

I said no, at first, though the truth is I had kind of a hankering to go, and pretty soon I let them persuade me. They told me to be careful not to talk much, and I think they were a little nervous about my possibly saying something that might offend the quaint old couple; but the next afternoon we drove out there—it wasn't far beyond the village—and stopped the car outside the white picket gate at the end of a brick walk that led up to the house.

It was a nice-looking, white-painted farmhouse with green shutters; but it was so old-fashioned and plain that for my part I never would have made any great fuss over it. The old couple were sitting on a wooden bench out in the front yard, and when I got a good look at them I thought probably that if I hadn't been told so much about how perfect they were, I wouldn't have made any particular fuss over them, either.

Their name was Cheever, Mrs. Massey said when she introduced me, and they were so much alike you could almost have taken him out of his own rusty black clothes and put him into hers without seeing much difference. They had gray hair and weazened faces and silver spectacles, and they didn't look like people that ever gushed much over anything. They hardly said a thing when Mrs. Massey and the girls began making a to-do over them, and after we'd stood around for a minute or so, the old man took a big brass key out of his pocket and opened up the front door with it—it seems they're great people around here to keep everything locked up, even when they're right on the premises. The girls followed him and the old lady into the front parlor, but Mrs. Massey gave me a pinch on the arm and kept me in the little front hall.

"Just look at that," she whispered. "Just look at that staircase."

Well, I looked at it, and it was certainly as mean a little staircase as I ever saw in my life. It came almost right down to the front door, and it was steep and narrow and twisted enough for a monkey, and had a miserable, old strip of faded carpet running up it

"Yes," I said. "Terrible, ain't it!" Because, of course, I thought that was why she wanted me to look at it.

"It's gorgeous," she told me. "Look at the spiral of that mahogany rail. Maybe they'd sell that darling old strip of rug with it."

I looked at her. "With it?" I asked her. "You mean you want to buy this staircase—buy a staircase right out of a person's house?"

"We'll have to talk to 'em about that," she whispered. "Look at that low boy."

"Where?" I said, because I wanted to see one. I'd been hearing a lot of talk about low boys and high boys, and of course I understood by this time that some sort of furniture was implied. "Where's any low boy?"

She pointed to an ornery little table with some drawers underneath the top of it. "It's got cubbyhole legs and duck feet," she said. Anyhow she said something like that; I'm pretty sure it was duck feet. "Now come in and see the high boy," she said

So we went into the parlor, and I looked at the high boy but didn't think much of it Then old Mr and Mrs Cheever took us all over the house. To me, the whole place seemed to be just a plain farmhouse full of kind of homely old-fashioned things, with nothing in it I'd ever care to buy or like to feel I had to see around me, but I never heard anything like the way Mrs Massey and the girls carried on together in whispers. Every minute or so one of 'em would come and grab me by the arm and whisper to me, too, sort of fiercely. "Carved knees!" they'd say, or "Will you look at those snake feet!" or something like that. Most of the time I was walking with old Cheever, but he never said a word except when we got to the kitchen, where there was a flintlock musket hanging over the miserable old fireplace among a lot of out-of-date cooking utensils, and I asked him how old it was.

"Seventeen-thirty-six, B.C.," he said, and I never heard a hoarser voice. "Either 1736 B.C. or 1737 B.C."

"B.C.?" I asked him. "B.C.?"

"No," he said, "A.D." That's everything he said all the time we were in there, so I could see that Mrs. Massey and the girls were right about his being a pretty quaint old New England character.

In one corner of the kitchen there was a contraption that Enid went just crazy over. It didn't amount to anything; I could 'a' made one like it, myself, out of old pine boards, if I'd wanted to, which I certainly didn't; but she dragged me over to it and made me look at some figures that had been scratched near the base of it with a nail or something.

"Look at that," she whispered. "Seventeen-fifty-nine! A pine corner cupboard dated seventeen-fifty-nine with a scallop-shell impediment and chock-full of absolutely priceless pewter. I'll simply die if they refuse to sell it."

"What were you thinking of offering 'em for it?" I asked her.

"I don't know," she whispered to me. "It's worth hundreds and hundreds of dollars without the pewter, and I've simply got to have that pewter too. Mother and Clarissa and I have made up our minds that we simply cannot live unless we get this corner cupboard with the pewter, and the high boy and the low boy, and the three four-poster beds, and that wonderful duck-foot dining-room table, and the Chippingale chair and the harp-backed chairs, and the two wing chairs, and the seven hooked rugs, and the set of blue china, and the old silver tea-set and ladle, and the four glass lamps, and the luster vases, and the swell front chest-on-chest, and the staircase and the staircase rug and ——"

"Hold on," I said, and I wiped my forehead. "What on earth do you think you're doing? These old Cheevers intend to go on living here, don't they? How on earth could you expect 'em to do it with the staircase ripped out and all these other ——"

"Never mind," she told me. "They're used to living in the simplest way. Come on." So we went back to the parlor where the others already were, and Mrs. Massey was talking to the old couple about the high boy.

"Of course, I know it's a delicate matter," she said, "to press you to name a price for a thing that's associated in your minds with former members of your family. But, of course, since you feel you could bring yourselves to part with it ——" She was being so polite about it that she just stopped there and waited for them to speak, but she had to wait so long that finally it got embarrassing. "Well," she said, "if you could just bring yourselves to name a price." And she laughed a little, as if she were apologizing

I saw that Mrs. Cheever was going to say something, because her under jaw was beginning to move a little; so, after a while, when she got herself ready like that, she said, "It's got clor and boiled feet."

It seemed to me that Mrs. Massey was surprised that the old lady knew so much about her high boy's feet.

"Oh, has it?" she said. "I'd hardly noticed that." But here it struck me that she was trying to be diplomatic, because she went on: "Of course, it's nice, but so far as rarity is concerned it isn't very ——"

"It's got clor and boiled feet," the old lady broke in, "and it's got the original brasses and cubbyhole legs and a broken impediment."

It seemed to me from the way she said this that she was fixing to drive quite a bargain, but Enid began talking to me in a low voice—we were standing over by the doorway—and she told me the old lady didn't know anything at all about the high boy.

"Those points are just some she picked up from hearing us talk about it," Enid said. "We ought to've been more cautious, I guess; we made altogether too much fuss over the high boy the first time we came. I think mother ought to've begun with the chandelier."

"My goodness!" I said. "You don't expect to buy the chandelier right out of these people's ceiling, do you?" It surprised me, too, that anybody'd want a chandelier like that—it was a little old glass one with candles.

"Sh!" Enid told me. "It's Waterbury, but they don't know it." Then she stepped forward and kind of took charge, as it were. "We might as well begin by telling Mr. and Mrs. Cheever exactly what we're interested in, I think. Now, in this room there's the high boy and the chandelier and the two samplers and the four old prints and the wing chairs and the little needlework sofa "

"And the secretary," Clarissa put in. "Don't forget the secretary and the andirons and the ——"

"Wait a minute," I said; because I thought we'd be there a pretty long time if things weren't put on a more businesslike basis, so to speak. "Why don't one of you just sit down here and write out a list of all the things you want in the whole house, in case Mr. and Mrs. Cheever are willing to sell 'em to you; then they could take your list and look it over and write down whatever price they decide on opposite the articles. Wouldn't that be the best way to get somewhere?"

Mr. and Mrs. Cheever didn't say anything, but my family fell in with the plan, and Clarissa sat down at the secretary and wrote out the list, with her mother and Enid bending over her and putting in whatever she happened to forget. When they had it finished I looked at it, and it made me feel pretty embarrassed, though, of course, I realized the old couple could buy new household goods to begin their life over again with.

"Well," I said to Mrs. Massey, "I don't see why you don't just offer to buy the house the way it stands, and move it out to Loganaville."

I thought maybe she'd laugh, but she didn't. "We thought of it," she said. "It could be taken down and shipped out there and set up again, but of course that would be terribly expensive."

"Yes," I told her, "it certainly would!" Then I took the list and handed it to Mrs. Cheever. "Here," I said, and I could feel myself getting red; I felt so apologetic. "You and your husband just write down the prices you think would be right. Of course I don't know how much you'll feel willing to part with ——"

"That seckatary's got a bunnet hood, and it's got the original brasses on it, too," she said.

"Has it?" I asked her. "Well, if you and Mr. Cheever will just sit down here and work through the list, my family and I will step out in the yard and wait while you two do the figuring."

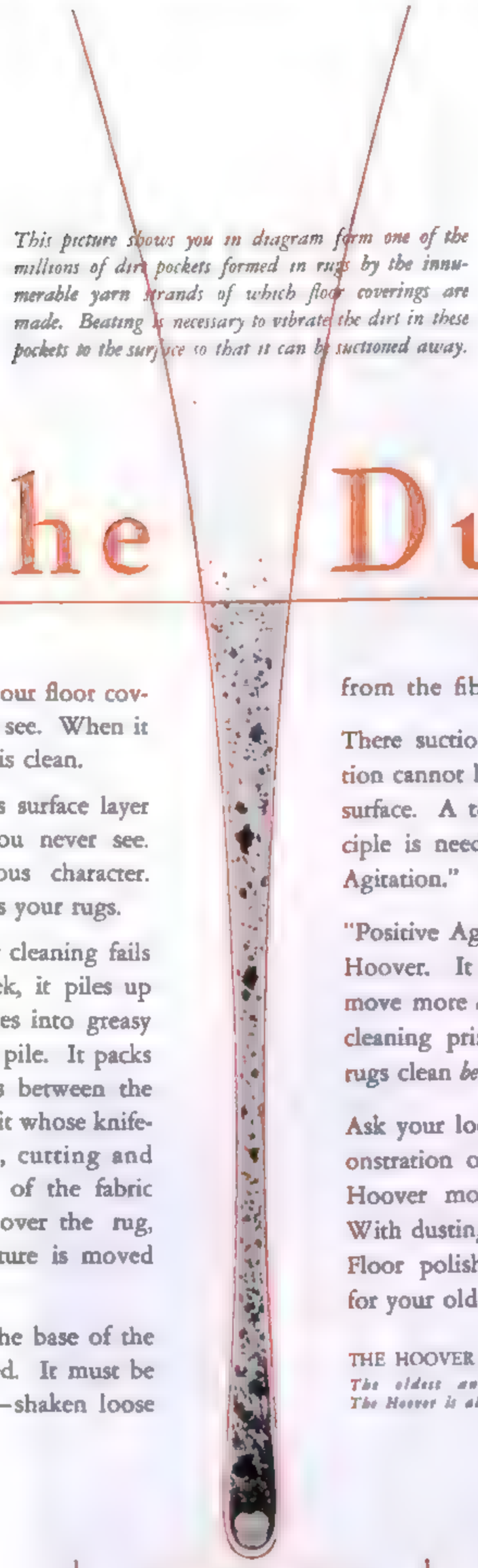
So that's what we did. Mrs. Massey and the girls and I went outdoors and pottered around, waiting, and I never did see three women in a greater state of suppressed excitement. For my part, I felt kind of dreary, thinking of having to live, maybe, with all those secondhand articles the rest of my life, and though I knew of course that they ought to come pretty cheap, there were such a lot of them I was wondering quite a good deal if we'd be able to afford buying 'em all.

"About how much were you expecting to lay out on this purchase?" I asked Mrs. Massey.

"Well, it might come to several hundred dollars," she admitted.

"Over a thousand, maybe?"

(Continued on Page 101)



This picture shows you in diagram form one of the millions of dirt pockets formed in rugs by the innumerable yarn strands of which floor coverings are made. Beating is necessary to vibrate the dirt in these pockets to the surface so that it can be suctioned away.

Below the Dust Line

THE light surface dust on your floor coverings is something you can see. When it is gone, you think your rug is clean.

But below this dust line, this surface layer of harmless dirt, is filth you never see. Filth of the most dangerous character. Grit that relentlessly destroys your rugs.

This is the dirt that ordinary cleaning fails to remove. Week after week, it piles up below the dust line. It cakes into greasy masses at the bottom of the pile. It packs into the myriads of pockets between the threads. It is sharp, heavy grit whose knife-like edges saw and grind, cutting and wearing through the fibers of the fabric every time someone walks over the rug, every time a piece of furniture is moved across it.

It must be dislodged from the base of the rug before it can be removed. It must be beaten out of the pockets—shaken loose from the fibers—danced to the surface.

There suction can gather it up. But suction cannot beat it out or vibrate it to the surface. A totally different cleaning principle is needed to dislodge it—"Positive Agitation."

"Positive Agitation" is found only in The Hoover. It enables The Hoover to remove more *dirt per minute.* And it is this cleaning principle which will keep your rugs clean *below the dust line.*

Ask your local Hoover dealer for a demonstration of "Positive Agitation." Three Hoover models, $59.50, $75 and $135. With dusting tools, $72, $87.50 and $150. Floor polisher, $7.50. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

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The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

more d.p.m.
—DIRT PER MINUTE

The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is *dirt per minute*

The HOOVER

IT BEATS AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

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The Man who discovered his Son

For fourteen years they lived under one roof . . . father and son . . . but the one might have been in London and the other in Timbuctoo.

Shackled to his desk by fetters stronger than steel the father left home too early . . . returned too late or too tired . . . ever to know this growing image of himself. And the son, silent and sensitive as children will be under neglect, wondered why he never knew this man he called his father.

Finally . . . and by accident . . . this father discovered his son. Discovered a human being with a personality, and problems, and a keen mind, and a thousand questions to ask, and a whipping interest in the world around him. Discovered a pal who wanted to talk about Babe Ruth, and Mussolini, and why a golf ball stopped dead on the green . . . or ought to. Discovered a friend, a worshipper . . . a son.

Such a thing gives new youth to a man. It turned a tired, harassed desk-ridden office grub into a normal man . . . and father.

The accident that caused it? Simply this: One day this father happened to read the same message that follows just to your right. Will you read it now? It only takes three minutes.

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To Men . . .

whose time is money

You, the American Business Man, whose minutes are minted currency . . . suppose you suddenly found that the work it takes you ten hours to do could be done in eight . . . or the work it takes you eight hours to do *could* be done in six?

There's always that possibility . . . and there's a trained business analyst ready to check that up for you . . . ready if needed, to pack more achievement into the dial of your watch.

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He covers all the basic equipment needs of business. So he can do what a representative of a single company can never do . . . take a bird's-eye view of your office and think in terms of complete, *balanced* efficiency with each working unit fitted to each other.

One single idea of his may cut an hour off your own working day. Another may give you an afternoon of golf a week instead of three nights at your desk. Another may cut office overhead 15%. Somewhere along the line a Remington Rand man can perform some valuable service . . . if you'll give him the chance to find out.

No such organization has ever existed before . . . the basic equipment companies under one banner with 4,000 men at your disposal.

To say that these analysts point the path to the making of more money in less time is a statement neither flighty nor fanciful . . . but as coldly concise and definite as the click of an adding machine. From mill cities in New England to canneries on the coast of the Pacific, the industrial map is dotted with just such examples. "The Emancipation of the American Business Man" is not a phrase, but a fact.

Such power should be called in to help turn the wheels of your business faster, more smoothly, with less wear and tear to you who hold the helm.

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SAFE LUBRICATION

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(Continued from Page 96)

"Well, it might be pretty near that, but we could economize in other things and make it up." Then she went on to talk excitedly about what a bargain it was sure to be. "You see, it's the opportunity of a lifetime—absolutely of a lifetime!" And the girls agreed with her about that; they said even if it did run up to as much as nine hundred or a thousand dollars, what of it, because it was absolutely the opportunity of a lifetime.

Well, those old Cheevers certainly took their time; we sat on the bench; then we wandered round the place, and Mrs. Massey and the girls were pretty restless. Sometimes they'd whisper and giggle nervously together, and once Enid and Clarissa got so exhilarated they grabbed each other and began to dance on the brick walk; but Mrs. Massey stopped them for fear the old couple would look out of the window and see them. After a while, I noticed Clarissa standing in a kind of trance, staring at the front door.

"What's the matter?" I asked her.

"I wish we'd put that in," she said, in a kind of dreamy way.

"Put what in?"

"The front door," she said. "It's perfectly wonderful! I suppose it's too late now, and probably it wouldn't be practical, but I wish we'd put it on the list."

I was glad she thought it was too late and not practical; I couldn't see anything wonderful about that door; but there was something that kind of puzzled me about the weatherboarding just over it. There was a long, oblong space up there where the paint seemed to be of a little different color. "What do you suppose makes the paint look different up there?" I asked her. "Do you suppose maybe they've had an awning or something up there, sometime?"

She didn't pay any attention. "Do you suppose it is too late to ask them to put the door on the list?" she asked me.

But I didn't even answer her; buying the front door off of a house people were living in seemed to me to be going a little far, and I was getting some overfed with all this antiquing, so I walked away. Besides, something like an idea had come into my head, and I strolled around the house to a shed I'd noticed in the back yard, and went in. There were quite a number of wonderful old things in there—mostly broken, though—and with its face against the wall there was one fine old piece that I turned over and looked at; but when I went back to the front yard I didn't say anything about it. The quaint old couple had just come out of the house, and Mrs. Massey and both girls couldn't restrain themselves; they just made a dash for that list and fairly snatched it out of Mrs. Cheever's hand. Then they put their three heads together over it, and ten feet away I could hear 'em breathing.

Mr. Cheever was carrying a red-painted cylinder with a bottom to it and a rope handle.

"Here," he said, "this is an ancient Revolutionary fire-bucket. I cal'late to make it a present to ye in case ye buy the hull list."

Well, of course that would have made anybody understand there was something wrong, and the way my family were standing as they looked over the list seemed to have quite a little significance too. None of them moved a muscle; they just stood and stared; but I could hear them breathing louder. So I went over to them and took the paper out of Mrs. Massey's hand, and she didn't resist any or hardly move her fingers as it slid out of them. Just one glance showed me that the Cheevers were certainly willing to sell, because they had written a price after every article on the list, and then they had added the whole thing up and set down the total at the bottom.

I didn't bother much with the individual items; though, as my eye ran down the paper, I noticed that they had marked the highboy nineteen hundred and fifty dollars and fifty cents, and the Waterbury chandelier sixteen hundred and sixty-nine dollars. The staircase was cheaper; they only wanted fourteen hundred for that, and ninety dollars for the old strip of carpet on it. The total at the bottom of the second page interested me a good deal; it was nineteen thousand, eight hundred and twenty-two dollars and sixty-five cents.

"Yes," I said to Clarissa, "you could get the front door put in, I expect. I don't believe they'd make any particular fuss about selling it."

Well, we didn't get the present of that Revolutionary red fire-bucket; the quaint pair of New England characters were carrying it back into the house with 'em as we drove away; and so we didn't get anything at all, in fact, from that delicious old house. Mrs. Massey and the girls were pretty quiet; they seemed kind of staggered and subdued, so I didn't mention the sign I'd seen with its face against the wall in the woodshed until after dinner that evening: then I told them about it.

"It had Brazinga and Cheever, Antiques, painted on it," I told them, "and what kind of upsets me is why they took it down. How many people do you suppose knew that you were so worked up about getting into one of these wonderful old houses around here and buying it inside out?"

"Why, nobody," Mrs. Massey said. "We don't know anybody."

"Did Moses Brazinga tell you about that place?"

"No, and we never talked to him about anything except what he had to sell right there in his shop."

"Well, who did tell you about it?"

"It was Zebias Flick," she said.

I got up and went out in the kitchen where Zebias was sitting talking to the cook. He had his woolen-stockinged feet in the oven of the stove; but mainly on account of habit, I expect, because the fire was out.

"Listen!" I said to him. "Joanna here tells me that pretty near everybody in Mary's Neck is kin to everybody else. Have you got some cousins named Cheever?"

"Cheever?" he said; then he ruminated awhile and took a pin out of his mouth and looked at it. "Cheever?" he said to himself in a low voice, appearing to be puzzled.

"Yes, Cheever!" I said. "Cheever!"

"Well," he asked me slowly, "whereabouts do they live? Do you mean the Philo Cheevers or the Cheevers at Sloan's Point or the Cheevers around Nist Hill or some of the other Cheevers? I have hearn," he went on—"I have hearn they was Cheevers 'way further on down-east. Mebbe it was them you had a mind to inquire 'bout, but I couldn't tell you much 'bout 'em. I never see any of 'em and I dun't know as I'd want to. They might be kin to me, and agin they mightn't. I couldn't give you no inf'mation 'bout 'em at all."

"I don't want any," I told him. "I just want to know if you've got any relatives named Cheever anywhere."

"Cheever?" he said, and he put his pin back in his mouth. "Cheever?" Then he took it out again and seemed to brighten up a little. "I can tell you where you can git some inf'mation 'bout the Cheevers. That's from ole Miss Caroline Willingsworth: she lives back in the country quite a ways, but it'd pay you to go up there ef you got a mind to hear 'bout the Cheevers. She's got family albums and old dockaments and ——" He checked himself with the air of a man who remembers something important, made a regretful sound with his tongue and let his feet slide down from the oven to the floor. "No, I guess she ain't, though. She passed away, come to think of it, some little time ago, and I dun't know as anybody'd be able to tell you what become of all her albums and dockaments. They must be scattered far and wide by this time, becuz she didn't have anybody to leave 'em to, and mebbe the neighbors got 'em, or then agin mebbe they didn't. I wasn't there, so I couldn't tell you. Mebbe they had an auction ——"

"Listen!" I said, and I guess I was getting kind of mad. "Listen! I simply asked you ——" But just then he put his pin back in his mouth again and began to roll it around with a sort of far-away expression on his face. I looked at him, and I knew it wasn't any use in the world.

Mr. Massey glanced toward the western sun, and paused. I assumed correctly that his narrative was concluded, and so picked up my fishing gear from the ledge of rock and prepared to depart; but he detained me a moment longer.

"What I want to know is," he said, and his brow was corrugated by a simple and earnest puzzlement—"what I want to know is, what makes these Mary's Neckers so 'tarnation peculiar? What's the matter with 'em? What do they act like that for with innocent strangers that happen to wander up here, hoping to enjoy the summer?"

"Maybe it's experience," I suggested. "After all, they've had a good deal, you know; and perhaps there's some give and take in it."

He looked at me and scratched his head. "Well—you mean, for instance, like summer people hoping to put it over the Cheevers and the Cheevers hoping to put it over them? Experience like that?" Then a light seemed to break upon him, and he laughed. "I expect so! I expect these people up here have got to look out for themselves the same as anybody else!"

An Awfully Sweet Girl Appreciating Thornton Wilder

SHE: Have you read this Bridge of St. Louis something?

HE: Yeah. Have you?

SHE: Yes, my dear, and I think it's simply fascinating—I mean, it's so unusual, sort of. Don't you think he's struck a new note or something?

HE: Yeah, you bet.

SHE: I mean it's so perfectly simple—the way it's written and all—and yet there's an awful lot there. Don't you really think there is?

HE: Oh, sure.

SHE: I mean, it simply thrilled me, it was all so dif'rent and unusual, sort of.

HE: Yeah, he struck a new note.

SHE: That's exactly it, my dear. Only, what I didn't get was the point of the whole thing, sort of.

HE: Well, it's all rather vague, I think.

SHE: I spose it is, isn't it? But I mean I've had the most tremendous arguments with people about it, because it really moved me. I mean I was actually thrilled to my tum-tum, because, I mean, it's really the sort of book that means something. Don't you honestly think it does?

HE: Yeah, you bet.

SHE: Only the meaning of it would elude anybody that really didn't understand what the author was getting at. Don't you really think it would, my dear?

HE: Oh, sure.

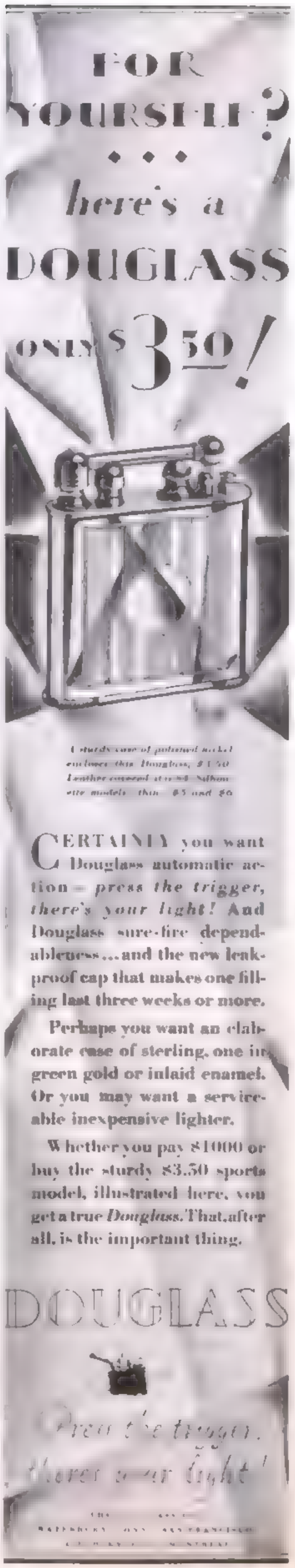
SHE: Because unless you actually understand what it's all about, it doesn't mean a thing, because it's all so involved, sort of.

HE: Yeah, of course the whole point is that this old Comtessa ——

SHE: Was she the one who was in love with that Uncle Pio person? Anyways, I think that Esteban was the sweetest thing! I mean his devotion to the other one—what's-his-name—was the most touching thing, sort of!

HE: Yeah, wasn't that swell?

SHE: Well, anyways, I think it's a simply marvelous book, only I don't think half the people who read it actually get a thing out of it, because, I mean, I don't think you can, unless you really fathom what the author had in mind, sort of. Do you know what I mean? —LLOYD MAYER.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Paid for but never used

"What's all that . . . streamers for a carnival?"

"Carnival of *waste*, yes. Mr. Jones, I brought over this armful of scrap from our printing shop to give you an idea of how paper is wasted . . . just by carelessness in ordering printed forms and letterheads.

"Somebody pays for all this paper, and in the course of a year it runs into thousands of dollars. But the man who pays for it can't possibly use it. We bale it up and sell it for junk.

"Here's what I'm driving at: Whenever you order a form or letterhead, you can save money if you will figure on a size that cuts out of a standard sheet without waste. It's simple. All you need know is the several sizes of standard sheets that printers use.

"Suppose, for instance, you want a form about 5 x 8 or 6 x 9 inches. Lay a piece of paper that size on a 17 x 22 sheet and you'll find it cuts to waste. Make the size of your form 5½ x 8½ and it cuts exactly. Your form is well proportioned, you've used the entire sheet, and the job costs no more. Multiply that one instance by the hundreds of forms you order in a year and you see the possibilities for saving money."

By exercising a little thought when laying out your forms you can utilize the full sheet, prevent waste — and save money

The printing salesman is right. He has done Mr. Jones a real service in bringing up this matter of waste. All good printers recognize it . . . each trying in his own way to correct it.

To aid in this movement, the Hammermill Paper Company offers this space in its national advertising campaign. As an essential step, this company has published a folder demonstrating with simple diagrams the many ways any paper user can save money by ordering forms and letterheads correctly.

The folder is offered free to everyone who has anything to do with the ordering of forms and the selection of paper. For a copy and other helpful information concerning the proper designing of business forms, simply write for it on your business letterhead. Address Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Look for the watermark

It is our word of honor to the public

AFTER THE FOOTBALL WAS OVER

(Continued from Page 13)

you-all boys hear my gal cheerin' him when he smeared me all over the ground?"

"Yassuh, cap'n, we heard such."

"You know what it's gwine mean, boys? It means that unless we git rid of that feller, he's gwine be the hero of our last two games an' fust thing you know Narcissy is gwine have broke off her engagement with me. . . . An' all this sof' money I has been playin' for will be gone."

The others shook their heads sympathetically. "Cap'n, we is tellin' you this: All you got to do is figger out a way us can fix this uppity cullud feller—an' we does the rest."

Meanwhile Rufus Rye was rambling around in a seventh heaven. With a delectable and openly adoring Narcissy Willus clinging to his arm, he pushed through the door of the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor and shyly ordered two glasses of soda water. Then for fifteen minutes he blushed under her barrage of praise.

There wasn't the slightest question that Rufus had plunged hopelessly in love with the daughter of his boss. And she, though she did not admit that she had fallen for him, yet found reason to regret keenly the enthusiasm which had caused her to engage herself to the domineering and conceited team captain.

That night, at her suggestion, Rufus took her to a dance at Epic Peters' roadhouse on the Montgomery Highway. Many of the dusky élite were there, and Rufus was made acquainted with such celebrities as Florian Slappey, Epic Peters, Jasper de Void, Cæsar and Sicily Clump, Eddie and Glorious Fizz, Doctor and Mrs. Atcherson and Opus Randall.

At eleven o'clock Excel appeared. His face wore a scowl, and he strode across the room to the table which Rufus and the girl were occupying. He paid no attention to Mr. Rye and did not even acknowledge that gentleman's friendly greeting. He addressed himself to Narcissy in most positive fashion:

"What you doin' out heah, gal?"

"Dancin'."

"With who?"

"Mistuh Rye."

"Who he?"

Narcissy showed a flash of spirit. "He's the big feller that stiff-armed you this afternoon."

Excel snorted. "I don't 'prove of you gallivantin' aroun' with strange cullud fellers, an' I don't prepose to stan' fo' same."

She laughed and shrugged. "Any time you can think of somethin' to do about it, Mistuh Roberts, just lemme know."

Excel swung on Rufus.

"An' you—you ought to be home in bed, an' not out heah dancin'."

"Yassuh, cap'n; whatever you say."

"Git gone, then!" snapped Excel. "An' stay gone."

With deceptive docility Rufus paid his check and departed with his lady friend. But as they rode cozily along the broad concrete roadway which winds through Shades Valley, he ventured a remark:

"You know, Miss Narcissy, I has been thinkin' "

"Yes, Mistuh Rye. 'Bout what?"

"It sort of seems like Cap'n Roberts ain't exackly crazy 'bout me."

She tossed her head. "He's crazy all right, Rufus—even if it ain't about you." Then her tone grew serious. "You better watch out for that feller. He's bad."

"Shuh! He cain't be so very bad."

"But he is. He's even terrible! An' I'd hate to have somethin' happen to you."

"Why?"

"'Cause—well, 'cause my father paid a lot of money to git you to play on his team. Tha's why."

"An'—an' ain't there no other reason?"

She looked away. "We-e-ell, maybe. But I wouldn't care to discuss it right now."

The days which followed developed several things. One was that a fine young romance was in the making between Narcissy and Rufus Rye. A half dozen times Narcissy had attempted to break her engagement to Excel, but that astute person, seeing whither she was heading, adroitly averted the catastrophe. It was no part of his scheme to pass up the easy money which would come to the husband of Escalator's daughter.

Rufus was in a daze. He did not know that Narcissy was engaged to Excel. He knew only that she was the most radiant creature he had ever met, and he would have made love to her had he dared.

Birmingham took Rufus to its heart. The colored *crème de la crème* liked the shy diffidence of the big fellow and marveled at his skill on the football field. That Saturday, when the team met its last opponent before the New Orleans game—a sort of final warming up—the stands were thronged, and Escalator knew that 60 per cent of the gate money had been paid by those who wished to see the new halfback in action.

Of course it wasn't much of a game. The Bears' opponents were weak and would have been slaughtered anyway. For five minutes Rufus ran wild. He made two long runs, did some magnificent blocking and performed two sensational tackles which completely flattened the tackled. Then, to the consternation of everyone, Excel removed him from the game. Escalator came rushing on the field, inquiring the wherefores. The captain gave a logical answer:

"I is savin' him for the N'Yawleens game. Us can whip this heah team an' I don't want to take no chances of Mistuh Rye gittin' hurt."

Thereafter it was Excel who performed all the heroics. He flashed up and down the field like a meteor and to him went the lion's share of the credit for a 57–0 victory. The luster of the new star was considerably dimmed, but Rufus was among the first to congratulate his captain.

That night Mr. Roberts took Narcissy to the Champion Theater. He was very much his insufferable self, and she was not at all pleased. In fact, she came within a hairbreadth of breaking off their engagement, and only a strategic change of attitude by Excel averted that disaster. But he had seen the handwriting on the wall and realized that Narcissy was becoming entirely too interested in Rufus Rye.

On Tuesday night Rufus asked Narcissy for a date and received an acceptance so eager that it would have conveyed interesting information to any man not so afflicted with modesty. At eight o'clock he walked downtown to the offices of the Jasper de Void Taxicab Company and returned driving a rented sedan.

Narcissy had made an elaborate toilet. Of course she realized that they would drop in at Epic Peters' roadhouse for a few dances, and she dressed accordingly. But her chief ambition was to instill into Rufus' breast a certainty of her availability. If only he would propose to her, she felt sure she would find sufficient courage to terminate her engagement to Excel.

She heard the car stop outside the door, and her heart thumped tumultuously. She went downstairs prepared to have a delightful evening—and she had it.

True, there was nothing deft about Rufus. He was a great, good-natured, hulking individual, but such a relief after Excel's insufferable conceit. They duly stopped at Epic's place and had a few dances. But tonight it was Rufus who suggested that they leave early and consume some mileage.

He wedged himself under the wheel and she settled beside him. And then a thought came to her. On the fourth finger of her left hand she was wearing a solitaire diamond which reminded her unpleasantly of Excel Roberts. Its presence on her finger offended her sense of the fitness of things. What right had she to wear one man's engagement ring when she fully intended to extract a proposal from another masculine person? Surreptitiously she slipped Excel's ring from her finger. She opened her purse and dropped the ring therein. Or, at least, she thought she did.

As a matter of fact, she was looking at Rufus' face at the time and therefore did not see what she was doing. The engagement ring dropped into the folds of her skirt, and when she closed the purse and snuggled herself closer to Mr. Rye's Gargantuan form, it slipped from her lap into the upholstery, where it remained unnoticed for the balance of the evening.

Leaving Epic's place, Rufus turned boldly away from Birmingham and rolled slowly along the paved highway. The moon hung low and full over the valley, bathing the landscape in a warm, silver glow. The distinct chill of late November did not penetrate the snug little sedan.

They talked of many things: Of Narcissy and of Rufus, of football and of regular jobs. A dozen times Narcissy felt that she had the big man on the very brink of a proposal, but always he drew back at the crucial moment, a victim of his own bashfulness. And she, being very much of a lady—albeit a disappointed one—could not herself do the actual proposing.

Yet by the time they returned to her home both were in a flutter. Even Rufus was palpitantly conscious of the fact that she was not quite so inaccessible as he had fancied; and she knew instinctively that soon—perhaps the very next time they went out together—she could elicit a proposal from him. And then—and her heart sang—she would find the courage to free herself finally and definitely from Excel.

In fact, all evening she had been obsessed by the thought that she was not going to wait. Whether or not Rufus desired to perform matrimony with her, she certainly had no intention of tying herself to such an egomaniac as Mr. Roberts. It had been a relief to know that Excel's ring was not on her finger, and when she said a tender good night to Rufus and went into the house alone, she was thrilled by a definite decision to see Excel on the morrow and tell him that all marriage prospects were off.

Rufus stared after her slender figure until the front door closed. Then he heaved a vast sigh and drove slowly toward the garage from which he had rented the car. He turned down Eighteenth Street, and near the corner of Third Avenue his nostrils were assailed by a tantalizing odor. Instinctively his big feet depressed clutch and brake pedals and the car came to a halt, almost of its own volition, in front of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor.

Rufus sidled under the wheel, opened the right-hand door and stepped out. His mind was intent upon the enticing odor of fresh barbecue and steaming Brunswick stew, so that he did not notice a gleaming, glittering bauble which rolled from the side of the car where Narcissy Willus had been sitting, and tinkled to the curb.

Mr. Rye leaped from the car. And as he jumped, his right foot, bearing a burden of two hundred and twenty hard pounds, came down crushingly on the engagement ring which Excel Roberts had given Narcissy.

Rufus frowned and moved his foot. He stooped and retrieved the ring.

It did not resemble an engagement ring in the slightest degree. The effect of his weight on the plain gold setting had been little short of catastrophic. But Rufus was no fool, and he knew that the stone which twinkled up at him was a genuine diamond. He threw back his head and gave vent to a chortle.

"Hot ziggity dam!" said he. "If this ain't luck, I ask the world, what is?"

He placed the diamond tenderly in his pocket and walked into Bud's place, where he ordered lavishly. Florian Slappey and Welford Potts, just finishing a game of

(Continued on Page 107)

Master Merchandisers of America use—

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Johnson & Johnson

—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, "Z O" Cartridge Spool Adhesive Tape, Bandages, etc., are important factors in guarding the nation's health

This outstanding and time-honored institution, in common with other leaders in many fields, appreciates the value of Denney Advertags and as used above, attached to cans of their Baby Powder, have found them advantageous in introducing Johnson & Johnson Baby Soap.

Such an Advertag has real consumer interest and is well worth reading. So, for that matter, are *all* Denney Advertags. For they not only tell you what you want to know about the tagged product but also bring articles to your attention which may prove decidedly beneficial for other purposes.

To Manufacturers

Denney Advertags *sell* and increase the effectiveness of all other forms of selling effort. Businesses that "have arrived" are using them with marked effectiveness. Businesses that are "on the way" need them even more.

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Another Important Announcement

by and about

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

THIS is a move to clarify things for the owners of trucks. To bring about more intelligent and effective co-operation between buyer and maker.

To make haulage equipment more efficient in operation by providing clear and exact advance information as to what it will carry.

Now and hereafter all General Motors Truck *capacities will be given in* STRAIGHT RATINGS.

That means, in every case, the total weight, including body and load, for which a given truck will be unqualifiedly guaranteed. The maximum gross weight, loaded, under which that truck will operate day in and day out with greatest efficiency and economy.

Chassis weight is given in exact pounds. The weight of any type of body is exactly known. These, subtracted from the total or STRAIGHT RATING, give the exact pay load capacity simply and accurately.

With a comparatively light type of body—

A Pledge in Action, *Now:*

1 *A complete line of truly modern trucks.*

2 *Extra values instead of "Excess Allowances"—no "padded" list prices.*

3 *STRAIGHT RATINGS that clarify, giving meaning and efficiency to "capacity" figures.*

4 *A real Work-Test backing every statement made about every General Motors Truck.*

A TRUCK FOR EVERY

A GREAT SERIES OF LIGHT DUTY EQUIPMENT MADE GREATER

by 1929 PONTIAC *engines*

A 10% to 30% increase in power-performance, by advancements in this famous engine . . . Harmonic balancer and counter-weighted crankshaft . . . Four wheel brakes . . . Longer, huskier chassis . . . Added strength in axles, transmissions, propeller shafts . . . Modern beauty in design and finish that has real money and prestige value to any business:

MODEL T-11
Type 1001—3800 lbs. "S. R." capacity $625

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Type 2001—8000 lbs. "S. R." capacity $1015
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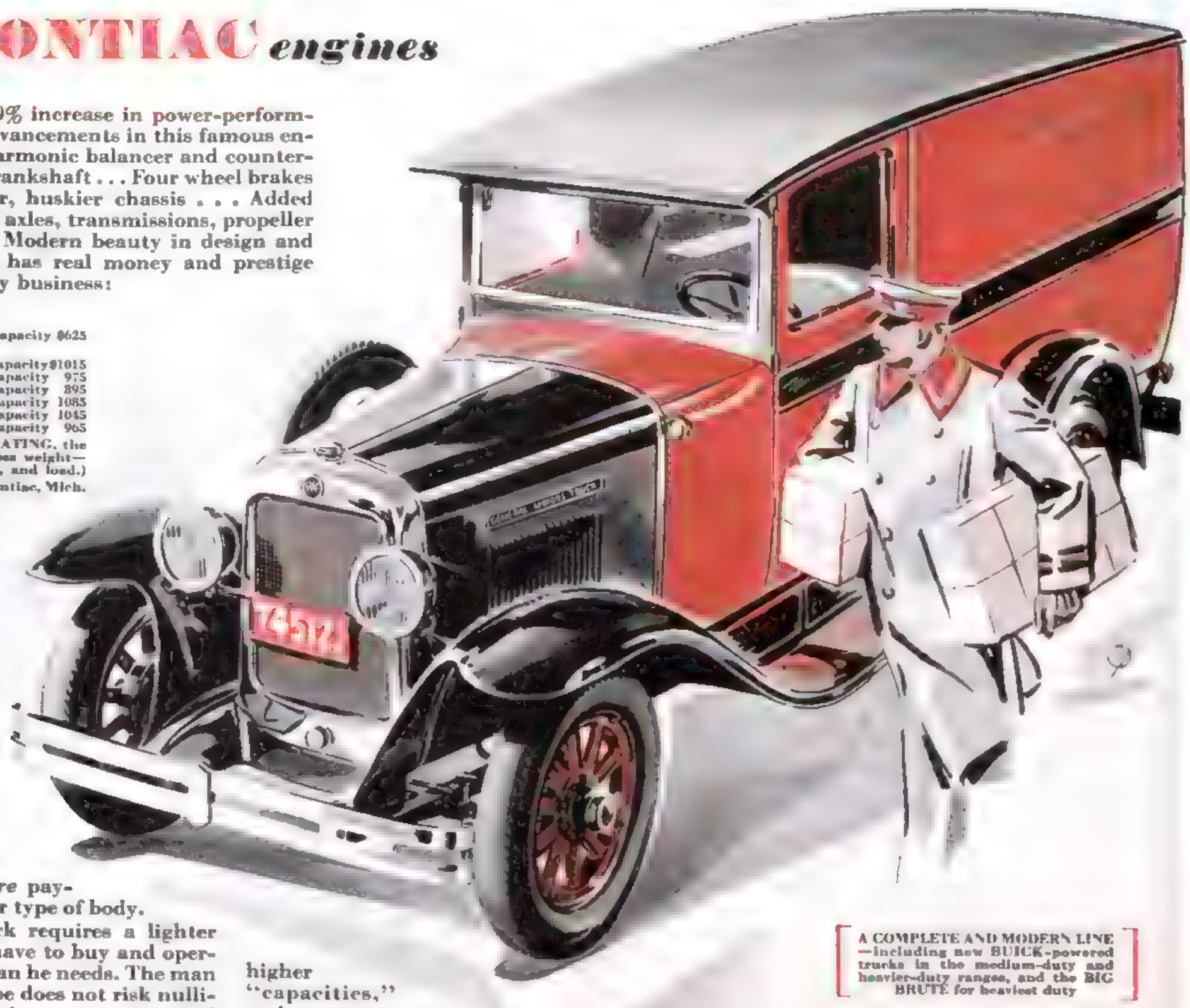
Type 2003—6000 lbs. "S. R." capacity 895
Type 2004—8000 lbs. "S. R." capacity 1085
Type 2005—8000 lbs. "S. R." capacity 1045
Type 2006—6000 lbs. "S. R." capacity 965

("S. R." means STRAIGHT RATING, the maximum allowable total gross weight—for chassis, body, equipment, and load.)
Prices chassis only, F. O. B., Pontiac, Mich.



A COMPLETE AND MODERN LINE—including new BUICK-powered trucks in the medium-duty and heavier-duty ranges, and the BIG BRUTE for heaviest duty

such as a stake, or platform job—a given truck will, plainly, carry *more* payload than with a heavier type of body.

The man whose work requires a lighter type of body does not have to buy and operate more "capacity" than he needs. The man who needs a heavier type does not risk nullified guarantees, high maintenance costs, and short service-life because of overloads.

New economy in tires is made possible. Accurately determined in advance, tire equipment will give maximum mileage.

Considering and buying new trucks can be tackled in the right way: 1st) *determining exactly what the working requirements are;* 2nd) *investing in equipment designed, built, and guaranteed, to meet them precisely, with true efficiency.*

The terms "one ton", "two tons", "three tons", etc., have become vague, sometimes misleading. "One ton" trucks on the market today show differences of as high as 1500 lbs. in chassis weights; and, in the higher "capacities," variances even greater. Between types of bodies, weight differences as great as half-a-ton are common.

Such uncertainties and discrepancies cannot aid wise investment or efficient operation.

. . . .

This company is pledged to further Better Delivery—better commercial transportation—with every resource at its command.

That is why we outlawed "Excess Allowances"—the "padding" of list-prices. That is why we make this move for STRAIGHT RATINGS.

It will pay any owner and operator of trucks to investigate, now, this complete line of modern trucks.

MAKE THIS REAL WORK TEST—

We furnish the truck (*any* available model, body, or chassis that most closely meets your individual requirements), the gasoline, and a man to accompany your driver. Put them at your regular work; keep them at it for an adequate, practical test. This offer backs every statement made about every General Motors Truck. Accept it. (This offer is not made in any states where such tests may be unlawful.)

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Factory branches, distributors, or dealers in 1500 principal cities and towns

PURSE AND PURPOSE

Ride a Bike . . .

Every Boy and Girl has a right to the exhilarating sport *of* Cycling ~

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"Cycle-Logical Ways to Happier Days"

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A handsomely illustrated booklet with pictures of America's greatest athletes and why they think there is nothing like cycling for combining the greatest fun ever with splendid exercise—both interesting and instructive.

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The Cycle Trades of America

Room A-205, Fisk Building, 250 West 57th St., New York City, and you will receive one of these booklets promptly.

We're up with the first streak of light,
We're "funning" from morning to night,
With blanket and bacon, long trips we are takin'
To see every jolly new sight.
We're sunburned, and husky and hearty,
But on every jaunt that we start-y
If the bell we would ring, we are sure of one thing,
Our Bikes must be there at the party.

Your Local DEALER will show latest models

(Continued from Page 103)

French pool, joined him and discussed the coming football game. Rufus was happy and expansive.

But out on Twenty-third Street there was one person who did not share Rufus' beatitude. Narcissy had reached her room, filled with high purpose anent ending her engagement to Excel. She even formulated the very sentences she intended to use in notifying Excel that as a future husband he was decidedly damp and definitely discarded. She opened her purse and felt for the engagement ring in order that she might rehearse with satisfactory realism.

Five minutes later Mr. Escalator Willus, her father, was aroused from a sound sleep by a wild-eyed young lady who demanded one hundred and fifty dollars cash money. Mention of such high finance under the circumstances aroused Escalator. He sat up in bed and slipped a green bathrobe over scarlet pajamas.

"How come you want that much money this late at night?"

"I got to have it, papa. Ise desp'rate."

"'Bout which?"

She told him the whole miserable story: Of the cooling of her love for Excel and the birth of ardor toward Rufus; of her trip with Mr. Rye this night, and the loss of the ring which Excel had given her.

"An' I got to have that money to give back to Mistuh Roberts, papa, 'cause you know good an' well he ain't gwine lemme break off that engagement without either I give him back the ring or the cash."

Escalator pondered. "Ain't there no chance he'll tell you to keep the ring?" he asked cannily.

"I wouldn't do such!" she flamed.

"Well, of course you can have it. But I ain't got so much money to th'ow away."

"Is it th'owin' it away to buy me out fum Excel Roberts?"

"No-o. But spose ——"

"Spose nothin'. I ask you final: Do I git that money fust thing in the mawnin'?"

Escalator sighed. "Uh-huh! You suttinly is the gittinest child!"

The following morning a somewhat frightened, but exceedingly determined, young colored damsel went to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored and demanded an audience with Excel Roberts.

That elegant person rambled nonchalantly into the parlor where Narcissy was waiting and they settled themselves on the lounge.

"Somethin' impawtant?" inquired Excel.

"Yassuh, Excel—plenty impawtant."

"What is it?"

"I has come down heah to tell you—to tell you—Excel, that I ain't gwine make ma'iage with you!"

Mr. Roberts blinked. The blow, while not entirely unexpected, was still a formidable wallop.

"What you mean—not marry me?"

"I mean just ezackly that. I ain't goin' th'oo with it, tha's all."

"H'm!" His eyes narrowed. "When did you make up yo' mind to this?"

She hesitated, but only for a moment: "Last night."

"Last night, eh? An' who was you with then?"

"That ain't got nothin' to do with it."

"No? Then you cain't mind sayin' who it was."

She averted her eyes guiltily. "I was with Rufus Rye. . . . But he don't even know I an' you was engaged."

"So? An' you don't think you had ought to of told him?"

"I don't think nothin'. I just know I didn't tell him, an' neither I ain't goin' to let him know that we was. I just want you to understan' that our engagement is broke—final an' complete."

Excel's face did not betray the hatred which his heart held toward the new football player who had crushed his hopes. He merely shrugged.

"A'right, Narcissy; it's a cinch that if you won't marry me, I suttinly ain't got a chance of marryin' you."

She fidgeted uncomfortably, and when she spoke again her voice was scarcely more than a whisper.

"Mistuh Roberts," she said, "I has also got to tell you somethin' else."

"Yeh? What is it?"

She looked everywhere but at him. "Mistuh Roberts, I has lost that engagement ring you give me an' so I cain't return same. I ——"

That was the ultimate straw which gave the camel a backache. Excel Roberts, properly incensed, leaped to his feet and commenced to utter words.

"So tha's it!" he railed. "You go out with a big ox last night an' decide you ain't gwine marry me. Then you come heah this mawnin' an' notify me our engagement is off, an' think I don't understan' what it means! You ain't nothin' but a two-timin' female an' ——"

She had risen and was facing him now with an anger which matched his own.

"Two-timin', am I—'cause I like a real man better than a no-good, stuck-on-hisse'f dummy like you? I'll tell you this much, Mistuh Roberts: Heah is my papa's check to yo' order fo' one hund'ed an' fifty dollars. There ain't no use of you tellin' me that the ring cost mo' than that, either; 'cause you won't get away with no such of a bluff. Believe me, I ain't forgot all the times you boasted to me just how much you paid fo' that ring, an' anyway, I asked the jooler the day after you bought it." She shoved the check in his hands. "There, take it—an' heahafter leave me be!"

Excel took the check. And then he made a magnificent gesture. Smiling in superior fashion, he tore the check across and then across again, after which he flung the bits of paper at her feet.

"When I gits disengaged fum a gal," he said regally, "I don't assept pay fo' same. Some day, woman, you is gwine ask me to take you back."

"Yeh, an' some day I is gwine be daid. But I hope bofe them days never git heah."

She turned and was gone, leaving Mr. Excel Roberts colossally unhappy.

Meanwhile, Rufus Rye was busy. He rose early and went to a jewelry store, where he presented his newly found diamond.

"How much is that wuth?" he inquired.

The clerk was canny. "Is you tryin' to sell it?"

"Nossuh!"

"Then I'd say it's wuth about a hund'ed an' fifty dollars."

"Hot diggity dawg! Listen—can you set that in a scarf pin fo' about fifteen dollars?"

"Tha's the most thing us can do best, mistuh."

"An' when can I git it?"

"Tomorrow mawnin'."

"I'll be heah," announced Rufus. "An' be sure you make it look swell."

That afternoon football practice was particularly hectic wherever Rufus Rye happened to be. But he took his bruises good-naturedly and romped gleefully up and down the field in spite of the best efforts of the first team to stop him.

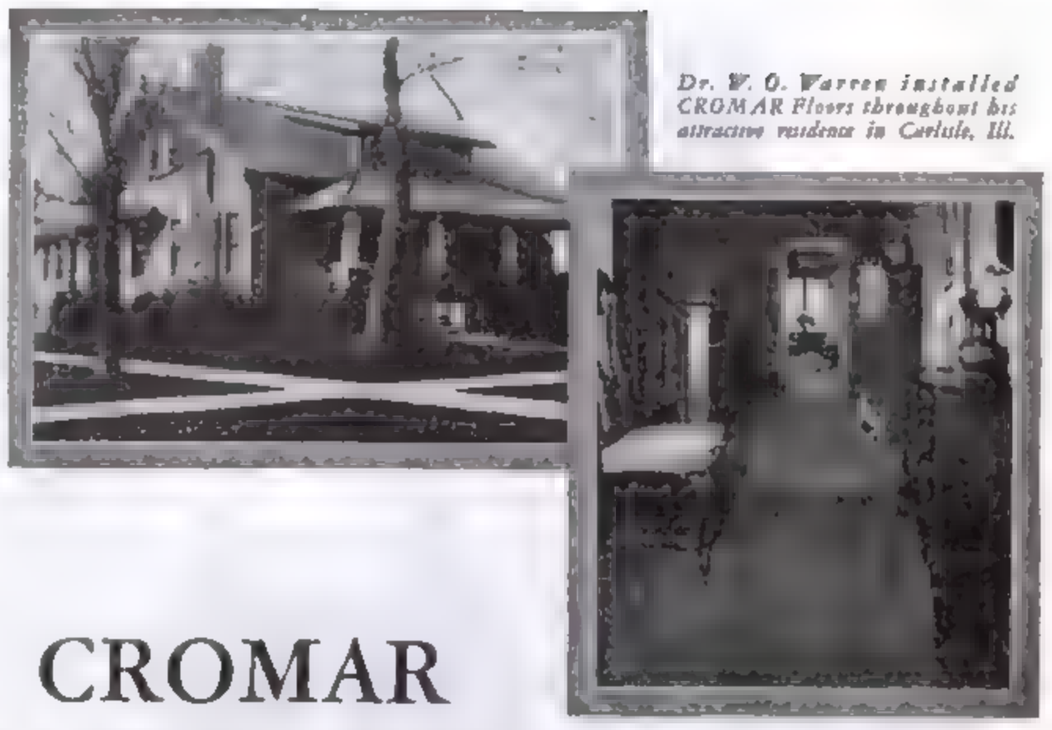
The stands held more than a sprinkling of fans; most prominent among whom were Escalator Willus and his daughter Narcissy. They stared with shining eyes at the Herculean feats of the imported player, and the girl fired one important question at her male parent.

"Papa," she inquired, "when N'Yawleens comes up heah is you gwine let Excel Roberts take Rufus out of the game?"

"I is not," answered Escalator promptly. "Last Saddy was diff'ent, 'cause it was an easy game. But fum all I heah we is gwine be awful lucky if we beat them Crescents even with Rufus playin' his best." He glanced at his daughter. "What makes you think Excel would do such of a stunt, anyway?"

"'Cause he hates Rufus an' don't want him to be a hero. Excel would rather lose the game than to see Mistuh Rye git all the applause."

Escalator sighed. "Yeh," he admitted, "I reckon maybe you is correck."



Dr. W. O. Warren installed CROMAR Floors throughout his attractive residence in Carlisle, Ill.

CROMAR OAK FLOORS *cost no more than hand-finished floors*

though CROMAR is completely finished at the factory—

A NEW BEAUTY of finish. A finish that long outlasts the familiar hand-finish. Lower upkeep cost—

—these are but three of the outstanding advantages which result from finishing CROMAR completely at the factory, like furniture.

Every CROMAR strip of selected Appalachian oak is scraped, sanded, filled, double varnished—and even treated to resist moisture—by machines. When the completely finished strips arrive, all that is left to do is to nail them down. Nothing else. Laid in a new home, at the speed of a room a day, it means 10 days or 2 weeks earlier occupancy. In an old home, laid right over the worn floors, the new CROMAR floor is ready for use the moment the last nail is driven.

And machine-finishing results in a more durable, a more uniformly beautiful floor. No human hand, however strong or skilled, can equal the thoroughness or uniformity of the ingenious, powerful CROMAR machines. And it is impossible for ugly uncleanable square cracks to develop between the strips of CROMAR.

Yet—with all these advantages—CROMAR floors cost no more than hand-finished floors. There are numerous other advantages—all described and illustrated in interesting booklets.

Write for these free booklets. And ask for free samples of CROMAR. The story of CROMAR and its unique manufacture is fascinating. CROMAR marks a great revolutionary advance in the history of wood floors.

CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers, but carpenters and contractors install it. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

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CROMAR is a *tongue-and-groove* flooring—which means that the nails are driven *not* through the surface but through the tongue—and are thus concealed by the groove of the adjoining strip.

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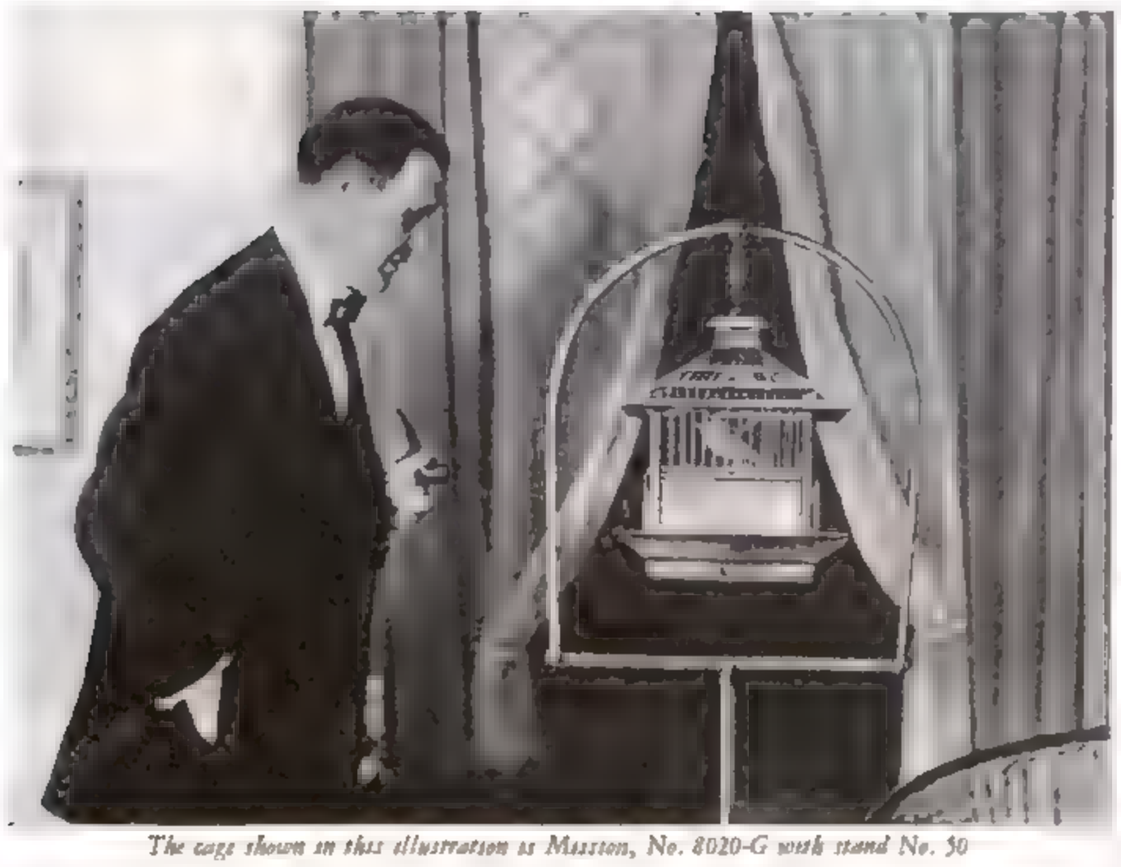


The cage shown in this illustration is Mission, No. 8020-G with stand No. 50

When this war veteran was ordered to bed for three years, the doctor brought him—Canaries!

THE crisis in the life of William C. Daustin of Redlands, California, came one dark morning when the doctor informed him that he would have to stay in bed three years!

"At first," he said, "the lonesomeness was terrible, especially when there was no one in the house all day.

"The doctor said that I ought to have something to occupy my mind, so at first he brought me raffia work and even paper dolls to cut out. Well, I didn't think much of that for a big six-footer. But I knew what I wanted. I had always been interested in birds, so I had the doctor get me some canaries.

"He got me some first-class breeders and soon they were installed at my bedside. I raised some very fine Rollers from them, and I have since built up a pleasant and profitable business in canaries. So you see, my little winged friends did more than amuse me; they have provided me with an interesting way of making money.

"Since recovering my health, I have continued to breed canaries and, although I live in a small community, I find a ready sale for my birds in such distant places as Panama, Alaska, Honolulu and the Philippine Islands. During the breeding season, I am kept busy installing complete breeding units. For this I find the Hendryx breeding cages by far the best."

THE BOWER

This is one of the most charming and practical of cages. Made of solid brass, finished in green with polished brass trim. The removable drawer in the base makes cleaning easy. Ask for Cage No. 250-DB with stand No. 63. Reasonably priced.

Be sure to get a Hendryx Bird Home

Whether you want to keep canaries for their joyful companionship, or raise them for profit, be sure to get Hendryx homes for them. Every Hendryx is designed to provide for the safety and comfort of the bird.

The new Hendryx designs are especially colorful and charming. If you already have a bird, maybe you ought to get him a *new* Hendryx. Ask to see them at your nearest pet shop, florist, seed shop, hardware, house furnishings or department store. You will find a charming variety of colors and designs at moderate prices.

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES
Since 1909

FREE: **The Feathered Philosopher**

A charming story of a little canary and what he taught people about life, cheerfulness, happiness and love. This 24-page booklet, illustrated in color, will be sent free upon request to you, or to any of your friends whose names you send us. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., 82 Audubon St., New Haven, Conn.

That night Rufus spent the evening at home. Narcissy, dressed in her best, made valiant efforts to extract an invitation from him for a ride, perhaps, where she might have a chance to force from him the proposal of marriage which she was now at liberty to accept. But Rufus evidently didn't understand. At any rate, he curled up in an easy-chair and contented himself with talking football to Escalator and flinging adoring glances in Narcissy's direction.

The following morning Rufus again visited the jewelry shop and swapped fifteen dollars for his diamond pin. The stone glittered gloriously in its white-gold setting, and Mr. Rye stuck it pridefully in a new cerise scarf. All his life he had craved to own a genuine diamond and he was treading on air as he walked to the football field.

At practice that afternoon he was little short of magnificent. And after the hectic two hours of drill, he rushed to the showers and dressed swiftly, for Narcissy had notified him that she would be waiting in the stands. Rufus was at peace with the world. And because he wished to share his happiness with others, he made a strategic error. He walked across the locker room and paused before his captain.

"Excel," he said innocently, "how do you like my new ginuwine diamond pin?"

Mr. Roberts took one look, and something clicked in his brain. Unmistakably, he knew that diamond, he recognized it as the very identical stone with which he had plighted his now-busted troth.

Dark suspicions came to him. Queer that Narcissy should have lost that ring! Wimmin didn't go around shedding their engagement jewelry! Excel believed firmly that Narcissy had given his diamond to Rufus as a present. This evidence was too damning for him to think otherwise. He controlled his homicidal fury with an effort.

"Where at did you git that diamond, big boy?"

"I found it!"

"You whiched?"

"I found it," repeated Rufus.

Excel was quivering with rage. Of course Rufus and Narcissy had agreed that Mr. Rye must claim to have found the stone. Excel felt that he might have forgiven anything but this. He knew perfectly well that Rufus was merely taunting him—flashing in his eyes the very diamond he had given Narcissy!

"It's real pretty, ain't it?" inquired Rufus, adding fuel to the flames.

"Hmph! It ought to be."

Rufus turned away and waved his big hand. "G'by, Excel."

"Where you goin'?" growled the captain.

Again Mr. Rye gave an answer which was filled with truth and free from guile.

"I got a date with Miss Narcissy Willus," said he, as he passed through the door.

For perhaps three minutes Excel did not move. Then the power of speech returned to him and he commenced saying several things in his most profane language. All the other players, save only Excel's two most intimate friends, had departed; and these twain now hovered in the vicinity of their captain and marveled at the stream of vituperation which poured from his lips.

Eventually Excel explained. It never occurred to him that Narcissy and Rufus had both told the strict and unadorned truth. He saw it all as a frame-up to demean him, and he knew only one ambition—which was to perform an excellent job of mayhem on the genial Rufus Rye.

He explained to his two cronies that Rufus had double-crossed him and stolen his girl. He told them of how Narcissy had given his engagement ring to Rufus and of how the pair had framed the story that he had found it.

"An' now," he finished, "that big, bad egg comes in heah an' grins in my face like a cheesy cat an' tells me he puck that stone up. He knowed good an' well that I reckernized the stone, an' also that I cain't prove it, 'cause how is you gwine identifry a diamond? Then day after tomorrow us plays N'Yawleens, and Rufus gits to be a big hero; an' next yeah when Escalator gits up a team, I guess Rufus will be ma'ied to Narcissy an' be captain of the team, an' I, nor neither of you two fellers, will even git a job."

They were properly indignant. They retired to a corner and went into executive session. It was the huge halfback, Mushy Carter by name, who evolved a solution to the problem.

"On Saddy," he summarized, "we mustn't allow Rufus to be a hero, 'cause if he was to play rotten, Escalator would think he laid down, an' Narcissy would become plumb disgustful with him."

"Yeh," agreed Mr. Roberts, "but what is you gwine do to make Rufus look bad? No matter what we remark on the outside, we know good an' well that Rufus is the swellest cullud football player that ever stepped on the field."

"We can do plenty," said Mushy. "But fust I ask you a question. Which would you rather do, Excel—ruin Rufus or win the game?"

"Wreck Rufus!" answered Mr. Roberts without an instant's hesitation. "I don't care if we never win no game, previded I git even with that feller for gittin' my gal an' my diamond."

"Good! Now this is my plan: We know that N'Yawleens has been scoutin' us, an' they is gwine be out to git Rufus. They is gwine treat him awful rough. Ain't that a fack?"

"It ain't nothin' else. But they cain't knock him out."

"Not alone they cain't," admitted Mushy. "But they ain't gwine be alone. Because, Excel, I an' you and George are goin' to bust that bird ev'y chance we get durin' the game!"

Excel's eyes widened. "You mean that us th'ee is gwine slug Rufus ev'y scrimmage?"

"Yassuh, tha's the most idea I has got. An' Rufus ain't gwine know where it is all comin' fum. He's gwine be watchin' N'Yawleens, but he's so dumb that he ain't never gwine suspeck that us fellers is sluggin' him, an' diggin' cleats in his face, an' otherwise committing salts an' batt'ry on him."

Mr. Roberts whistled approvingly. "Great wiggilin' tripe! Durned if you ain't got a head on yo' shoulders, Mushy. Us th'ee knocks that big feller into the middle of next week. He gits a chance fo' an easy tackle or somethin', an' one of us plants a foot in his face, an' he misses. An' all the stands see is that Rufus looks like a false alarm!" Excel rose solemnly and extended his hand. "Brother," he declared, "you is so bright you gleams!"

They went deeply into a discussion of their scheme, but Rufus Rye, rambling homeward with the delectable Narcissy on his arm, was happily ignorant of the man-slaughter being plotted against him.

He was, in fact, unmindful of everything save that he was with the most adorable creature he had ever met and that he was wishing he could find the courage to risk a proposal. All that evening and the next they rambled around Birmingham, walking even to the crest of Red Mountain, where, indifferent to the biting wind, they stared down on the twinkling lights of the city and the glow of furnaces off in Ensley. A romance had entered their lives, and while there were moments when Narcissy was plumb exasperated by Rufus' diffidence, she loved him the more for it, because it was so delightfully in contrast with the insufferable conceit which had been Excel's chief stock in trade.

Saturday morning dawned clear and cold, and Rufus arose without the slightest premonition of what his supposed friends were planning for him. He knew, of course, that New Orleans would see to it that he had an exciting afternoon, but hard football was nothing new in Mr. Rye's eventful life, and he rather looked forward to the fracas; particularly since he knew that Narcissy would be seated opposite the fifty-yard line, rooting for him.

The advance sale of tickets had been heavy, but even so it gave no hint of the size of the crowd that commenced streaming through the gates when they opened at one o'clock. Birmingham was enthusiastic about its undefeated professional team and it loved the idea of annexing a sectional championship. Besides, those who understood football scented a real drama. They realized that not yet had Rufus been forced to extend himself, and they wished to see what he would do this afternoon when New Orleans set about the task of rendering him entirely hors de combat.

The officials had been carefully chosen. As referee, a hefty colored gentleman named Edwin Ellsworth Jones had been selected. This individual, having been for three years an outstanding luminary on Tuskegee's varsity team, bore the reputation of being thoroughly efficient and fearlessly fair. An ex-star from Morris Brown University had been selected as umpire, and Florian Slappey managed to annex the job of head linesman. The referee and umpire called the rival captains to the center of the field for the toss. New Orleans won, and elected to receive.

The teams lined up amid that breathless, tense hush which precedes the initial kick-off of an important game. Then the referee's whistle sounded, and as Excel Roberts' trained toe plunked against the pigskin the voice of the stands rose high in the chill air.

The Crescent right half received the kick-off and dashed up the field behind a screen of interferers. Mushy Carter leaped for him and was brushed aside. Excel was treated in as summary fashion. But from somewhere came a streak of ebony which bowled over two of the most formidable Crescents and fastened powerful hands around the thighs of the runner.

It was a clean, hard, vicious tackle, and the Birmingham rooters roared. New Orleans went into a huddle, and their captain gave terse orders.

"Tha's the guy we been hearin' so much about," he snapped. "Git him!"

The New Orleans team set out to obey orders. On the very next play two fists found Rufus' jaw and one pair of cleats signed off in his face. He rose, grinning.

For the entire first quarter, with the teams fighting viciously between the two thirty-yard lines and the crowd frenzied with excitement, Rufus Rye was manhandled until he resembled nothing so closely as a discouraged Hamburg steak.

But chief among his attackers were three colored gentlemen who wore the uniform of the Birmingham Bears. Excel Roberts, Mushy Carter and George Johnson fairly beat him to a pulp under the pretense of blocking for him and providing him with interference. And while Rufus protected himself somewhat against the assaults of his opponents, it never occurred to him that his own team mates were scientifically attempting to put him out of the game.

Three times in the second quarter the referee's whistle found the mammoth form of Rufus Rye stretched out on the turf. In the stands, Narcissy was in tears; she suspected dirty work, but her eyes were not quick enough to see it. It just didn't seem possible that the New Orleans team, amazingly powerful as it was, could be doing all the damage.

Excel was in fine fettle. He was playing an excellent game and running the team so that what few chances there were for brilliant offensive plays came his way. Occasionally he gave Rufus the ball, and every time one of the three conspirators managed to trip Mr. Rye and then kick him after he was tripped.

The half ended 0–0; but with Rufus barely able to drag himself from the field, all the advantage appeared to be with the visiting team. It didn't seem that any human frame could forever withstand the pounding to which Mr. Rye was being subjected; and with him out of the game, there was little doubt as to the outcome.

In the dressing room Excel, Mushy and George were gleeful. They glanced at the miserable figure of the mammoth Rufus, huddled in agony against the wall. They knew that they had reduced him to an inefficient pulp, but Excel planned still further. He personally wished to knock Rufus out, and then later he could claim that Mr. Rye quit—in fact, that he had perhaps sold out to the Crescents.

When the team lined up for the second half, Rufus gazed at the visitors through puffed and swollen lids. He knew that something terrible was happening to him, but he couldn't figure exactly what that something was.

Then came the kick-off and his torture started once again. His great strength was being sapped by constant pounding; and if he wondered occasionally why so much of the brutality seemed to come from behind his own line, it never occurred to him to suspect his captain.

The New Orleans leader realized that Rufus had been pounded down to ordinary size. Then, like a good field general, he devoted himself to the task of scoring a few points. Three hefty substitutes were sent in, and the Crescents started a terrible march down the field. They ripped and tore the Birmingham line; they interspersed clever trick plays and snappy forward passes with rips over tackle. Rufus was here, there and everywhere; but time and again a vicious kick or a hard fist cut him down just at the moment when he was about to fasten his big hands on the runner.

The Crescents worked the ball to Birmingham's seven-yard line; first down and touchdown to make. They ripped into right tackle and were held for a fractional gain. A sweeping end run failed to net them a yard, but put the ball immediately in front of the goal posts. A plunge through center gave them just one yard.

Fourth down! Their captain dropped back for a try at field goal. Rufus Rye moved up into the line and tensed his huge muscles. Excel Roberts ranged beside him.

The ball was snapped, and with berserk fury Rufus charged through to block the fatal kick. He came clear, and then, just as he leaped forward to frustrate the New Orleans attempt, a large foot cracked against his shin and he went down, a twisting mass of agony.

Excel Roberts saw the ball sail squarely over the goal posts; he heard the excited shrieks from the New Orleans sector which told him the visitors now had a 3–0 lead; but he was inexpressibly happy because his well-directed kick in the shins had laid Rufus low and robbed him of this last chance to be a hero.

From then on Rufus played in a daze. Every bone and muscle in his body ached. He staggered about the field, giving his pitiful best, but it was indeed pitiful. The Crescents had long since ceased to pound him, yet the pummeling and kicking continued from the fists and feet of his three largest team mates. The other players were a mere blur to Rufus; he played mechanically, and he did not play well.

Narcissy suspected what was happening and voiced her suspicions to Escalator. He was inclined to agree with her, but moaned that there was nothing he could do about it.

"Rufus is out on his feet," groaned Escalator. "'An' if I take Excel out of the game now, our last chance is gone."

"I don't care about winnin' the game!" she flamed. "All I crave to do is to save Rufus' life."

But Rufus stayed in, and then, with the fourth quarter about half over, Excel Roberts had an idea.

Rufus had failed to shine. Save for the fact that he had taken an epic beating, his part in the fray had been distinctly inglorious. Suppose, then, that Excel could single-handedly win this game? In one fell swoop he would be restored to his proper pinnacle as hero of the football team. He called his men into a huddle and exhorted them passionately.

With a last desperate effort the Birmingham team started down the field toward what they hoped would mean a touchdown

(Continued on Page 113)

Two Sets or Three?

© 1929 M. L. I. Co.

ONE of the things this modern mother found out is that teeth, so vital to well-being, begin to form before birth. And that in order to give her baby good teeth her own diet must consist largely of eggs, fresh vegetables, fruits, whole-grain cereals and milk.

The first set of baby teeth is very important in its effect upon the second set and should be given the greatest care. When one of the little teeth is lost, before nature is ready to send out its successor, the shape of the jaw is likely to change in such a way that the second teeth will be crowded and come in unevenly.

Especial attention must be paid to the double molars of the temporary set. By good dentistry, these should be made to last until the tenth or eleventh year. And so, when her child is only four years old—hardly more than a baby—and thereafter every six months, the modern mother takes him to her dentist.

The first permanent teeth are called the six-year molars because they come in at about the sixth year. They appear behind the two temporary molars, and can easily be distinguished by counting the double teeth on each side. If there are three double teeth in a row the back one is the permanent one.

These first permanent molars are the keystone of the dental arch and govern the position of all the later teeth. Coming in as they do in a mouth full of temporary teeth, they are frequently neglected and sometimes extracted as part of the baby set.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are built by food—like every other part of the body. First in importance comes the food the mother eats before her baby is born, then the food she gives him through babyhood, and finally the food that he selects for himself. Teeth are living parts of the body and need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Lucky is the baby whose wise mother has determined that he shall have such fine first and second sets of teeth that he will never need an artificial set.

Your Doctor will tell you

Poison from tooth infection may damage vital organs, may cause eye, nerve, or joint trouble, rheumatism, headache, or any one of a long list of serious ailments.

The expert dentist of today employs much of the wisdom of medical science; he uses real engineering skill and his work is often touched by the grace of artistry.

If teeth are lost, artificial substitutes can usually be made which will insure comfort, good appearance and efficient service. Without the latter, good digestion and therefore good health are impossible.

A famous physician once made the statement, "Bad teeth are the most common cause of physical breakdown."

Health scientists warn us that teeth should be watched not from the outside alone, but from the inside as well, and that a tooth which has never ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected poison. Dentists use x-ray photographs to tell the story. If the x-rays show poison at the root that cannot be dislodged by treatment, perhaps the tooth should be extracted.

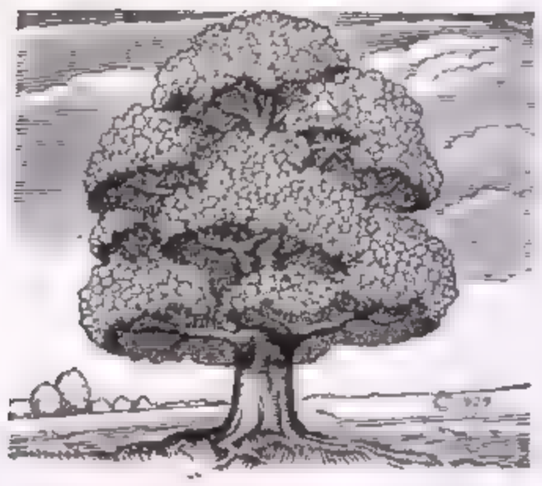
The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail its booklet, "Good teeth, how to get them and keep them," to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet No. 39E.

HALEY FISKE, President.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The Meaning of "A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT"



All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER "75"

CHRYSLER "65"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

DE SOTO SIX

PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, MOTOR COACHES *and* BUSES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

BUSINESS consolidations benefit the buyer in direct ratio to the extent to which the combined units benefit each other.

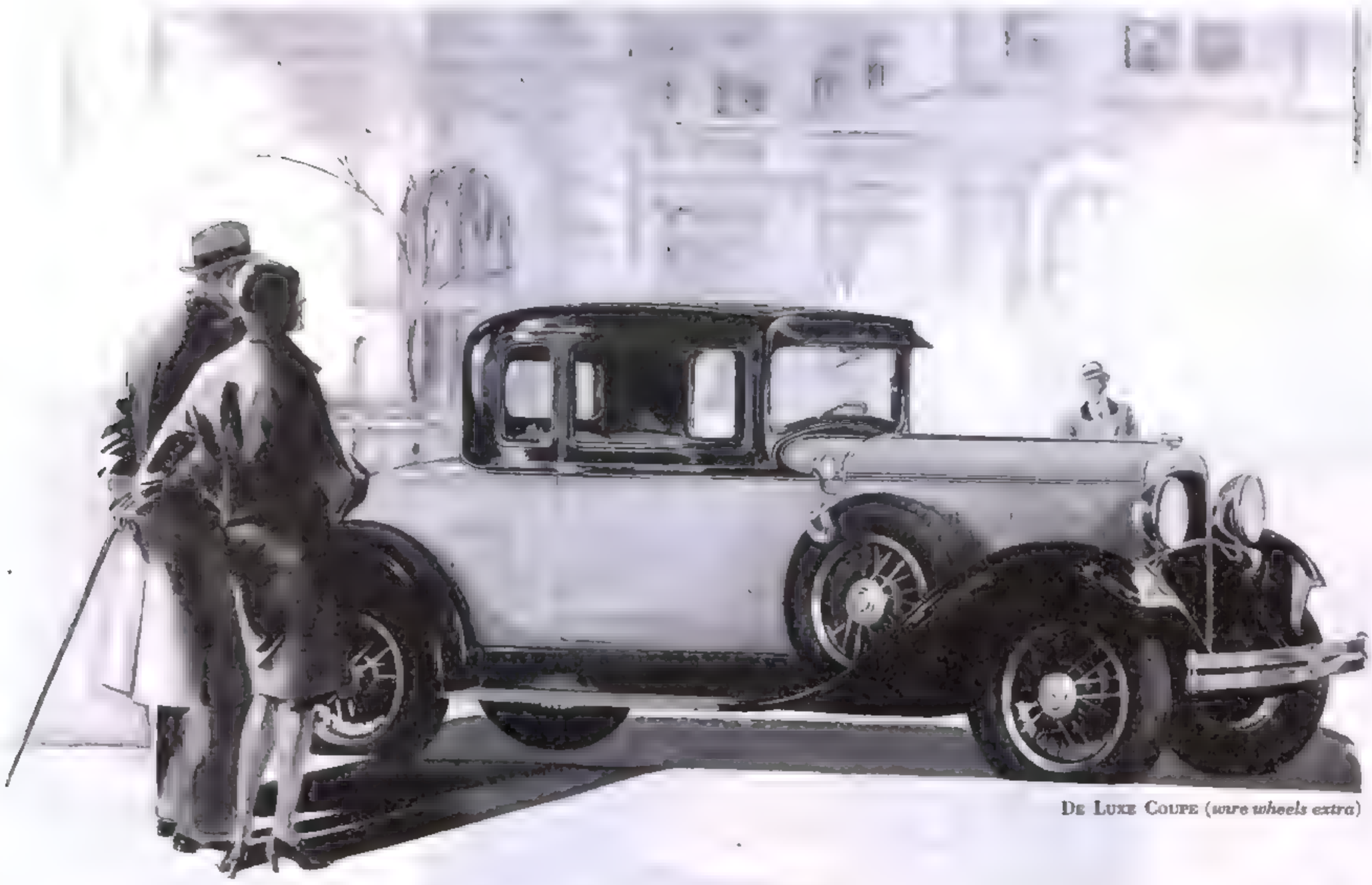
That is the sole and only purpose of Chrysler Motors. The several products which constitute Chrysler Motors are banded together in one official family, under one personal head, with a common policy of engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and financing, so that each can help the other to give better value.

If their alliance were only formal—if they did not lighten each other's burdens, cut each other's costs, share each other's advantages—Chrysler Motors would be a fiction instead of a robust, practical, money-saving fact.

Thus—Dodge Brothers great plants almost automatically became enormously more productive as soon as Dodge Brothers became a division of Chrysler Motors and the other Chrysler divisions began to benefit by Dodge plant resources. There is no idle space, there are no idle machines, there are no idle hands, there is no idle time in any Chrysler Motors plant.

There is productive, profitable labor for them all by reason of the diversity of markets and products which Chrysler Motors provides. And this plant-filling capacity is all aimed at the one paramount object—*holding quality up and keeping overhead down.*

Here at last is a great, personally directed manufacturing machine which actually does render a public service. It actually does reduce costs. It actually does *give greater value* in each and every Chrysler Motors product.



De Luxe Coupe (*wire wheels extra*)

DODGE BROTHERS GREATEST VALUE

By a wide and commanding margin, the new Dodge Brothers Six is the most compelling value in all Dodge Brothers history. It is a composite of captivating style, advanced engineering and outstanding proficiency. Conceived by Walter P. Chrysler, produced in the great Dodge Brothers workshops, it has that alluring beauty so typical of all Chrysler-built cars as well as the proverbial dependability and economy so long associated with Dodge Brothers. From every angle, the new Dodge Brothers Six is unapproached by any car at or near its price.

Eight Body Models . . $945 to $1065 f. o. b. Detroit

NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

Owner:

The question is: How much extra can we afford to pay for wrought iron pipe? Suppose we do get double life, but pay almost double for it, what have we gained?

Engineer:

The price of wrought iron pipe may be nearly double that of cheaper pipe, but *installed* in the system, ready for service, it costs only about 5% extra. That's the important thing to look at.

"Why do we have to look at the installation cost rather than the pipe cost?"

"Because freight, labor, fittings, and overhead, are all necessary elements in the cost of a pipe system. They are not lessened by using cheap pipe. Some of them, on the contrary, may be increased.

"Replacements are usually more expensive than new work. Freight, hauling, and overhead enter, just as they did in the first place. Labor often is doubled and trebled. And besides that, walls, floors and partitions may have to be torn out and repaired after the job is finished. Carpenters, plasterers, painters, and decorators have to be reckoned with, as well as pipe fitters.

"In a factory, if some of these troubles are absent, there are others equally severe. Difficulty in getting at the leaky pipes, overtime charges, interrupted operation, idle time of machines and men, delayed production—these are common experiences. Pipe failures are extremely costly."

"But the whole system would not fail all at once?"

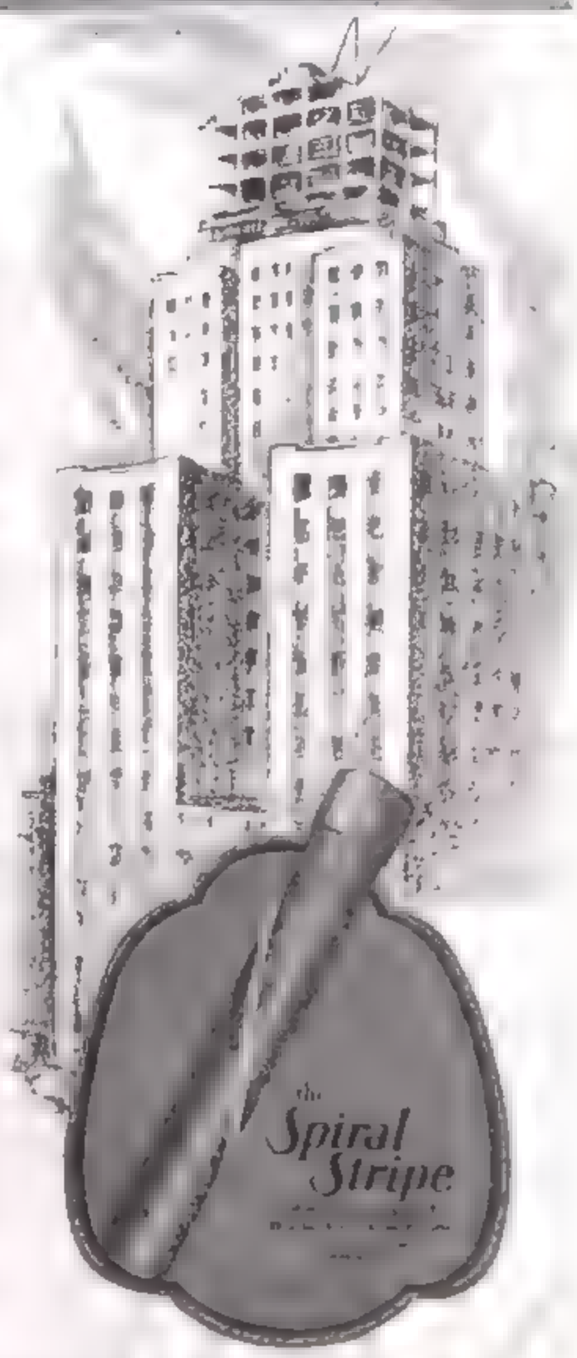
"True, it will not go to pieces all at once, like the 'one hoss shay'. But whether all at once, or little by little, when pipes break down they have to be replaced, and it certainly doesn't cost any less to do a thing piecemeal than all at one time. We are discussing, not the exceptional utter collapse, but the usual, disheartening expense of continual replacements when short lived pipe is used."

* * * * * *

Thorough studies have been made, covering the experience of many users, in different places, through a long term of years. A Byers bulletin on the Installation Cost of Pipe gives facts and figures. Send for a copy.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY

Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.



BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from Page 109

and victory. New Orleans, considerably battered, put up a great but hopeless fight. The game was nearing its end.

But even in this final striving for victory, the trio of conspirators did not neglect to increase Rufus' physical misery. And finally, with only three minutes to play, and Excel shining brilliantly, Birmingham found itself on the New Orleans nine-yard line, first down and goal to make.

Excel tore through the line for three yards, and while he was doing so, Mushy scientifically flattened Rufus with his fist. On the next play Excel added four more yards, putting the ball on the two-yard line. Mushy then ripped off tackle, but was stopped short.

Less than two minutes to go. A single successful play meant a touchdown and victory. Excel spoke briefly to the evil-visaged Mushy.

"This time," snapped the captain, "us makes a touchdown. I feel it in my bones. An,' Mushy, you is gwine make it!"

"Me?" questioned the amazed and delighted Mushy. "How come you don't?"

"Two reasons. Fust off, they especks me to carry the ball an' won't be watchin' you. An' in the secon' place, I got me an impawtant job to do."

"What is it, cap'n?"

"Ise gwine slug Rufus Rye so hard his ancestors is goin' to feel the jar."

The lines crouched, signals were barked, and twenty-two men leaped into action.

Rufus, doing his best to run interference, saw Mushy receive a perfect pass from the center and go tearing toward a gaping hole which had been opened between guard and tackle. He saw Mushy swing into that opening and sprawl across the goal line.

And then, just before the ball was downed behind the New Orleans line, a catastrophe happened to Mr. Rufus Rye.

Even before the referee's whistle sounded something collided with Rufus' jaw with all the force of a ten-ton truck. The world went black before the eyes of the valiant halfback. And as Mr. Rye collapsed, utterly and completely out, there was a shriek from the stands and a vision in furs came speeding across the field toward the form of her prostrate boy friend.

The spectators had gone loco. With only a minute left to play, the game had been won. Nothing short of a super-miracle could give New Orleans the victory now. The final attempt at point after touchdown, and then a single kickoff, would be mere formalities. Birmingham had won gloriously!

But something happened. Into the joyous group of tired players who pounded Mushy Carter on the shoulder in congratulation, there came a stern gentleman incased in golf trousers, white sweater and football shoes. The voice of Mr. Edwin Ellsworth Jones, the referee, came as loudly and clearly as a knell o' doom.

"No touchdown!" snapped the referee.

There was an instant of horrified silence, then a shout of protest arose. Captain Excel Roberts lashed forward and grabbed the referee by the sweater. Mr. Jones shook him off and stared sternly.

"What do you mean," howled Excel—"no touchdown?"

"I mean just that," said Mr. Jones crisply. "And furthermore, the Birmingham team is penalized half the distance to its own goal for slugging!"

Excel staggered. "Who -who did any slugging?" he asked.

The referee did not evade the issue. "You did! With my own eyes I saw you slug Rufus Rye in the jaw while the play was still going on!"

"Y-y-y-you mean," quavered the dumfounded captain, "that you is taking away our touchdown an' penalizing my team half the distance to our goal because I slugged one of my own men?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Edwin Ellsworth Jones coldly. "I am doing just that."

"But, mistuh, you cain't. It ain't right ——"

"Listen to me," said the referee fearlessly: "The rule book gives that as the penalty for slugging and it don't say anything about who gets slugged."

Amid a stunned silence the two teams trailed the referee back to midfield, where the ball was given to a disconsolate Birmingham team. They launched a single half-hearted play and then the timekeeper's whistle announced the end of the game, with New Orleans the victor by a 3–0 score.

Explanation of the referee's courageous and honest decision drifted back to the stands, and when the Birmingham team staggered from the field, Captain Excel Roberts was greeted with a storm of hisses. He was tasting the dregs of bitterness. Instead of being a hero, he was a pariah; disgraced in the eyes of his erstwhile friends.

But the end was not yet. He rambled unhappily toward the dressing room, but there he paused. Seated in a chair before the dressing room door was the enormous figure of Mr. Rufus Rye. Mr. Rye's eyes were half closed and his whole face was puffed and discolored, but it was patent that the large person was very, very happy.

Rufus was speaking to the delicious Narcissy Willus, who was hovering solicitously very much in his vicinity. And as Excel came within earshot, he heard Rufus say something to the girl.

"Honey," smiled Rufus Rye, "as soon as I git dressed I is gwine give you a present. I has got a swell diamond pin which I is goin' to have made into a ring for you."

"Oh, sweetness!" gasped the delighted Narcissy. "You mean an engagement ring?"

"Uh-huh, Narcissy, I sure do." Rufus sighed. "It's a beautiful diamond, honey. Ever since I first got it I've felt that it just naturally belonged on your hand."

Winter in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

Prevent COLDS *with* Florida Grapefruit the *"winter essential"!*

Colds, "flu", start only when acid-condition is present — eat and drink grapefruit plentifully to combat acidity — to build up alkaline reserve and insure winter vitamins that protect health.

FOR the rest of this winter and through the raw months of early spring, protect yourself effectively against colds and "flu"—with *grapefruit!*

For modern medicine now knows conclusively that the body is receptive to these illnesses only when an acid condition is present and grapefruit combats acidity successfully. Grapefruit juice turns alkaline in the system—builds up the protective alkaline reserve which fights off colds, grippe, "flu".

Grapefruit also is one of the world's richest sources of winter vitamins, without which the body's general health suffers.

The sweetest, juiciest grapefruit you can get come from Florida. Florida Grapefruit are tree-ripened, sun-ripened, heavy with rich, sweet juice.

Have Florida Grapefruit two or three times every day. Eat—and drink—it in generous amounts. In any form it is delicious. As a drink, Florida Grapefruit is a new favorite—tart, refreshing. And scientific analysis shows that all the valuable health properties of Florida Grapefruit are in the juice.

For yourself, for your children—have lots of Florida Grapefruit, daily—for it is a "winter essential" that brings, and *protects* health.

This advertisement is sponsored by the Florida Citrus Growers Clearing House Association, an organization of growers and shippers of Florida Grapefruit, Oranges, and Tangerines. The Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association, Winter Haven, Florida.

FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT

the "winter essential"

PLANTERS

The most popular NUT

THE crowds follow MR. PEANUT because he brings them the big, golden salted peanuts—the pick of the crop from VIRGINIA, where the finest peanuts grow.

Roasted and salted, crisp and crunchy, by the original and exclusive PLANTERS process, and sent out all over the country from the big PLANTERS PEANUT factory at SUFFOLK, VA., in the very heart of the peanut growing country and from the factories in Charleston, S. C., San Francisco and Toronto... PLANTERS makes everybody peanut lovers, for nowhere else can be found the rich, meaty taste that makes VIRGINIA peanuts a delicacy, as well as a food. The nickel lunch is the popular lunch, because PLANTERS is the most popular nut.

Buy a Bag Every Day

They are not PLANTERS PEANUTS *unless sold in the glassine bag with* MR. PEANUT *on it*

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY

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PEANUTS

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The Lost Is Found In HANDY-MAN!

THOSE things you usually cannot find hide nor hair of are safely kept in Handy-Man. It's the convenient, safe storage box for countless "odds-and-ends." It keeps things where they can't get lost.

How can you use a Handy-Man?

As a Safety box . . . Tool kit . . . Radio kit . . . General storage box . . . Tackle box . . . Gun shell box . . . Silverware kit . . . Lunch box . . . Manual training box . . . Vacuum bottle holder . . . etc.

Handy-Man is built by the same organization that for seventeen years has held leadership in the manufacture of All-Steel Kits for tradesmen and fishermen.

There are many other styles and sizes of Kennedy Kits built to the standard of Kennedy quality in every detail of construction.

Though Kennedy prices are always low, you cannot buy better boxes anywhere. Sold by leading hardware, sporting goods and department stores. Prices slightly higher in the Western States.

An All-Steel Kit for every need. Two of the fifty styles and sizes are shown below.

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Van Wert, Ohio

NEW-DOUBLE CANTILEVER TACKLE BOX No. 1117
8" x 7" x 17" $8.00
The latest development. All-Steel. Space for reels, plugs, tackle and a short jointed rod.

BAG SHAPED KIT STYLE
5 sizes. Prices $5.25 to $6.25
Combines light weight with great strength and durability. Will carry the heaviest loads without buckling.

Trade Mark
Kennedy Kits
Made of Metal

HE'LL COME HOME

(Continued from Page 30)

scrawl of figures that were destined to shake to their foundations the great oil companies of the world.

XXI

IT WAS after one o'clock when we returned to the Clos Garnier, and madame, who had prepared a most distinguished déjeuner, reproached me with a shake of the head. However, she swiftly relented, and after observing that like all the English I was a *méchant garçon*, she assured me that nothing had been spoiled and vowed that I would find the dishes to my liking. The fare was excellent, but lacking the inclination to eat by myself, I begged leave to join the table where monsieur, madame, Noelle, the small boy, the concierge and his wife were seated. This privilege was readily accorded to me, and friendship being swiftly established under the democracy of food, a very merry meal we made of it. It is true I was a shade discomfited at having special dishes which were not enjoyed by the rest of the company, and would much rather have shared their victuals, but to have done so would have implied a disregard for madame's genius for cooking—an affront no Frenchwoman would readily forgive.

I was delighted to find that Noelle was treated with affection and respect by everyone. Madame constantly assured me that *la petite* Noelle, apart from her rare qualities as a bookkeeper, was a favorite with all.

"But that little Toto here is too young," said she, pointing at her son and heir with a piece of bread, one end of which had been dipped in soup, "I should arrange for the two to be affianced."

The arrival of any car at that season was an event, and Noelle, who was sitting nearest the window, lifted the muslin curtain to see who it might be. The result was surprising, for with a short gasp she let the curtain fall and whispered, "It's Jura—my sister."

No one but myself was aware of what she had said, for with the arrival of the car everybody, including little Toto, had trooped out to welcome the new arrivals.

With a swift injunction to stop where I was and keep my back to the door, Noelle slipped into her seat behind the counter.

The curtain had not fallen quite into place, and over the heads of Monsieur and Madame Garnier I saw a man and a woman. The woman, who was dressed in a fashionable leather motoring coat, was tall and angular. She carried her head in what I can best describe as a complaining sort of way. The glimpse I had was of the briefest, for once her foot touched the ground she was eclipsed by Monsieur Garnier. I had more time to study the features of her companion, since he stood up in the car to rid himself of a leather motorist's helmet and a huge overcoat of goatskin. Beneath this rough exterior was a person of sartorial perfection, with a sleek head of hair and a small black mustache cut high from a pair of very red, curved lips. The thick coating of mud which covered the body of the car suggested that they had traveled a great distance at high speed. On the rear seat was a quantity of luggage.

He alighted from the car, rubbing his hands together to restore the circulation.

To Madame Garnier's inquiry I heard the querulous reply: "Yes, déjeuner by all means. But there is a young woman in your employment I wish to see. . . . No, no, leave the luggage."

The room darkened for a moment as they entered through the open doorway. Faithful to instructions, I did not look round.

Then the woman exclaimed, "Noelle! So you are here?"

Noelle made no reply, but I could imagine her just looking. As a meeting of sisters who had been parted for more than a decade, it was scarcely cordial. Madame had gone to the stove and was busy cracking eggs for an omelet. Monsieur Garnier and the rest drifted back to their interrupted repast. "We heard only yesterday."

"Heard what?" said Noelle steadily.

"Do you mean to say you don't know? Mario saw it in an English paper, and we came at once, from St.-Jean-de-Luze."

"Who is Mario?"

"My husband, of course—Mario Gualia." Mario stepped forward. "This is Noelle, Mario."

"Charmed—delighted," said he. I heard him kiss her hand and murmur "Delicious."

There was a jug of cider on the table and I yearned to sling it over my shoulder on the off chance of his getting it.

"If an omelet to be followed by a ragout would satisfy ——" madame began.

"Yes, yes, anything," Jura cut in. Then to Noelle: "Do these people understand English?"

"No," said Noelle.

"That man?" And I felt myself pointed at.

"A guest of the house," said Noelle.

"Let us sit at this table then."

"I have my job to do."

"You little fool, something a good deal bigger than your job is looming up." She turned and addressed madame in French: "May this girl sit at our table? We are acquainted."

"But certainly," was the sullen rejoinder.

The new arrivals had not made a favorable impression. Monsieur Garnier caught my eye, and pursing his lips was guilty of a shrug that could only indicate disparagement.

XXII

THE table at which they had disposed themselves was too far removed from where I sat for more than an occasional fragment of their talk to be audible. I have no great liking for eavesdropping, but I confess that I was a trifle disappointed at being unable to hear all that was said. In the few short hours of my acquaintance with Noelle, I had assumed a proprietorial interest in her affairs. By a pure accident we had become involved in a big adventure, and I resented exclusion from any part of it. Looking back, I have wondered what my real feelings for her were on that particular day. With so little to warrant it, it would seem absurd to say I was in love, but it is no more than the truth to say that she had invested my heart with a troop of gentle thoughts and tendernesses, the which had settled themselves in after the fashion of freehold tenants. Here was, for me, a strange and unusual experience, for hitherto its tenants had been but little more than lodgers who lingered a short while and then passed on.

Confronting me was a mirror across whose surface in scarlet lettering was strung the magic name Dubonnet. It reflected the table where Noelle, Jura and her husband were sitting. Jura's back was toward me, and a very well dressed back too. I felt, however, a strong dislike for the woman and a conviction that hers was a plain and sterile mind, operating along grooves of incorrigible slyness. Noelle was at the head of the table—a static figure in profile. The background was marred by a three-quarter view of Mario, smiling and revealing a set of teeth so white and uniform as to suggest the handicraft displayed in a dentist's show case rather than the work of Nature. His looks were of a sleek Mediterranean beauty which in the cinema world produces disquieting effects upon the susceptibilities of ladies. His hair was raven black, with a smooth ripple across it. His face was without a line and of a pale olive coloring, merging into gray about his chin. He gave me the impression that he shaved at least three times a day and would excel at the tango. Upon the first finger of his left hand he wore a ring with a huge and suspicious ruby in it. I thought him a very nasty fellow indeed.

It was Jura who did most of the talking. She spoke in a low voice and very rapidly.

Noelle scarcely spoke, but once I heard her ask, "What made you think it was father?"

"The pocketbook and the two photographs."

"I see."

Jura leaned back in her chair. "What has happened is as clear as day. This fellow Shaftoe went through everything and handed over to the police what he had no use for."

"Of course—of course," laughed Mario. "The scoundrel."

"And supposing that is true—what can you do?"

Noelle had raised her voice a little and Jura's rose to answer it.

"Do? A great deal," she said.

"I don't think so," Noelle answered. "I think you have done enough already."

"What do you mean?"

"It was you who gave away father's hiding place. But for you he might be living now. Because of what you did, he died."

"What rubbish you talk! You were a child and could understand nothing. Father was too pig-headed to see the way to an easy fortune."

"No, he was too brave to give in."

"Brave? Nonsense! If he had stayed and talked instead of bolting in that aeroplane, we should have more money today than we could spend. Thank your lucky stars, we have been given a second chance to get it."

"Have we? How?" Noelle's tone was cold and uncompromising.

"From this man, of course—Shaftoe."

"How?" Noelle repeated.

Mario leaned across the table and spoke in a jarring foreign accent:

"My dear Noelle, you are very young. This dear clumsy fellow has put himself wrong with the law. In a civilized country one is not allowed to rob the dead. The average Englishman does not fear many things, but of a policeman he is afraid."

"I see—blackmail," said Noelle. "How simple!" Then—"All we have to do is to threaten him and he will hand over everything to us. It doesn't seem very generous."

"There is no generosity in business."

"But suppose he refuses. He might not be afraid of you," said Noelle.

"Well, then," said Mario, "we must find a way to make him afraid."

Noelle was silent for a moment, thinking.

"Once we have the formula, Mario will make terms with one of the big oil companies," said Jura.

"Mario will?" Noelle repeated. "But suppose I do not wish Mario to interfere in my affairs."

"What do you know about business? Mario is as clever as a monkey. He will get a huge sum from them and we will share it among the three of us."

"So he's to have a third share?" said Noelle. "Why?"

"He'll earn it, won't he?"

"Not if I can prevent it," said Noelle with sudden fire. "Father believed his discovery was going to help the whole world, and I mean to see if he was right. You want to tear it up for a bit of money—to stuff your pockets by wiping out what father gave up his life to discover. Well, I'm on his side and you shan't do it."

A long silence followed this outburst, during which a glance was flashed between Mario and his wife. Leaning forward, he shut his hand over her wrist and closed the fingers tight.

"Little lady, be careful—be so careful," he said; and although he smiled, an evil light glittered in his eyes. "Do not forget you are alone in a foreign country. When a big machine moves down the road, wise children stand aside to avoid being crushed."

I think I was justified, but I certainly didn't stop to ask myself. Monsieur and Madame Garnier and the rest had left the

(Continued on Page 118)

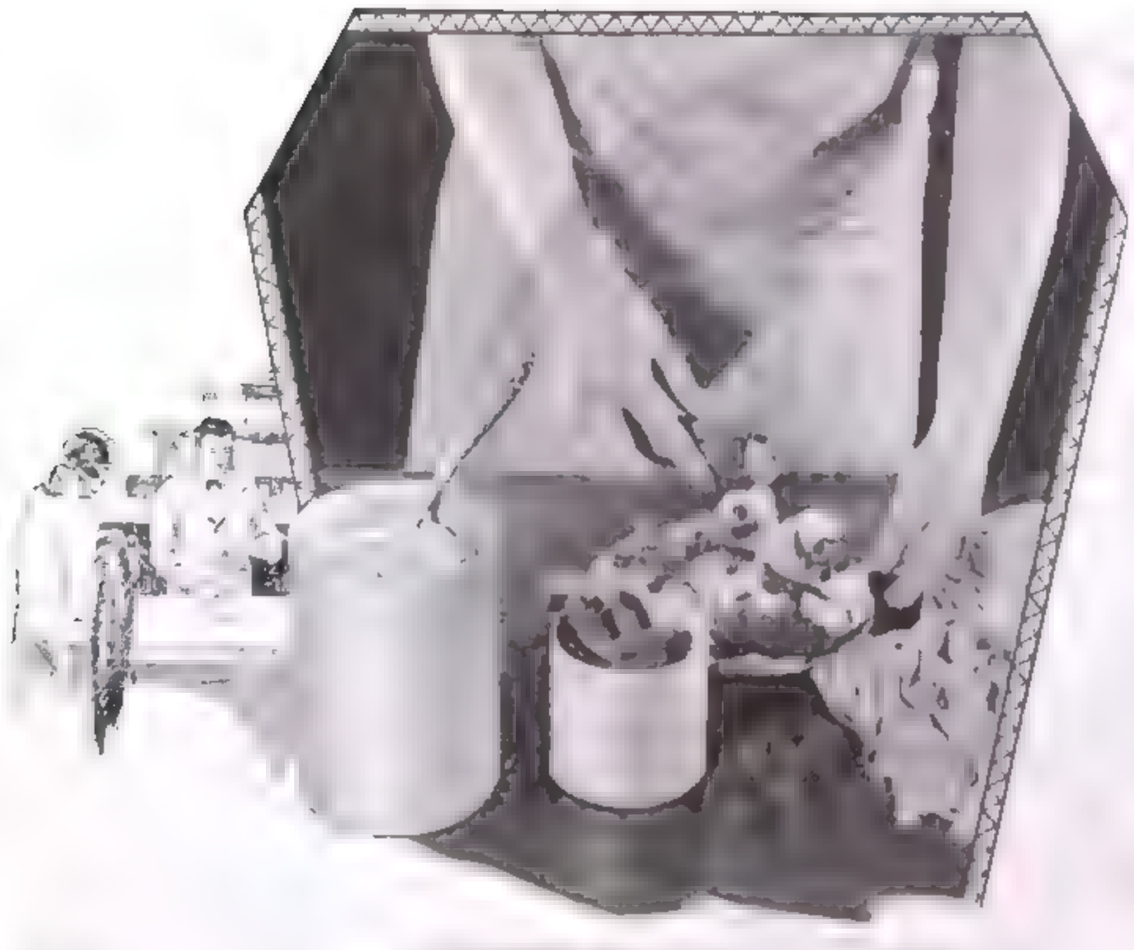
AT the A & P you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.

A NEW TREND IS SWEEPING AMERICA! Overnight, so to speak, women have adopted this new and better way of buying their food needs . . . visiting one store, the A & P, instead of shopping at many stores.

Tramping from store to store, wasting time, burning up energy, returning home completely tired out, is utterly unnecessary now.

Each A & P store is like many specialty stores merged into one. Here women find nationally advertised brands of fine foods . . . dairy products . . . fruits and vegetables . . . choice teas, coffees, imported groceries . . . practically everything they need . . . plus the assurance that A & P's prices are rarely equalled elsewhere.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

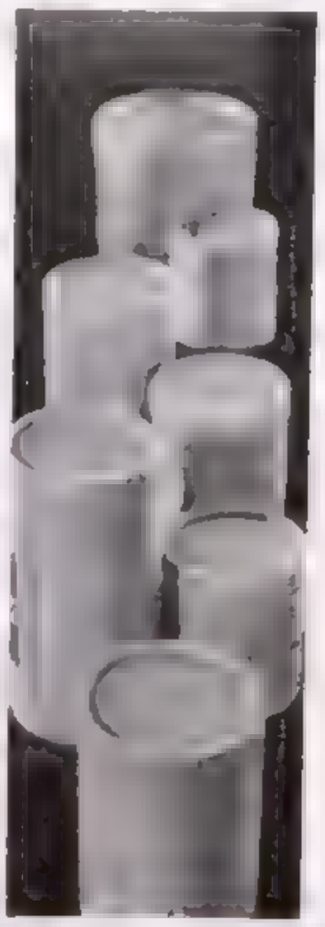


The Best Way to Buy All Moist Foods*

You get more for your money when you buy moist foods fresh-packed by the dealer. Clever housewives have known that for years. And now that leading stores everywhere pack them in Sealrights—the modern liquid-tight paper containers—they are not only more economical, but absolutely safe and convenient to carry home without danger of leaking.

Delicious salads, pickles, olives, relishes, sauerkraut, oysters—or any moist food delicacy—*packed in a Sealright* is as easy and safe to carry as a box of candy. And because Sealrights are practically air-tight, they keep flavor and freshness in and dust and odors out!

Delivered to dealers with their covers on tight, Sealrights are always clean and sanitary. They have the natural wood color (inside and out) of the pure spruce paper of which they are made. In every respect, they are ideal for carrying home all moist foods. Insist on Sealrights. They are used by progressive dealers everywhere. Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. PO-2, Fulton, N. Y. Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario.



A PRECAUTION WORTH TAKING—To be sure of accurate measure and dependable protection for the foods you buy, be sure they are packed in *genuine* Sealrights:—Look for the name SEALRIGHT—die-stamped on the top or bottom of every container. Made in all popular sizes from ½ pint to 1 gallon.

*Sauerkraut
Chow chow
Pickles
Olives
Salads
Dairy Products
Seafoods
Sausages
Pigs' Feet
Baked Beans
Honey, etc

SEALRIGHT
Liquid-Tight Paper Containers

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kitchen, and, apart from ourselves, there was no one to be shocked. Crossing the room in half a dozen strides, I clapped a hand over Mario's face and heaved him onto the floor, chair and all. It is curious how small details obtrude themselves in moments like that. I remember that his face was smooth as a woman's and felt beastly. I remember, too, that the ring on his left hand struck the tiled floor and the ruby, so-called, broke into fragments of powdered glass.

I fancy he must have imagined himself the victim of highway robbery, for, as he struggled to his feet, his right hand fumbled in his hip pocket. Unhappily, the pocket was buttoned and he had difficulty in getting out the pistol. His greatest admirer could not have claimed that Mario Gualia was quick on the draw. A more laborious business I never witnessed. It may have been a sharp "Mario, no," from his wife, or it may have been that I offered no further show of violence that persuaded him to abandon the project of shooting me. He let his hand, with the fist clenched, fall to his side and made quite an alarming face at me.

"By heavens, monsieur, you shall answer for that!" said he in French.

"When you like and how you like," I replied in English. Then, drawing up a chair to the table, I added, "But until I do and after I have, please avoid leaving your finger prints on Miss Noelle's wrist."

"Who is this man?" he cried excitedly.

I answered the question and suggested that if he proposed to frighten me, now was the time. The announcement of my identity had a bewildering effect upon the pair of them.

"But how —— Why ——" Jura began.

"That is easily explained," I replied. "By pure chance I came into possession of some property to which I am only entitled by right of salvage."

"You admit that?" she cried excitedly.

"I have been admitting it verbally and tacitly for some days past, and to a variety of persons," I said. "In one particular instance the news created so much enthusiasm that I was greeted by attentions from a machine gun."

"Is that so?" gasped Mario.

"It is, indeed," said I; and added, "As you propose to take charge of this affair, you may enjoy a similar experience before long, although with your ability for throwing a gun you will have little to fear from a bunch like that."

Mario growled inaudibly and I saw a smile flicker and vanish at the corners of Noelle's eyes and mouth. Jura swung round on her.

"Why didn't you tell us he was here?" she demanded.

"You didn't ask," was the naïve reply.

"You are aware," said Jura, addressing me, "that you stand in danger of being arrested for robbing my father's body?"

"A small sin," said I, "which I have in part expiated by seeking out his daughter with the object of giving her what I found."

That made them sit up. "You have done that? You have given it to Noelle?"

I shook my head. "The legacy being of some value, I felt justified in assuring myself of her identity before doing so."

Their enthusiasm cooled, but revived with an eager inquiry from Mario: "But you have brought this paper with you, m'sieur?"

"Naturally," said I; "and even more naturally, I shall go for a walk by the river after dark, and you will be able to trot along after me with that little pistol and try your luck."

This was too much for him. "You insolent dog!" he said, and thrust his face within a few inches of mine. "You have had the effrontery to intrude yourself in a business in which you have no possible concern. Either you hand over all that was found in my late father-in-law's pocketbook or I shall inform the authorities."

"A fair bargain," said I; "but are you in a position to make terms? If Miss Noelle wishes you to act as her agent I shall be happy to resign my interest. In self-protection, however, I shall advertise in the newspapers to whom I have handed over the formula, as I have no wish to remain a target after the reason for it has disappeared." At this observation Mario quailed obviously. I went on: "The question is: Does Noelle desire your services in this matter or does she not?"

"No," said Noelle, "I don't."

"Well, there you are," said I. "It seems that she likes you no better than I do—which isn't much."

Mario Gualia looked at his wife with an expression that seemed to say "What next?" My threat to advertise in the papers had alarmed him exceedingly. Jura, however, was made of tougher stuff. Leaning across the table, she rested a hand on Noelle's arm.

"How can you be so mad as to risk our fortune with a stranger?" she said. "He has had the grace to make this offer; accept it while you have the chance."

"No," said Noelle. "I appoint Robert Shaftoe and no one else to look after my interests."

This was more than the two could stand. Mario Gualia brought his hands down flat upon the table. In doing so he saw for the first time that his ruby was no longer in its setting but lay powdered on the floor

"My fetish! It is smashed!" he cried. "All hope of this adventure succeeding is lost."

His concern was genuine—the reasonless concern of a superstitious man. I felt almost sorry for him.

"As a gem," said I, "it was of small value and doubtless can be replaced at any bicycle shop. It would have become you better and have been seen to more advantage attached to the back of your coat and worn as a tail light."

Jura rose to her feet and beckoned to Mario to do likewise. "We have lost our tempers and are behaving like children," she said. "If we are to profit by this discovery it will not be by quarreling among ourselves. Come, Mario, let us walk in the garden and return in half an hour." Taking his arm, she led him out.

XXIII

WHEN the door closed behind them I sought Noelle's eyes and found them brimming with laughter in suspense.

"Aren't you jolly, Bob!" she said. "Jolly, cheeky and gay. I wonder what I would have done without you."

These few words in cold print don't look up to much, but as she spoke them they were marvelous and glowing.

"Or I without you," I replied. "Do you really want me to handle this business?"

"Of course I do, but on one condition."

"And that is?"

"That we go evens. Jura must have her share, I suppose, but the rest we'll divide."

I started to protest, but she shook her head to silence me. "I mean it, Bob. It's either that or I'll ask you to drop the whole thing."

"And you?"

"And drop me too."

"But look here," I protested, "what right have I ——"

"You've a better right than anyone, so don't argue."

"Very well, we'll leave it—for the present."

"That isn't good enough. Either you accept or ——"

"I accept," said I.

She made me shake hands on it. After that we discussed our plans.

"Somehow," I said, "we shall have to test the stuff and prove whether your father's claims are justified."

"They are," she said. "I know. He made it once—gave a—what's the word?—demonstration at Oléron. There were four men present—big-money men. Oh, it worked all right. It was after that the trouble began"

"The stuff must be patented," I said. "Once it is patented we can breathe freely.

(Continued on Page 121)

Are you Gambling with your motor's life?

no motorist can afford to ignore these facts

Is your car equipped with an oil filter? One that *really filters* whenever your motor is running?

Most likely you'll say "Yes" because the oil gage shows a pressure. And true enough, you may be getting oil. But is the oil *clean?* Probably *not!*

Necessity for an Efficient Filter

Most cars have some sort of device for straining oil—but they require replacement every few thousand miles; otherwise they soon start to clog up with free carbon, metal particles, road dust, water and sludge. In a short time they're so clogged that oil simply *can't* pass through the filter.

What happens? Pressure builds up until a by-pass (or direct outlet) opens and the oil continues to flow through the system. But it's *no longer filtered*—and from that time on you're taking a chance on the life of your motor. Scored cylinder walls, burned-out bearings and an overheated motor are the usual results—with consequent loss of power and greater consumption of oil.

What Attention Do Filters Receive?

Very little! An investigation on this point revealed that many of the car owners interviewed had never had their filters touched. Ask some of your driver friends about filtration. You'll undoubtedly find that they feel they've done their duty when they have their oil changed every 500, 1,000 or possibly 1,500 miles. But in the meantime they *neglect their filters*—and therefore have no assurance that the oil is clean for even a short time after being changed.

Ordinary Filters Require Replacement

Automobile manufacturers put filters on cars to provide longer engine life and smoother, better performance during the entire life of the engine—and to make the oil last longer. Yet if the filter isn't filtering, it's no help at all. And the only way to keep up the efficiency of filters is by renewing the filter cartridge. This is a constant expense and a costly item when renewals costing $3 to $6, depending upon the type, have to be made every few thousand miles.

CUNO..*a Really Efficient Filter..*

Guaranteed for the Life of Your Car

You can do away with this costly replacement by installing the CUNO Auto-Klean Oil FILTER which needs no replacement parts or renewals and is guaranteed for the life of the car. The *initial* cost is the *only* cost.

The CUNO FILTER principle is "edge filtration"—the simplest and most effective method of filtration yet devised. The disc edges catch even the most minute particles—for the CUNO has a filtering efficiency equal to a 200-mesh woven screen.

A turn of the handle scrapes the filter discs clean. The loosened dirt settles to the bottom of the large sump. And the filter is kept 100% efficient.

For the convenience of the motorist, we recommend that he have the garage or service station attendant turn the handle every time oil is added and drain the filter whenever the crank case oil is changed. No other care is required. No further expense is involved.

Less than ½ lb. pressure operates the CUNO. A by-pass is provided to act as a safety valve in case the oil pressure exceeds the normal pressure.

First and Only Cost of the CUNO

To replace another type filter, utilizing the same brackets, ask for the CUNO Replacement Model—$7.00 complete.

For any car having a pressure oil system but not equipped with a filter, ask for model No. 105—$8.00 complete, including necessary brackets.

Special Models complete with fittings and copper tubing for Hudson and Essex, $8.00. For Model A Fords, $7.00

If your dealer has not yet stocked the CUNO Auto-Klean OIL FILTER, send your order and amount direct to us for immediate delivery, being sure to state make, model and year of car.

Used Extensively in Europe for Over Four Years

For more than four years the Auto-Klean Oil Filter has been used in European countries on automobiles, trucks, buses, tractors, ships, airplanes, Diesel engines and other machinery requiring an efficient filter.

The operators of London omnibuses, several motor car makers, the British Admiralty and the British Merchant Marine (operating many of the world's finest passenger and freight ships), are among the many representative users of the Auto-Klean Oil Filter in Europe.

This filter is a British invention (fully patented throughout the world), which is manufactured exclusively under license in America by the Cuno Engineering Corporation, Meriden, Connecticut.

It is manufactured and sold in the United States and Canada as the CUNO Auto-Klean OIL FILTER

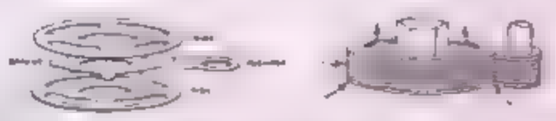
CUNO Auto-Klean OIL FILTERS

For Trucks, Buses and other purposes

Two standard sizes are made for use on motor cars, buses, trucks, domestic oil burners, Diesel engines, machine tools and similar equipment whose filtration requirements are practically standardized.

Correspondence Invited on Special Filtration Service

CUNO Auto-Klean Filters for special purposes can be built in all sizes up to 100,000 gallon capacity per hour. Whatever your filtration problem may be, CUNO Engineers will gladly help you solve it. Further information on request.



How the CUNO Works

The oil passes between the discs and the dirt is removed by the simple process of "edge filtration."
Note that the filtration element consists of thin filter discs with spacers between. As the filtering element is rotated by turning the handle, the stationary cleaning blades scrape all dirt clear of the filtration area. This dirt settles to the bottom of the large sump and may be occasionally removed through the plug in the base.

THE CUNO ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Meriden, Conn.

Makers of the famous CUNO Cigar Lighter

CUNO AUTO-KLEAN OIL FILTER

This is how your toothbrush should look

– *if you want real results: whiter, cleaner, safer teeth*

How did the brush you used this morning *compare with one of these?*

IF the brush you used this morning did *not* look like these, perhaps you had better replace it. Results will surprise you.

To get results from daily care of teeth, you need the right brush, of course. But not even the *right* brush can give you its best results if you keep it in use after wear has impaired the cleaning and polishing qualities. So we offer this reminder—to those who use DR. WEST'S brushes as well as to users of other kinds.

Many millions of people (including dentists) use DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes daily. They do so because this famous brush is of the correct small size and shape to make proper brushing easy—and therefore to whiten teeth.

Long conceded to be correct in size and shape the new DR. WEST'S brushes are made still more effective by the use of premium quality materials.

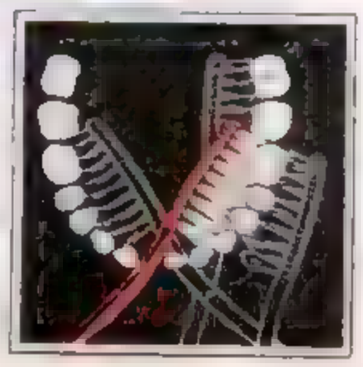
For instance, the costliest bristles we can buy are used in DR. WEST'S new toothbrush—and in this brush *only*.

Today get new DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes from your druggist. See then how teeth whiten. They cost no more than ordinary, less modern brushes: Adult's size, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c. Each brush is sterilized, and sealed against dirt or handling—and fully guaranteed. Try them.

© 1929 W B M. Co.

AN INTERESTING DIAGRAM

It shows why DR WEST'S brush polishes because it cleanses teeth thoroughly. See how crevices are penetrated and swept clean. See how the "back teeth," and the inner curve, are as easily reached as those in front. *Use it twice daily. Brush always, away from the gums toward cutting edge of teeth. That's all. You'll see results quickly.*



(Continued from Page 118)

It's a pity those two turned up. How did they know where to find you?"

"I send Jura a card once a year to the *poste restante* at Toulon."

"That husband of hers is a nasty piece of work."

"They are horrid—both of them—horrid and bad."

I pulled the lobe of my ear thoughtfully. "I wonder if we could give them the slip and get back to England on the night boat."

"Both of us?"

"Emphatically both of us. Have you a passport?"

"Yes; I was in England for a holiday last summer."

"There's a boat at midnight," I said, "and I've a car in a garage at Newhaven. We ought to be home by breakfast time."

Our talk was interrupted by the arrival of Jura and Mario. Jura approached Noelle with outstretched hands and a set speech about forgetting the past and being friends. It would have deceived no one, but Noelle had the wit to give it an amiable reception.

"We have been talking things over and have agreed that your friend has a claim to a share with us," Jura said; "even Mario has agreed to that. We feel that in England his help may be of value."

"Capital," said I. "We enter the same boat and I take command. We were discussing our return to England as you came in. I am afraid it will have to be delayed for a few days until Noelle can get a passport."

Jura suggested that we might return straightway and leave Noelle to follow, but this I would not countenance. It was thereupon decided to take rooms at the hotel for a couple of nights, until the passport was available. The annex at the end of the garden was opened and our rooms prepared.

The afternoon passed in an atmosphere of forced bonhomie which was very painful to maintain. Mario paid a flying visit to Dieppe to make application for the passport and returned with the news that it would be available by six o'clock the following afternoon. During his absence I had a confidential talk with Madame Garnier, and if a trifle of money passed between us it should not be taken to argue that her favors and her friendship were for sale. The French are a commercial race who suffered greatly in the war, and, as all the world knows, the English are very rich. It was arranged between us that the concierge should be waiting at eleven P.M. in a small barn by the railway crossing with the hotel car, an ancient one with a wagonette body. It was further arranged that he should empty the tank of Mario Gualia's car to a bare half pint of petrol.

"Enough," I said, "to leave him high and dry a couple of miles from the village."

Romance and chivalry being dear to the heart of every daughter of France, madame entered into the arrangements with enthusiasm.

The room allotted to me in the annex was on the first floor and immediately adjoined two apartments set aside for the Gualias. I found myself separated from Mario by the thickness of a plaster wall and a locked door with a cracked panel. Fortunately the crack was on a slant and afforded my neighbor no opportunity of taking a peek at me. While we were tidying for dinner I could hear every movement he made, and even the sound of a sigh.

It was this sigh that inspired a joke on strictly practical lines and sent me once again in search of madame. The sum total of my request was to ask leave for little Toto, in company with a bicycle pump, to share my bed for the night. I think she thought I had gone mad until I explained that I proposed to leave the room by way of the balcony at about eleven. Until that hour, I told her, I would be breathing somewhat heavily, but as I feared a cessation of that sound would excite my neighbor's suspicion, I proposed that little Toto should supply a ten-minute obbligato on the cycle pump to maintain the illusion that I was still comfortably asleep.

Madame could find no expression for her delight at this idea. It was, she said, the final and ultimate cream of buffoonery. Her only fear was that little Toto, whose sense of humor was no less refined than her own, would betray the subterfuge by laughter. Better perhaps that she, or the wife of the concierge, should share my room and operate the pump. To this, however, I demurred, and we effected a compromise by arranging that Toto should be put in the vacant room beyond my own and be admitted by the communicating door only when required to fulfill his task.

I left the door of my room ajar after retiring that evening, and presently Mario came in with a pair of pajamas of unusual design. I thanked him and wished him good night. He lingered for a moment indecisively, the while, I suspect, he made a mental inventory of the furnishing arrangements. Suspecting that he was in all probability contemplating a return visit at a later hour, I casually remarked that I hoped he didn't snore, since I was a light sleeper and was disturbed by the least noise. At this he started uncomfortably and, with a muttered good night, retired. It was not until he had gone that I realized, with some admiration, that the door key had gone with him. I did not undress, but I stumped about the room long enough to give the effect that I was doing so. Through the communicating door I could hear him similarly employed. I judge we must have got into bed about the same time, but I did not start my breathing campaign until I heard the village clock strike eleven. Thereafter I hissed away steadily. At twenty-five minutes past the hour I crossed to the communicating door and opened it noiselessly.

The excellent Toto, illumined by a night light, was sitting up in bed, the pump ready to his hand. For some reason, which only his mother could have explained, he wore a Balaklava helmet with a pompon of blue wool on top of it. This, taken in conjunction with a red flannel nightgown, made his appearance not a little ridiculous, and it was only by an effort of will I stifled the inclination to laugh.

It was clearly evident that the gallant child was heart and soul in the adventure, but this fact had not robbed him of the power to witness its elements of comedy. As I carried him from his bed to my own I had to frown severely to keep his merriment from being given expression. My frown had the desired result, and once in position, taking the time from me, he opened a steady fire with the cycle pump.

Beating time with my left hand, I tucked a note for fifty francs in the neck of his nighty, and retreating to the window threw a leg over the balustrade of the little balcony. While in this position I saw by the light of the moon that his cheeks were blown out almost to bursting point and that it was only a matter of minutes—or even seconds—before an explosion of laughter was inevitable.

With this threat to speed me, I lowered myself to the limit of my arms and, dropping softly upon a flower bed, dusted down the garden path in my stockinged feet.

I had barely reached the pavilion when I heard a sudden bouf of childish merriment, followed by a violent oath and the stamping of feet. Further secrecy was useless, so, as I ran, I lifted a shout for Noelle.

She was waiting for me in the pavilion by the main road and darted out in answer to my call. I grabbed her hand and we beat it for the car like a couple of kids melting out of an orchard.

The concierge must have heard our hasty approach, for the engine was running and the car was actually pulling out of the barn as we reached it. Mario Gualia was not more than twenty yards behind us when we tumbled aboard. He wasted no time in pursuit, but, facing about, raced back to the hotel as fast as he had come.

"Oh, what heavenly fun!" Noelle gasped.

"It will be fun so long as he hasn't enough petrol to catch us up," I replied.

I was beginning to think we should have acted more wisely to spike his tires. Of course I had expected a bit more start and had wanted to get him marooned on an empty road between the village and Dieppe where he would have no chance to use the telephone. The hotel car, considering its great antiquity, was making good progress, but Mario's car was one of those speed-devouring monsters that could have given us six miles in ten and eaten us up. Mario at the wheel of such a machine was a much more formidable antagonist than Mario with his feet on a carpet. In the mood which our flight had inflamed in him I had a sure conviction that he would not hesitate to sidewipe our little outfit off the road and down the embankment.

The five miles to Dieppe, after the curve by the railway crossing, is as straight as a billiard cue, and we had covered nearly half the distance when the glare of his headlights swept round the bend and found a flickering reflection in Noelle's eyes.

"He's coming," she said. "Oh, the wretched little man!"

He certainly was coming, and coming fast. Every instant I was expecting those leaping lights to come to a standstill, but they did not.

"Did you empty the tank?" I demanded of the concierge, who nodded an affirmative. "There was no reserve tank?"

"*Non, monsieur.*"

"Then all I can say," said I, "is that the petrol consumption of that car is much too low."

"Perhaps he has an autovac," Noelle suggested practically. "That 'ud give him an extra mile or so."

I have little doubt that her explanation was right, for a couple of minutes later the car came roaring up into our dust cloud. I thought it was all up with us, but as Mario was swinging out to come alongside, with a spit and a splutter his engine petered out.

He was not more than three yards away when this happened, and above the drone of our exhaust I heard the exclamation of savage rage he uttered. Dropping a hand, he threw out the gear and coasted along in neutral. I suppose his miserable little pistol must have been in the seat beside him, for I saw light flash along its nickel barrel as his hand came round under the spot light and he fired.

"Oh!" exclaimed Noelle, and started to suck the little finger of her right hand.

Mario's car fell behind. He jumped out and threw up the bonnet.

"Are you hit?" I asked.

"Just a scratch on the little finger. It's nothing—look."

As a wound, it was, as she said, nothing but a mere flick, but it was more than enough.

"Stop!" I shouted to the concierge, and dropped to the road.

Mario Gualia was still half buried under the bonnet of his car when my hand dropped on his shoulder. That he had not heard my approach is due to the fact that I was still wearing socks. His look of amazement was comic, but very brief. I hit him only once, after which his expression became entirely blank. Picking him up, I heaved him into the car and left him sprawling on the front seat.

"What an angry sort of man you are," said Noelle when I rejoined her. "Did you kill him?"

"I suppose not," I said; "p'raps it's a pity I didn't."

A little after midnight we watched the lights of Dieppe fade like star dust into the sea.

XXIV

IT MUST have been about five o'clock in the morning when, after a deal of knocking and shouting, I succeeded in rousing from his sleep the proprietor of the small Newhaven garage where I had left Dominic's car. A humid mist slowed our progress over the downs, but melted away as we dipped into Brighton.

At Shoreham we had tea and eggs at a sweet-stuff shop and watched the sun rise over the oil reservoirs in the harbor. Its early rays peeping into the room made a

(Continued on Page 123)

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KERAMIC TILES

Continued from Page 121

fringe of gold round Noelle's head so that she looked like a saint.

I said "You look like a saint," and made a clumsy grab for her hand. Her second egg rolled off the plate and hit the floor with a wet pop. So I decanted half my second egg into the empty shell of her first. Somehow that seemed an intimate thing to do, and after we had eaten it—which we did in silence—I felt as if I knew her ever so much better. As a practical sailor with a liking for common sense, I am rather abashed by this confession. My excuse is that I have set out to tell this story as it happened. I may as well add that I was consumed with an almost overpowering desire to push my cup off the table too.

While I was paying the bill Noelle rose and stared out of the window. "Those great tanks," she said, and pointed—"where does the oil come from to fill them?"

"Mexico, Persia, Rumania, Irak—all over the world, Noelle."

"All over the world," she repeated, "and in every part of the world men working." She shivered and buttoned up her cape. "Let's get on—shall we?"

We ran on through Steyning, Storrington, Pulborough, and a mile or two short of Petworth we turned southerly.

"Nearly home," I said.

The mighty shoulders of Duncton Hill, Bignor and Bury Hill heaved themselves up before us. "It lies under the big motherly downs," I said.

"Motherly? What a good word!" she nodded.

The road dipped and twisted, was swallowed up in a string of brown copses and popped out into a sweep of undulating common land.

"There," I said, and pointed

Smoke from the chimneys of Xavier was rising in pale-blue spirals above the avenue of elms, but between the farm and ourselves were other drifts of smoke, their source hidden by a fold in the landscape. We switchbacked up onto a small crest from which the road declined gently toward the farm. Here we were greeted by a surprising sight. The usually deserted common was dotted all over with gypsy encampments. At one spot two caravans were parked, one on either side of the road, and what with the dogs and straying horses, we were driven to slow down to snail's pace to pass them. While doing so I remarked a very curious fact. The camps were peopled exclusively by men. Of women and children there was not a sign. Nor was this all. Attached to the top of one of the caravans, and supported by a wooden prop at its far end, was a long washing line to which various articles of apparel were attached. You will say "Why not?" and I will agree that even gypsies sometimes indulge in a washing day, but they do not as a rule employ copper wire for their line and they do not as a rule attach its extremities to china insulators.

"If that isn't a wireless set another hat will be eaten," I whispered.

A tall military-looking figure lounged across the road before the car ostensibly to drive away a wandering pony. Something in his profile was very familiar to me.

"All clear," he said, looked at my face and dropped his jaw in amazement. I heard him mutter an imprecation that, I believe, is much too refined to be used by Romany folk.

I waited for no more, but stepped on the gas and covered the last quarter of a mile at speed.

"He recognized you," said Noelle.

"And I him," I said. "But where?"

Suddenly it came to me. The man with the rough coat and the scarf about his neck was the hall porter from the headquarters of the World-United Oil Company in Kingsway. It was evident that Oscar Kahnet did not intend to leave anything to chance.

XXV

EXCEPT at night, the front door of Xavier was left permanently on the latch, and I was surprised to find that it resisted my efforts to turn the handle and to note that the lower windows were shuttered. I took a lug at the bell and waited. Presently a voice—my father's—boomed from the other side of the oak:

"Who is it? Who's there?"

"Friends to this ground and liegemen to the Dane," I answered stoutly.

"Damme, it's Bob!" I heard him cry, and with a great clatter of bolts and jingling of chains, the door was thrown open. The old man's great body with hands extended filled the entrance. His arms fell to his sides at the sight of Noelle.

"Bless my soul!" he roared. "If he hasn't flushed the gel too! Come on in. I'd have known you anywhere by your eyes."

"Do get out of the way and let me have a look," said Anne, who was bobbing about behind him.

But the old man was in his most possessive mood, and throwing an arm round Noelle's neck and mine he dragged us into the house, leaving Anne to lock up.

"Well, this is fine—grand," he said. "After thirty-six hours behind shutters, your face, my dear, is as good as a plunge into the sea."

And without so much as by your leave, he took Noelle's face in his two rough hands and gave her a whacking great kiss. Woman's instinct is swift and sure, and Noelle did not betray the least resentment at this attention, but returned it with no less enthusiasm than it had been offered.

In my father's mind a time of rejoicing was inseparably connected with something to eat, and although he had finished his breakfast an hour before, he started to bawl for victuals at the top of his voice. The shindy was so great that it attracted Dominic from a distant part of the house. Clattering downstairs, he burst into the room with a knuckle-duster in either hand and an expression of the keenest ferocity upon his face.

"Misericord!" he lamented on seeing me. "I really thought we were in for a scrap at last, but it's only you and ——" He saw Noelle and, drawing himself up, made a bow. "Forgive me, princess, I didn't know ——"

"This is Noelle Wilbur, Dom," I said. "Noelle—my friend Dominic Vane."

Noelle gave him one of her sudden smiles and held out a hand.

"Just one moment while I take off my gloves," said he, and dropping the knuckle-dusters in his pocket, he stooped and kissed her hand very prettily.

"What sort of a time have you been having here?" I asked.

"That's all we have had—time," he replied. "We've just listened to the clocks inventing it."

"You seem to be standing siege."

"We are. You told me not to show myself, and I haven't—at least, not much."

"How do you mean?"

"There was a man waiting by the garage when he arrived the day before yesterday," Anne chipped in.

"That's right," Dominic nodded. "A nasty fellow with a torch. I think he wanted to make sure that I—or rather you—had come home safely."

"Did he see you?"

"Not very much," said Dominic. "Though he may have seen the hand of fate traveling swiftly toward the point. Oh, boy, that was a daisy of a sock—a perfect peacherino! He slipped along on his ear for half a mile."

"Bob gave someone a sock last night," said Noelle. Bless her! I don't think she wanted me to feel outclassed. She added, "A very good sock too."

"Good work!" said Dominic.

"Anything else happen?" I asked.

"Plenty," my father replied. "The whole neighborhood is flooded with gypsies. They are skulking round the place day and night. I packed off the servants on a holiday, as it made 'em nervous."

"I rather fancy they are a welfare brigade," said I, and told how I had recognized the porter. "They seem to have got a wireless transmitter, among other things. They were quite surprised to see me coming in rather than going out of the farm."

"Do you know," said Anne excitedly, "our telephone has been cut—at least, not exactly cut—but—what's the word?"

"Interrupted," said Dominic. "Yes, they've fitted up a little branch exchange on the common and one can only put a call through by courtesy."

"It's true," said Anne. "I have to give the number to some awful person who decides whether I shall have the call or not. Of course, if one were to try to get in touch with the police or anyone, you wouldn't be let."

"And this in England," said Dominic, one hand on his heart and the other held aloft. "My England."

"Well, now you're back, Bob, I shall throw the place open and carry on as usual," the old man declared.

"Have you been cooped up, too?" I asked.

"Have I? Blazes. It 'ud take more than a troop of knockabout scarecrows to keep me off my fields. Yes, indeed, I've gone around with this in my pocket." He hauled out a greasy catapult and a few pebbles. "And anyone who came too near for my liking got a smack wherever it might be that taught him to keep a proper distance." He nodded his head in a very resolute fashion and strained the elastic to the full. "I haven't forgotten how to use it, either," he added.

I'm afraid I was guilty of laughing, and was rewarded with a frown.

"David put out a worse antagonist with a weapon inferior to this," said he.

For a company of human beings practically cut off from the civilized world, they seemed very cheerful about it.

"Haven't the local police taken an interest in these gypsies?" I asked.

My father looked uncomfortable. It appeared that Rogers, the constable, had called to make inquiries about the fired rick.

"Yes ... well?"

"I told him it had probably been started by a spark. . . . Well, it may have been."

"You didn't mention our visitor?"

"He didn't ask. Rogers called again yesterday afternoon to warn us of the gypsies—as if we didn't know!"

"Did you make any complaint?"

He colored angrily, because anything in the nature of concealment was hateful to him.

"How could I? You put yourself on the wrong side of the law when you started this business. Very well then, you can't ask the law to help when you get into a mess. If we aren't honest, let's be fair." He sniffed and fumbled for a pipe. "Come on, boys, down with the shutters."

"Hang on a minute," I said. "Let's keep 'em up until tomorrow morning. Tonight I want to give the impression that I'm indoors when in reality I'm out."

"More mysteries," he grumbled.

"No, a solution to the most important of them," I replied. Then, in answer to their puzzled faces: "With any luck, I shall find the key to the code before dawn tomorrow."

XXVI

THE afternoon was uneventful. My father went about his business as usual. Dominic and I played shove-halfpenny and between us smoked a quarter of a pound of tobacco. Noelle took Anne to the kitchen and showed her how to make a *galette*. The two had become instant friends and had caused me some jealous indignation by walking about the house arm in arm and sharing whispered confidences in corners. I never knew Anne to behave more selfishly, and getting her alone for a moment, I took her to task.

"Oh, Bob, you fool!" she said. "Naturally she wants to talk about you to somebody, and as she doesn't know you well enough to talk about you to you, she does it to me."

"The answer," I said, "is ingenious." But although I frowned, I went away comforted.

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At five o'clock we were startled by a double knock at the front door. Going into the hall, I found a letter lying on the mat. I expressed surprise that the normal postal services were allowed to penetrate the cordon which surrounded the house, but Dominic shook his head.

"To interfere with a postman in the exercise of his duty is a bit too risky, even for that bunch," said he. "Private intimidation is one thing, but they won't want to bring down upon their heads the wrath of the government."

The letter was addressed to me. I broke the seal and read:

Confidential

SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON.

COMMANDER ROBERT SHAFTOE, R.N.

Dear Sir: From newspaper reports and inquiries, I have reason to believe that the body found by you in a wood near the downs was not, as stated, the body of a German aviator, but of a certain Mr. Michael Wilbur, who prior to his death had perfected a petroleum substitute which he had classified as MW-XX.3. Mr. Wilbur was a personal acquaintance of mine and, indeed, I was one of four men privileged to be present at a demonstration of his synthetic spirit at the town of Oléron in the south of France. The success of this demonstration was, I venture to suggest, the primary cause of Mr. Wilbur's death. Representatives of one or two of the larger oil groups were present, and they, with a view to safeguarding their interests, were prepared to pay any sum in reason to persuade the inventor to make no use of MW-XX 3. I, however, was of a different mind, and was actually forming a syndicate to exploit the substance when news came of Wilbur's death and the loss of the formula. A nucleus of that syndicate is at present in London, and would be glad of an opportunity to make your acquaintance and certain proposals. I should add that although we had no contract with Mr. Wilbur, he was entirely in sympathy with our projects and anxious to avail himself of our financial support and resources.

You may be surprised that this letter should be addressed to you, and you may ask on what grounds we have assumed that the body you found was Michael Wilbur's. This is a question I shall be happy to answer if you will be so good as to grant me an interview at your earliest convenience.

Yours very truly,
MISCHA GROFFE.

P. S. I read in yesterday's paper that you have entered into an agreement with the World-United Oil Co., but from information received from private sources I am disposed to question the accuracy of the statement.

For your information, sir, I feel I should warn you in an affair of this magnitude, whose ramifications reach to the farthest corners of the world, that you may find yourself exposed to certain personal hazards. You would be well advised to secure your safety by accepting the friendship and support of a group of financiers and men of standing such as I have the honor to represent.

Only Noelle and Dominic were present when I opened the letter, and I read it aloud.

"Mischa Groffe—he was the man I spoke to you about. I remember him distinctly," said Noelle. "A little man with a body like a mosquito and a great big head. You know, all top to his head and rather a skull-like face under it. He was at Oléron."

"Can you remember what your father thought of him?"

"You never knew with father—he was so passionless about people—but I never heard him say anything against Mr. Groffe. The rest, he said, were dreadful."

"I've heard of him, of course," Dominic cut in. "A pretty lively reputation in financial circles. Substitutes are his particular hobby. He put over a leather substitute in '21, and two years later a marble substitute that made pots of money, and then went phut because the stuff didn't last. Groffe is all right, I believe, but he's supposed to be an Armenian, and those I've known are a queer lot. Still, I daresay he'd be as good as anyone you're likely to find."

"One thing is certain," I said; "without a syndicate of some kind, we won't last a day."

"I suppose that's true," said Noelle. "I suppose we can't handle it ourselves."

"What? You and Bob start a laboratory on the Great West Road and sell penn'oths to passing motorists? Hardly. Why, every oil float that went by would sling a spanner through the window."

Noelle did not smile. She was possessed by a sudden gravity.

"I hate that part," she said. "I hate the idea of men losing their jobs because of us."

"It's only a matter of switching them into another branch of a similar service," said I.

"Is it? I don't know," she replied. "Father used to say one could carry as much of it in a match box as would run a car all day. He said you could fill a gasometer with half a hundredweight."

"Inventors have been known to exaggerate," said Dominic.

"Not father—he knew. He said it would revolutionize the fuel supplies of the world."

Something in the way Noelle said that checked even Dominic's irresistible gayety. A sort of gloom settled upon me.

Tea, which followed shortly afterward, was rather a somber meal.

It was about nine o'clock when Dominic and I played the overture to our nocturnal adventure. At the back of the house was a cellar which ran some distance under the garden to a small grating much encumbered with weeds and rubbish. I fancy it may have been used in the old smuggling days for the purpose of lowering kegs of brandy into the cellar without disturbing the respectable members of the household. In the reign of George III many Sussex farmers ran a side show in contraband.

The grating was secured on the inside by a padlock, so rusted and crusted by time that we had to break it open with a steel poker. Our unobtrusive exit thus established, Dominic and I walked boldly out of the front door into the arms of three men who were doing sentry-go in the drive. Although clad in the roughest of clothes, their manner of address was courteous in the extreme. Torches were flashed in our eyes, which made it impossible to see their faces, but I thought I recognized my friend the hall porter by his height and military bearing. A fourth man stepped out of the bushes and addressed us with anxious concern:

"May I ask, gentlemen, where you are going?"

"That," said Dominic, "is our business; but if you'd like me to suggest somewhere for you to go, I shall be charmed."

"I am afraid," said the anxious individual, "I shall be obliged to ask you to return to the house."

"I am going to drive to London straightway," said I.

"You are not," said he. "We've made one mistake already, commander, and I shall be careful we do not make another."

"Go on, slosh him one," said Dominic. "Don't let's hang about talking."

"Look here," I blustered, "you can't keep us prisoners, you know."

"There is no question of that," said he. "You are being protected as even royalty is not protected."

"Why?" I asked.

"I haven't the least idea," he replied. "I only know that you may not and shall not leave this house until I have orders to let you."

"Aren't you afraid of getting into trouble?" Dominic demanded.

"I am, indeed," was the answer, "but I am even more afraid of losing my job. Now get back indoors like two good fellows."

"And if we refuse?" I said.

"We shall carry you in."

Dominic started to protest, but, plucking his sleeve, I made some pretense of whispering in his ear.

"Good!" he said, and nodded. "I entirely agree. We'll go back and fetch 'em."

I was turning when I felt a touch on my sleeve.

"Fetch what?"

"Never you mind," said Dominic. "But they tell me a dose of Number Sixes at anything under fifty yards is a very painful experience."

Returning to the house, we slammed the front door, raced down the cellar steps and

were out by the grating window and snaking through the raspberry canes before the watchers in the drive had returned to their posts.

A dark cloudy sky and a low hedge favored our flight and we reached the downs without opposition. Our object was to approach Farthing Hacket from above. After a wriggle up the open hillside for a hundred yards, a patch of gorse afforded excellent cover to the top of the hacket. In the darkness, and viewed from above, the place was cheerless and ghostly. We did not, however, waste time indulging in eerie fancies. We had brought with us a cord of stout rope, and making one end fast to the hole of a gorse bush, than which there is no tougher anchorage, we lowered ourselves into the dark pit hand over hand. The air below was as still and clammy as the grave, and the darkness so intense that only by feel was I aware that Dominic was beside me.

"Oh, what a norrible place!" he whispered. "The mos' torrible place I ever saw."

"Shut up and give me the torch," I said.

A single flash gave us our position and revealed the spot where Michael Wilbur's body had lain. The surrounding ground had been heavily trampled by the morbid sight-seers whose sinister curiosity had brought them to the scene. Even the slab of shale upon which the dead man's hand had rested was scored by the nails of a boot.

"Take off your coat and make a screen," I whispered. "It won't do for those beggars on the common to see a light."

The time that followed was one of the most anxious in my life. As I gently scraped away the moss and lichen which coated the shale, all manner of doubts and uncertainties assailed me. It was useless to pretend I could remember the precise spot where Michael Wilbur's hand had rested and I had picked up the arrowhead. I had therefore to scrape and scrutinize every inch of the surface. For a quarter of an hour I worked without finding a sign of what we were seeking and had almost given up in despair, when Dominic pointed at a faint scratch under the blade of my knife.

"You're right," I said, and with trembling hands rubbed the surface with a handkerchief until it almost shone.

Michael Wilbur was a dying man, indeed, when with the last of his will power he had compelled his hand to score those numbers. With a match stick I removed the final deposits from the scratches and read "1 9-1-2."

"Nothing else?"—from Dominic.

We scraped all round the spot, but there was nothing more.

"Nineteen twelve. You're satisfied?" I asked.

He looked long and earnestly. "Yes, there's no mistaking it."

"Then here goes," said I, and with a lump of flint, cracked and smashed the record into an ugly scar.

From near by came the sound of feet running and swishing branches.

A voice cried, "Who's there? Who's in there?"

We did not wait to answer, but with a final blow from the flint, which cracked the shale like a sheet of glass, we made a dart for the rope.

We must have put a healthy strain on that rope, for we swarmed up one under the other. Below us a light flashed and a voice swore at the whipping branches. We regained the hillside, pulled up the rope and returned to the farm by the borstall.

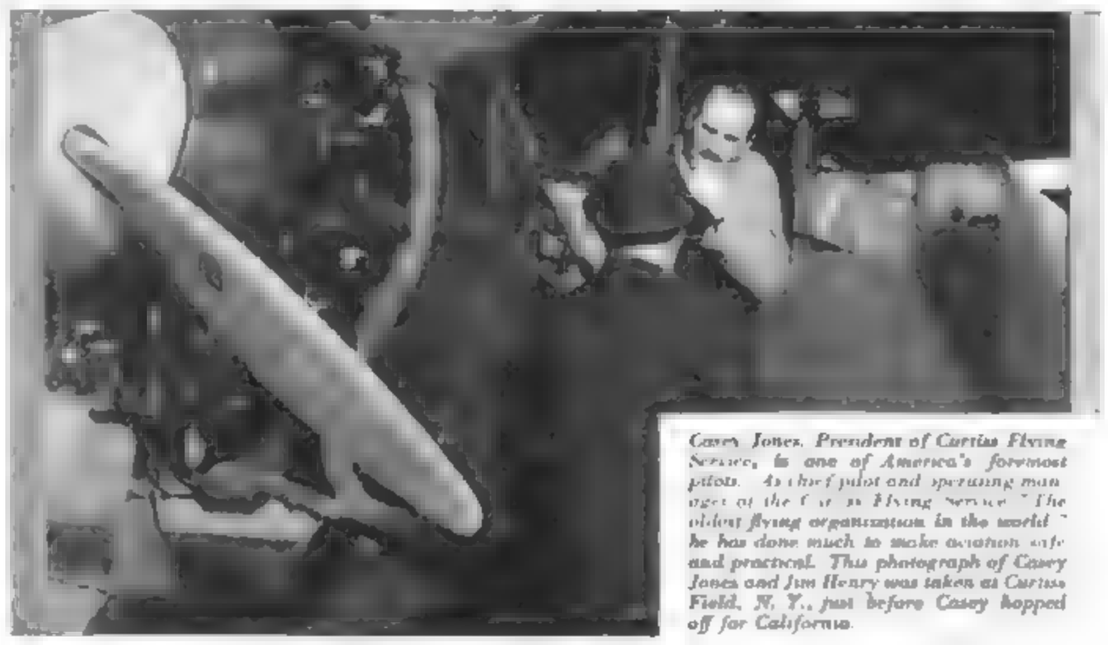
I shall never forget the amazement of the watchers when we sailed up to the front door and rang the bell. The fellow in charge nearly swooned.

"I thought we told you we were going out," said Dominic. "Come in and have a drink if you're feeling poorly."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sunset on Two Medicine Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana

CASEY JONES tells Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)



Casey Jones, President of Curtiss Flying Service, is one of America's foremost pilots. As chief pilot and operating manager of the Curtiss Flying Service "the oldest flying organization in the world" he has done much to make aviation safe and practical. This photograph of Casey Jones and Jim Henry was taken at Curtiss Field, N. Y., just before Casey hopped off for California.

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Jim Henry—famous Mennen Salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. His reports will appear frequently in this publication.

JIM HENRY: "Before you take off, Casey, I want to ask a question. What do you think of our new idea of Menthol-iced Shaving Cream?"

CASEY JONES: "Say, a flying field is certainly a good place to ask *that* question! A flyer is a crank on shaving and shaving cream. And there's a good reason for it. Out in all kinds of weather—flying every day—sometimes in an open cockpit, where the wind hits you full in the face. Every morning my face feels grateful for the cooling, soothing feeling that I get from Mennen Menthol-iced and my whiskers come off without a yank. Mennen Menthol-iced gives me the coolest, smoothest shave I've ever had. I'm for it . . . . . every day."

Mennen Menthol-iced—

The Young Man's Shave!

Modern—refreshing—unique—that's the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream.

Young men are using it—men who appreciate cooler, cleaner, smoother shaves—men who want to look well-groomed all day!

Jim Henry has talked with hundreds of men, asking what they think of Menthol-iced. Here are some of the answers:

An executive—"Mennen Menthol-iced certainly makes a difference in my shave! I can sense it in the smooth way my blade works; I can feel the difference through the business day. Refreshing as a cold shower."

A well-known artist—"Particularly good for blue Mondays. I like the invigorating after-effect on my skin."

A famous doctor—"The soothing menthol relaxes the facial nerves and protects the skin. I recommend it highly."

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern teammate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream, the largest selling 50c cream on the market! Both creams have *dermutation*—a three-way shaving improvement—exclusively Mennen's. 1—it softens the beard. 2—it lubricates the razor blade. 3—it invigorates the skin . . . The proof is in a trial! Send the coupon.

Also Mennen Skin Balm—the touch of luxury to a perfect shave, and Mennen Talcum for Men—the man's powder that does not show. . . . . Great after a bath!

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves.

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. S-1, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Casey Jones say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

Name .....

Address .....

Now—

keep Onions *and* Butter in the same Refrigerator

Amazing new invention allows you to do this in the new Alaska models. Works with ice or electric cooling

HERE, according to food authorities, is the great discovery of our times in food-keeping. At a single stroke this new patented feature of the Alaska refrigerator abolishes the old fears of food spoilage—increases the useful service of the household refrigerator *as much as 20 to 50 per cent.*

Known as Foodex . . . Simple . . . Accurate

This invention is named Foodex. It is an automatic, accurate food-arrangement index incorporated into the inside of the refrigerator doors. It makes it virtually compulsory for you to put each food in the one place in the Alaska where it will keep best. Every food is classified. Every shelf in the refrigerator has its correct use specified. Even the most unintelligent servant girl can make no mistakes unless she deliberately ignores the Foodex guidance.

See it before you buy any Refrigerator

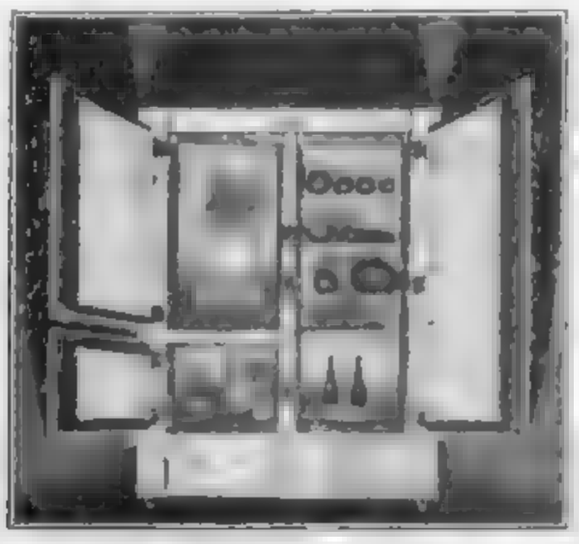
Dealers everywhere are now showing the colorful new-type Alaskas with their new and exclusive Foodex food insurance advantage. There are 67 of these Alaska refrigerators from which to select, ranging in price from the very moderate to the finest made. Each Alaska is built to be convertible from ice to electric or back again to ice—so whatever ideas you have about the type of refrigeration you will use, you are safe in choosing an Alaska.

Send for Free Book

An interesting new book, "Amazing New Facts on Food Care," tells you what Foodex is—what it does—why it enables you to keep onions and butter in the same refrigerator. Mailed free to any householder on request. Simply address Dept. S2., The Alaska Refrigerator Company, Muskegon, Michigan.

You can see the cork insulation through the Alaska Cork Wall Window

"Good Housekeeping Institute has checked up on this recommended arrangement of food in the refrigerator and finds it quite satisfactory."



ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerators

with their new FOODEX *food insurance*

"Tells you where each food keeps best"

COMPETITION

(Continued from Page 25)

motor vehicles increased 1,399,000, and 1927 was an off year, owing to partial idleness of Ford plants. The 1926 output was 1,000,000 greater. There is expansion with a capital letter.

Undoubtedly the railroads hauled additional materials to motor factories; but what they hauled away from such factories—that is, their tonnage of passenger cars and trucks—increased in the seven years less than 3,000,000 tons, which was but a fraction of 1 per cent of total original freight—that is, freight originating on the line that reports it. Meanwhile motor trucks were increasingly in competition with the rails in moving goods. Original freight in less than car lots decreased from 1920 to 1927 by nearly 15,000,000 tons, or about five times the increase in tonnage of passenger cars and trucks. Household goods and secondhand furniture in car lots made up 1,850,000 original tons in 1920 and only 365,000 tons in 1927. There is no absolute proof, but that looks like motor-truck competition. On the whole, the rails have not gained, but lost, by the great expansion in the automobile industry.

Gasoline goes with motors. From 1920 to 1927 the output of crude petroleum doubled, but the movement of it by rail increased only 4,000,000 tons—a fraction of 1 per cent of the total original tonnage. Refined petroleum and its products did yield 22,000,000 more tons in 1927 than in 1920, and all manufactures, including refined petroleum and its products, yielded 40,000,000 tons more.

Building is another thing that comes to mind when prosperity is mentioned. From 1920 to 1927 the value of building contracts awarded increased about $3,500,000,000. That in itself is a whole book of prosperity, or even a whole library. When you pick out the items of railroad freight that you can positively identify as for the building trades—clay, gravel, stone, sand, lumber, cement, brick, artificial stone—there is an increase of 74,000,000 tons. That, with the increase in manufactures, looks very encouraging. But when you subtract the offsetting losses in coal, iron ore, less-than-car-lots, and so on, the net gain in tons of freight carried is only 2 per cent in seven years, which does not look very exciting.

The Crest of a Wave

And a 2 per cent gain in freight traffic is only part of the story. In 1920 the roads carried 1,234,862,000 passengers who paid $1,286,613,000 in fares. In 1927 they carried 829,010,000 passengers who paid $974,884,000 in fares—a decrease of about one-third in the number of passengers and one-quarter in passenger revenue. In this department there has been a pretty steady decline due to increased use of motor busses and passenger cars. Probably that competition will grow. In fact twenty years ago—back in 1907 and '08—the railroads carried as many passengers as they carry now. Their passenger revenue was much smaller, for the war brought a round increase in fares, but the number of passengers was as large.

Of course, a decline in the passenger department pulls down, or offsets, a gain in the freight department. Railroad gross receipts were smaller in 1928—based on the first ten months—than in 1920 or 1923. Only 1926 shows a small gain over those years. Take the average of gross receipts for the five full years 1923–27. In only one year of the series did the gross vary as much as 4 per cent from the average of the series. A fairly steady business, but on the face of the returns for the last eight years it can hardly be called a growing business.

Up, say, to about the World War, it was decidedly a growing business. From 1850 to 1900, miles of railroad in operation in the United States multiplied more than twenty-fold. There were panic years such as 1857, 1873, 1893, followed by severe and prolonged industrial depressions, but these setbacks to national prosperity did not stop the expansion of railroads. Every five-year period during the half century showed a marked gain. And from 1900 to 1915, miles of road in operation increased 34 per cent. But since the latter year there has been only a microscopical gain in length of road, or miles of first track.

The roads reach practically no farther now than they reached in 1915, but as noted above, additional second, third and fourth track has been laid. Divide 1891–1915 into five-year periods and take the average movement of freight by rail in each. The second period shows a gain of 26 per cent over the first, the third a gain of 45 per cent over the second, the fourth a gain of 32 per cent over the third, the fifth a gain of 13 per cent over the fourth. So the yearly average freight movement by rail in 1911–1915 was almost three times what it had been in 1891–1895. Very decidedly a growing business, up to that time. But freight movement by rail in 1921–1925 was smaller than in the five-year period before it—for the first time. This did not happen in a period of depression. Although 1921 was a slump year, following the great fall in prices the preceding autumn, the period as a whole was prosperous.

With a National Outlook

To a judicious observer before the war it might well have seemed axiomatic that if the United States grew, the railroads would grow in like degree, for ours was peculiarly a long-haul railroad economy. Everything was predicated on cheap and rapid movement of goods over long distances. New England had ceased seriously trying to feed itself, depending on wheat raised beyond the Mississippi. The Rocky Mountain region, the Pacific Coast, Texas and Florida confidently raised great surpluses of fruits and vegetables in the assurance that they would be hauled to the Middle West and the North Atlantic seaboard in time and at a price that would make them marketable. Manufacturers in almost every line, even the little lines, looked to a national market, expecting to sell their goods a thousand or two thousand miles from home as much as in the next township. Farmers sold their whole wheat crop to be hauled hundreds of miles, and then bought flour that had been hauled back hundreds of miles. Steers and hogs were hauled long distances to be slaughtered, and the meat was then hauled longer distances to the consumer. Apparently we lived, moved and had our being in a freight car, and if the country grew, railroad traffic must grow correspondingly. So it seemed.

The prewar observer might have prophesied that the railroads would have trouble with their net earnings, because they were under public authority. The price at which they did their hauling was prescribed for them by governmental bodies, and it might be fixed too low to yield a profit. But he would probably have said that in respect of steady growth of traffic they had a cinch. I imagine it would be difficult to find, the world over, any business that seemed more securely placed in the stream of national industrial progress, so that if the stream moved at all it was bound to move also.

The point that I am trying to make is that there are no cinches, but time and chance happeneth to all—especially to all American businesses. In this dynamic time and country there is no certainty of anything staying put. There is no sure refuge anywhere from competition. The fence may look tight, but if you stop scratching gravel you are quite likely to find that somebody else has got the grubs. It is constantly a new world with new conditions to

(Continued on Page 129)

Why it is "DIFFERENT" from any other coffee . . . . this fragrant richness that has won America

THEY said that they had never drunk a coffee with so satisfying a flavor—those guests of the celebrated old Maxwell House in Nashville, who boasted at home of their experience. They said no single coffee grown could match its flavor.

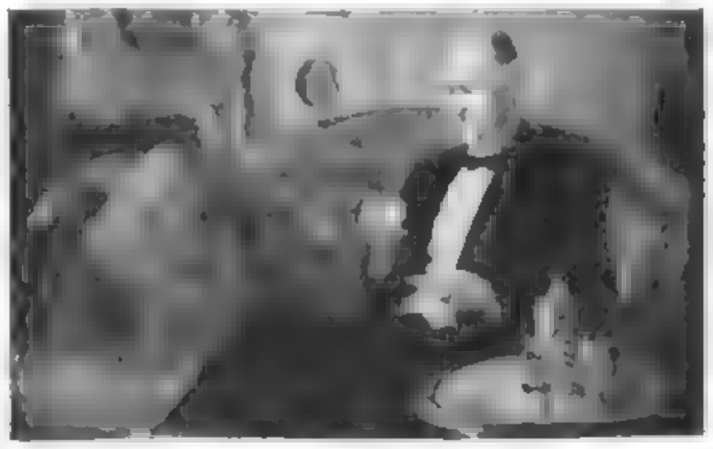
And they were right.

For the flavor of Maxwell House was not an accident of nature—it had an interesting human story behind it.

A coffee expert of the Old South, with a rare talent for flavor, toiled with the blending of many different coffees together, as a musician toils with tones or a painter works with pigments. At last, after months of experimenting, he produced a new coffee flavor of unusually rich and subtle harmony, which combined in one delicious drink the diverse "winy," syrupy, mild and piquant flavors of the choicest coffees grown.

This man, widely known as "the Old Colonel," has lived to see the flavor he created to suit his critical taste become the favorite of the whole United States. For Maxwell House Coffee, named for the hotel where it won its first fame, today enjoys the widest distribution of any packaged coffee in America; it is pleasing more critical coffee drinkers than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

Your first trial of Maxwell House will show you why it is so popular. Wherever you live, your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee nicely sealed in the blue-wrapped tin which preserves all its rich, mellow fragrance and flavor.



"The Old Colonel's" patient, skillful experimenting resulted in the inimitable, mellow richness of Maxwell House Coffee

CAFÉ AU LAIT: Prepare very strong coffee—one and one-half heaping tablespoons ground (steel-cut) Maxwell House Coffee to each cup of water—and make by whatever method you prefer—boiled, percolated, or dripped. Have ready, also, a pot of scalding hot milk and when serving pour the milk and coffee together in equal proportions, then sweeten to taste

ON THE AIR EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

"The Old Colonel" invites you to tune in on the program of delightful music broadcast every Thursday evening by the Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WFBC

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

1827*

* On January 1, this year, 1827 National Concerns had their own facilities in Dallas—factories, distributing branches, sales offices, warehouse stocks. Of this number, 163 new concerns came to Dallas in 1928. Their names and addresses are listed in this advertisement.

National Concerns have selected Dallas as Southwestern headquarters to serve this 6 billion dollar market of 12 million people

The 163 that Came to Dallas in 1928

Acme Fast Freight Service, New York, New York.
Alexander Film Co., Colorado Springs, Colorado.
American Eagle Fire Insurance Co., New York, N. Y.
American Encaustic Tiling Co., Zanesville, O.
The Arco Company, Cleveland, O.
Arend-Dawson Company, Kansas City, Missouri.
The Artophone Corporation, St. Louis, Missouri.
Atlantic Life Insurance Co., Richmond, Virginia.
Automotive Parts Warehousing, Inc., Cleveland, O.
James E. Bennett & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Bethlehem Steel Company (Diesel Engine Div.), Bethlehem, Pa.
Bigelow Hartford Carpet Co., New York, New York.
Birmingham Stove & Range Company, Birmingham, Ala.
Bloomington Limestone Company, Bloomington, Ind.
Bristol Myers Company, New York, N. Y.
Bucyrus-Erie Company, S. Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
John Budd Company, New York, N. Y.
Buffalo Engineering Co., Inc., Buffalo, New York.
Butterick Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.
The California Co. (Standard Oil of California), San Francisco, Calif.
Carolina Supply Co., Greenville, S. C.
The Cenol Company, Chicago, Ill.
Century Indemnity Co., Hartford, Conn.
Champion Shoe Machinery Company, St. Louis, Mo.
Charis Corporation, Allentown, Pa.
Chase Bag Company, New York, N. Y.
Chase Brass & Copper Co., Waterbury, Connecticut.
Childs-Bracken Auto Awning Co., Eldorado, Kansas.
C. F. Childs & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Cluett-Peabody Co., Troy, N. Y.
Concrete Form Hold Corp., Culver City, California.
Continental Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.
The Cooper Corp., Cincinnati, O.
Copperweld Steel Co., Glassport, Pa.
Crane Company, Chicago, Ill.
Creditors Surety Company, Atlanta, Ga.
E. T. Cunningham, Inc., New York, N. Y.
Cyclone Fence Company, Waukegan, Ill.
Dahlstrom Metallic Door Company, Jamestown, N. Y.
Dall Motor Parts Co., Cleveland, O.
Defiance Spark Plugs, Inc., Toledo, O.
DeForest Radio Co., Jersey City, N. J.
De Soto Motor Corp., Detroit, Mich.
Engineering Research & Equipment Corporation, Los Angeles, Calif.
F. & W. Grand Stores Co., New York, New York.
Claude Neon Federal Co., Chicago, Ill.
Federal Electric Company, Chicago, Ill.
Fidelity Phenix Fire Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.
Field's Twenty Two Fifty Inc., New York, N. Y.
W. M. Finck & Co., Detroit, Mich.
First American Fire Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.
Fisk Rubber Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.
The Foxboro Company, Foxboro, Mass.
Franklin Pottery, Inc., Lansdale, Pa.
Frost Lumber Industries, Inc., Kansas City, Mo.
General Electric Co. (Refrigerator Div.), Schenectady, N. Y.
Georgia Marble Company, Tate, Ga.
Charles P. Gray Company, Chicago, Ill.
Great Western Mushroom Co., Denver, Colorado.
Gross Millinery Company, Trenton, N. J.
Hahn Department Stores, Inc., New York, N. Y.
Harnischfeger Sales Corp., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Hedman Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.
Hudson Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
Idico Corporation, New York, N. Y.
International Supply Co., Tulsa, Okla.
Jackson Engineering & Equipment Co., Los Angeles, Calif.
Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.
Kellogg Switchboard & Supply Co., Chicago, Ill.
Keyless Burglar Proof Lock Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Ketchum, Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Keystone Stationery Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
James S. Kirk & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co., Chicago, Ill.
A. J. Krank Manufacturing Company, St. Paul, Minn.
George LaMonte & Son, New York, New York.
A. B. Leach & Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.
Lerner Stores Corporation, New York, New York.
Los Angeles Soap Co., Los Angeles, California.
The J. B. McCrary Co., Atlanta, Ga.
McCrory Stores Corp., New York, N. Y.
McEverlast, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.
McNamee & Co., Chicago, Ill.
McNeel Marble Company, Marietta, Ga.
Magnuson X Ray Co., Omaha, Neb.
Mangel's, New York, N. Y.
Marmon Motor Car Co., Indianapolis, Indiana.
Martin System, Inc., Kansas City, Mo.
The Massey-Harris Co., Racine, Wis.
Matson Navigation Co., San Francisco, California.
Mexican Petroleum Co., New York, N. Y.
E. M. Miller Company, Quincy, Ill.
Miller Dress Company, New York, N. Y.
John E. Mitchell Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Mohawk Carpet Mills, Inc., Amsterdam, New York.
Moon Motors Corp., St. Louis, Mo.
Morgan Engineering Company, Memphis, Tennessee.
Morse, Discoll, Hunt & Co., Inc., Taunton, Mass.
Motor Accounting Co. (Sub. General Motors Corp.), Detroit, Mich.
Motor Dealers Corporation of America, South Bend, Ind.
L. Mundet & Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lewis E. Myers & Co., Valparaiso, Ind.
Mystyle Hosiery Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Natl. Bank of Commerce of New York, New York, N. Y.
Natl. Lumber Manufacturers Association, Chicago, Ill.
National Shirt Co., New York, N. Y.
National Steel Barrel Co., Cleveland, O.
National Surety Co., New York, N. Y.
New York Waist House, New York, New York.
Nisley Shoe Company, Columbus, O.
Ohio Fuel Supply Co., Columbus, O.
Okonite Company, Passaic, N. J.
Phillips-Jones Corp., New York, N. Y.
Pioneer Brick & Tile Co., Fresno, Calif.
Pieville Parfumeur, Paris, France.
The Postage Meter Co., Stamford, Conn.
Prescott, Wright, Snider Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Public Fire Insurance Co., Newark, N. J.
Radio Corp. of America, New York, N. Y.
Realshine Co., Inc., Galveston, Texas.
Redfield Van Evera & Co., Los Angeles, California.
Refinery Castings Corporation, Wichita, Kansas.
Refinery Supply Co., Tulsa, Okla.
Rolscreen Co., Pella, Iowa.
George D. Roper Corp., Rockford, Ill.
John Rudin & Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.
Safeway Stores Co., Los Angeles, Calif.
Schaeffer Garment Co., New York, N. Y.
Schiff Shoe Co., New York, N. Y.
Schmidt Lithograph Co., San Francisco, California.
Schulte United, Inc., New York, N. Y.
Adolph M. Schwarz, New York, N. Y.
Sharp & Dohme, New York, N. Y.
S. R. Sikes Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Isaac Silver & Bros., Inc., New York, New York.
J. B. Simpson, Inc., Chicago, Ill.
W. L. Slayton & Co., Toledo, O.
A. O. Smith Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sonora Phonograph Co., Inc., New York, New York.
Southern Fireproofing Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Southern Products Corp., New Orleans, Louisiana.
Southern States Life Insurance Company, Atlanta, Ga.
Southwestern Engineering Corporation, Los Angeles, Calif.
Southwestern States Telephone Company, Little Rock, Ark.
Star Match Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Co., Ft. Worth, Texas.
Thermor Products Co., New York, N. Y.
Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad Co., Peoria, Ill.
Union Deposit Company, Denver, Colo.
United States Gypsum Co., Chicago, Ill.
Universal Credit Corp., Detroit, Mich.
John Van Range Co., Cincinnati, O.
Vilter Manufacturing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
V. Vivadou, Inc., New York, N. Y.
Volunteer State Life Ins. Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Ward Heater Co., Los Angeles, Calif.
The Wayne Company, Richmond, Ind.
Wells & Stanton, New Orleans, La.
The White Door Bed Co., Chicago, Ill.
Woolf Bros., Kansas City, Mo.
Wurm-Woven Hosiery Mills, Oakland, California.
X-Cel All Co., Monaca, Penna.
Younglove Engineering Co., Sioux City, Iowa.
Zinke Re Bottoming Shoe Company, Los Angeles, Calif.

DALLAS, at the geographic center of the Southwest, America's greatest potential and most rapidly growing market area, is today the focal point of interest for American industry which seeks a foothold in this vastly rich territory.

The new competition and modern merchandising methods make it essential to regard the Southwest as a distinct market entity, and serve it from WITHIN.

Rapid growth of population and new wealth production, expanding local industry, wholesale and jobbing volume, together with the enormous potential resources which have scarcely been touched, are the unmistakable signposts which point to this as the American market which offers the greatest future possibilities.

Dallas' dominant position as the heart of the Southwest has been recently bulwarked by the new Mileage Scale of freight rates, strengthening its position as the center of the area in which population is most highly concentrated.

For executives we have seven special reports that are veritable text books on this market and ways and means of entering it. *Free* on request to—

Industrial Dallas, *Inc.*
1139 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
DALLAS

Dallas
Industrial and Distribution Center of the Southwest—Twelve Million People—Six Billion Dollar Market

(Continued from Page 126)

meet. Nobody can make up a hard-and-fast formula on conditions of today and be sure his formula will work next year. A steady scratching of gravel is the only rule.

A decline in passenger traffic the last five years and in freight of less than car lots indicates how serious motor competition with railroads is. But for evidence of that you need not look up statistics. You need only stand on a street corner anywhere in the United States, watching the trucks and busses. It would be possible now to travel over a large part of the country in passenger busses operated on regular schedules which, generally speaking, make as good time as all but the fastest trains, are fairly punctual and charge little more than the railroads. Motor freight trucks in competition with railroads operate nearly everywhere. There is no telling how many passengers and how many tons of freight that would have moved by rail fifteen years ago, now move by motor. But by watching any main-traveled road you can satisfy yourself that it is a huge traffic.

Electricity is another competitor. No doubt more factory goods were made in the United States in 1927 than in 1920. To 1925, the latest census report, primary horse power in factories increased over 1919 by 6,500,000. But there was a slight decrease in steam horse power. All the increase was in electric power, and the production of soft coal in the United States was less by nearly 50,000,000 tons in 1927 than it had been in 1920. Electric current generated in public-utility power plants increased more than 80 per cent from 1920 to 1927, but the coal consumed in the plants increased less than 13 per cent. The rest of the increased electrical output is accounted for by water power and fuels other than coal. Railroads haul coal, but not electric current.

Freight is largely a bulk-and-weight business. The average charge for moving a ton of it a mile is still a trifle more than a cent. But the trend is away from simple, bulky things. The great expansion in industry is largely in the form of more refined, highly fabricated things that comprise comparatively large value in comparatively small bulk. Production of raw foodstuffs increases very slowly, but in the foodstuffs trade there has been a great expansion in manufactured specialties such as the breakfast foods. Without doubt things made of iron and steel in the United States are vastly more valuable this year than things made of iron and steel were in 1914. For one item that will readily come to mind, this year's output of motors, largely metal, will be worth seven times as much as the output of 1914; this single item accounting for an increase of more than $2,500,000,000 in wholesale value. But everything made of steel or iron must start with iron ore, and the production of iron ore in 1927 was only about 20 per cent greater than in the five-year average, 1911–15.

Luxuries the Order of the Day

There isn't so much more of the simply bulky thing. Mere weight is not increased very much. But a part of it is far more highly fabricated; more invention and labor has been applied to it. Iron, cotton goods and woolen goods were the old staples of industry. The industrial revolution began with them. Consumption of cotton in American mills was only about 25 per cent greater in 1927 than in 1914; and only 3 per cent greater than in the first full year of European war. Consumption of wool was only 9 per cent greater than in 1914. Without doubt people spend more on clothes, but the old staple textiles are not expanding much. The great expansion is in new things.

That is why you so often hear the complaint that only the luxury trades are really prosperous. But every new thing is always a luxury—necessarily. If it is a new thing, then up to that time people have been getting along without it, and those of a strongly conservative trend will see no reason why people shouldn't continue to get along without it. To this day conservative inhabitants of rural Holland look askance at leather shoes. To people who have got along quite healthily in wooden shoes, the leather article is a wanton luxury. In other words, it is new. Adam Smith says that at the end of the fifteenth century the art of knitting stockings was not known in Europe, and the first pair in England was worn by Queen Elizabeth, having been presented to her by the Spanish ambassador. Probably conservative court ladies remarked that such a luxury should be restricted to royalty. Everything new is a luxury at the time. Your watch and necktie are as much luxuries as your radio, only older. The new thing soon gets taken for granted as part of the ordinary furniture of life.

Scratching Gravel for Pennies

It seems quite probable that we may have a further notable expansion of industry generally and a further rise in national prosperity without any proportionate increase in the carriage of goods and persons by rail. At present the airplane is only a speck on the horizon, but who knows what may come of that in the next dozen years? Who knows what may come of anything? We know it is a flux, rapidly changing. The railroads that for sixty years or so seemed firmly planted in the middle of the highway are now, to some extent, edged to one side. Their position has not the permanence that it once seemed to have. Not that the railroads have been standing still meanwhile. On the contrary, as suggested before, they have accomplished quite a revolution in reducing costs of operation. Back in 1923 they handled about as much traffic, freight and passenger, together, as in 1928, and their gross receipts were larger, because both freight and passenger rates have been whittled away a bit. Also wages are somewhat higher now. But in 1923, out of every dollar of gross receipts 77.83 cents went for operating expenses, while in October, 1928—latest figures available at this writing—only 64.89 cents out of the dollar went for operating expenses. There is a gain of almost thirteen cents in the dollar, in spite of some decline in rates and some increase in wages.

That is a notable accomplishment. But the roads very decidedly have had to scratch gravel for it. They have had to make it themselves. They didn't get it by just standing in the middle of the road or floating with the current. And their gross business has not been growing in proportion to the gross business of the country. They are no longer a toll gate through which everything must pass, as we used to think of their being. There are no cinches. Speaking of American business generally, you can be tolerably sure of your daily bread only as you make it that day—not a year ago or a decade ago.

This is a rapidly growing country. If you take up the census for 1910 and then turn to the latest authoritative figures for comparison—although the authoritative figures may now be two or three years old—you get remarkable proofs of growth. For example, the value of manufactures rose from $20,000,000,000 in 1909 to $62,000,000,000 in 1925. Farm products rose from $7,000,000,000 in round numbers to $13,000,000,000. In a great many subdivisions far steeper increases are found. Perhaps the best proof of growth is this: In 1910 manufactures and railroads employed 9,104,000 persons and paid them $5,510,000,000 in wages and salaries. At latest figures—1925 for manufactures—they employed 11,461,000 persons and paid them $16,788,000,000 in wages and salaries. Number of persons employed increased 26 per cent; money compensation, 205 per cent; with prices rather more than one-third higher.

There is no good reason to doubt that a similar growth lies ahead of us. Any fifteen to eighteen year period in the past shows marked growth. In all human probability it will continue. You recall the advice to

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

BECAUSE we build great value into Florsheim Shoes they wear long and save for you—BECAUSE we give them *style* as you like it, with *fit* and *comfort*, there's real satisfaction in wearing FLORSHEIMS permanently.

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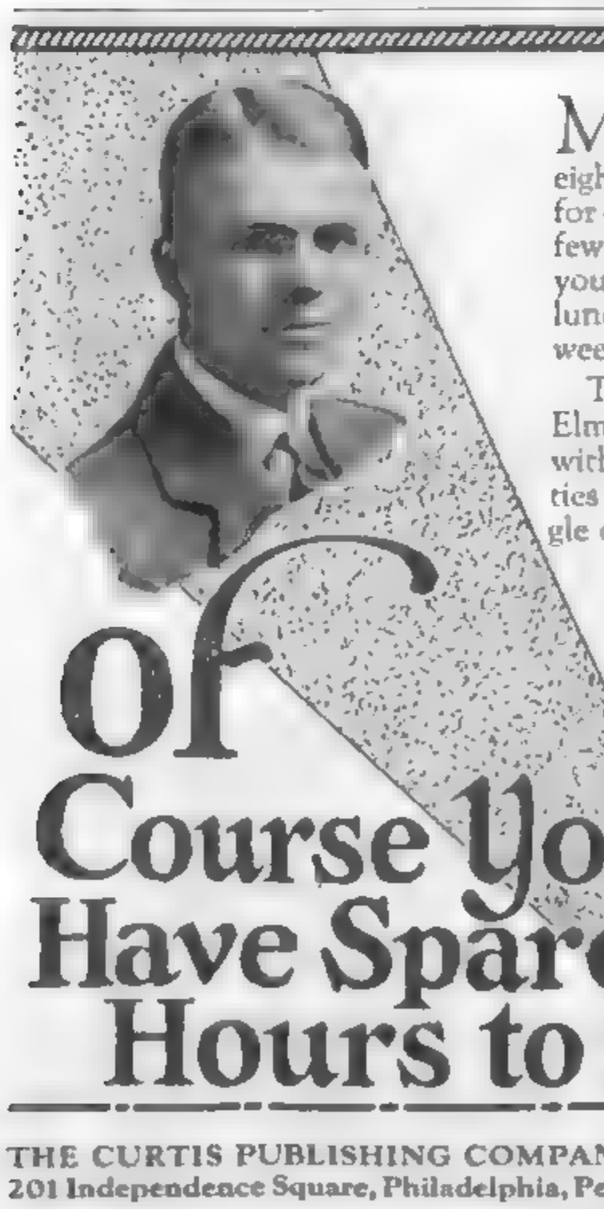

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hitch your wagon to a star. Well, here is an economic star of the first magnitude; but it is well to remember that everything depends upon the hitching. The star is going forward, but whether any particular enterprise, business or person goes forward also is quite another question. No doubt there is a pretty common belief among people who have not particularly tried it—especially among those people who are in the position of more or less detached, critical onlookers—that in so prosperous and growing a country success is very easy; you just launch your boat or raft or scantling, or whatever else it may be, on the current, and the current will carry you to the goal. Certainly radical writing is strongly tinctured with disparagement of mere business success in the United States, as though in this fortunate country anybody could do it.

But probably, on the contrary, it was never more difficult to effect a secure hitching. Things are always bobbing up to brush you off. What succeeded two years ago can be tolerably sure of succeeding two years hence only if there is the same intelligence and effort behind it. There is no safe place for the business or person who proposes just to float with the current. Probably everybody hears as often as I do some such remark as, "Oh, the town is sure to grow," or "This country is bound to grow," as a cogent reason why some particular undertaking should succeed. Maybe national prosperity hypnotizes most of us somewhat. Yet it is within everybody's personal observation that the town's growing or the country's growing is no reason at all why any particular thing in the town or the country is bound to grow also. Everybody notices particular things that decidedly do not grow. For two generations every ten-year period showed a great growth of railroads, but the history of particular railroad enterprises during the same time is littered with bankruptcies.

Towns grow, but in ten years 199 electric-railway companies, with $1,400,000,000 of stocks and bonds outstanding, have gone into receivership. Here, to be sure, public regulation imposed a special handicap, for in some cases the companies were not permitted to increase fares at all commensurately with the increased cost of operation. But the interference of public authority is something of a factor in a good many businesses and a potential factor in all businesses. It is one of the hazards.

In the Days of the Expert Adder

There has, too, been extensive slaughter of interurban electric railways, whose business has fallen away under the competition of motor busses and private cars. A lot of interurban mileage has been abandoned, especially in New England. In many cases, presumably, there was no particular fault on the part of the management; they did as well as was possible under the circumstances. But a new, superior mode of moving passengers ran over them. Hardly anything that is new can come in without impinging on something that is older. A stagecoach shareholder of Mr. Pickwick's younger days would have been delighted to foreknow that the population of England was going to treble in a hundred years. What dividends for stagecoach companies! But if he had also foreknown that stagecoaches would disappear meanwhile, probably he would have been quite indignant. It is a comfortable trick of the mind to believe in progress without believing that it is going to pinch anywhere. Mostly, however, it does pinch more or less somewhere.

As a lad I had a relation in the county treasurer's office, and was permitted to prowl there, on condition of keeping quiet. Once a year the county treasurer sent to Chicago for some strangely gifted beings who could add two or three long columns of figures in one operation—never pausing to count on their fingers, but just sweeping the pencil point along the columns and setting down the total, always correctly. I watched them with bated breath and resolved that if I couldn't be a fireman or a railroad brakeman I would be an expert adder, especially as they got five dollars a day and expenses, or some such fabulous pay. Much later on, in a Chicago newspaper office, when we got out election-night extras with vote tabulations, we used to send over to Marshall Field & Co. for expert adders. It was a well-established, honorable profession. The other day, in a county treasurer's office, a young lady had to tell me what five small items came to. She didn't attempt to add them, but stepped over to an adding machine, punched the keys and showed me the total. It struck me then that nobody adds any more.

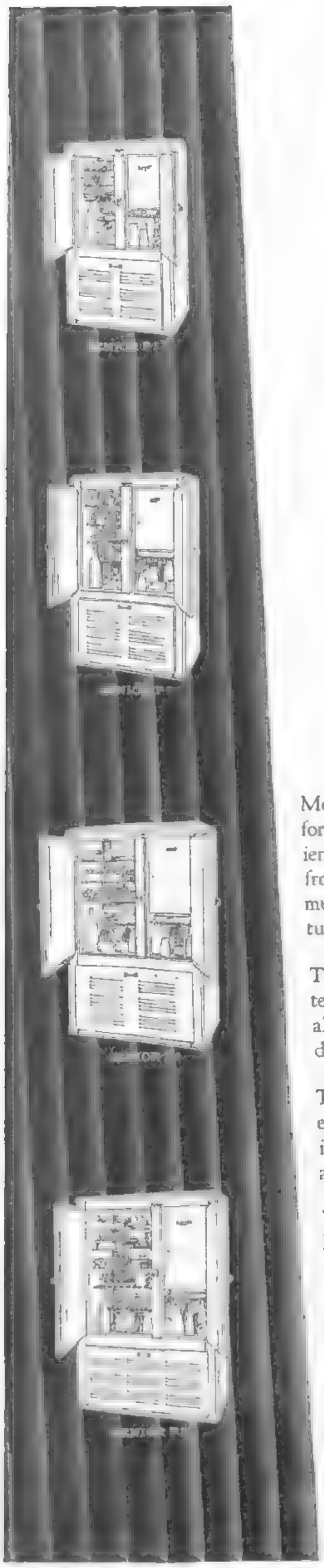
Root, Hog, or Die

Observe, in any office, if half a dozen items are to be summed up, how they turn to the adding machine. If I had learned the adding art it would be as useless now as spinning. Any city business office of the '70's, without adding machines, typewriters, cash registers, telephones, electric lights, would look like a museum exhibit now. Most of the changes pinched somewhere; some utensils and some occupations went on the scrap heap. It keeps moving. "Remember," said an experienced man to a group of green Southern hunters, "the worst thing you can do in these woods is to sit down. You'll be fine as long as you keep going; but if you sit down you're lost; the chiggers will get you."

Not a great while ago I read that business itself would finally turn to socialism as the only refuge from the many hazards that beset it. That, no doubt, is a socialist ideal—a secure world; economically, at least, perfectly safe for everybody, competent or incompetent, lazy or industrious, drunk or sober. But that would be a static world. It does not comport with the inexplicable human urge to move on. Whether railroads and telephones, motors and wireless are desirable in the sight of the angels, only the angels know. But there is no question about their being desirable in the sight of men. Mere men want to move on. There is no doubt, either, that they move faster when the dogs are biting the calves of their legs. Intense competition gave the driving force for whatever we have accomplished industrially since the war. The competition is broader than a simple rivalry between two concerns in the same line of business in the same territory. It comes from outside the business as well as inside, just as the worm that is going to survive must compete not only with other worms but with the robins. No business ever does reach the ideal point where it can sit down in safety. That is exactly what keeps business moving as it does.

Reduction of operating expenses has been the most notable railroad achievement of the last eight years. But the roads had to. Faced with a slight but pretty steady decline in both freight and passenger rates, some increase in wages, $100,000,000 increase in taxes since 1921, every year $600,000,000 or $700,000,000 new capital investment to pay interest and dividends on, their only way out was to reduce expenses, without reducing wages and salaries that make up more than 60 per cent of the total of such expenses. They had the old alternative of root, hog, or die. They rooted. But I don't believe they would have done it as effectually if the dogs hadn't been biting the calves of their legs. They simply had to or go under.

Naturally, we all want a safe and easy business for ourselves, but probably it is fortunate for the country as a whole that there is very seldom any way of getting it.



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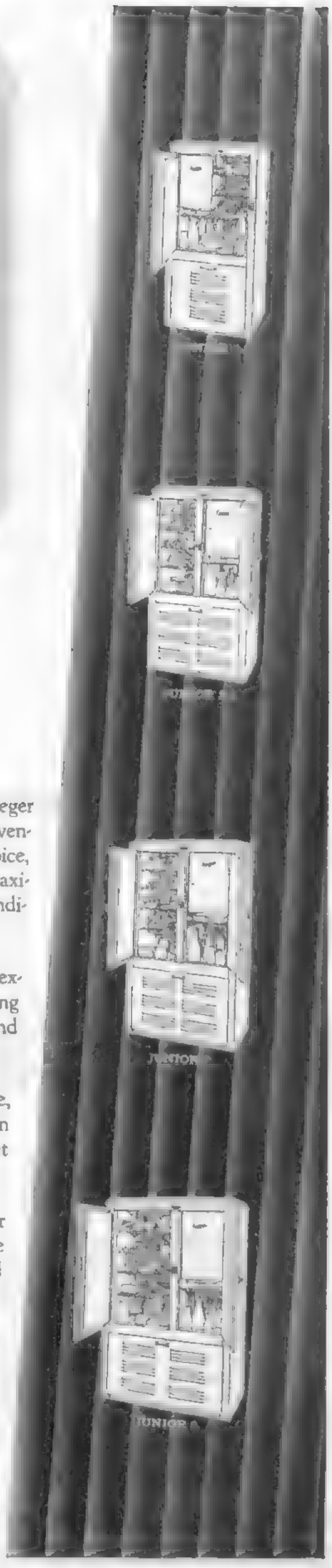

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MONEY AND THE MARKET

(Continued from Page 7)

but even if they used all the paper they now have for rediscount there would be serious inflation.

In any great bull market, whether of land, commodities or stocks, speculators always suffer from a peculiar disease or delusion—namely, that an inexhaustible reservoir of credit is available. The existence of the Federal Reserve System merely accentuates an old type of hallucination. At such a time it is boldly asserted that an endless stream of credit for an indefinite rise in prices can be had, regardless of the banks.

The state of mind is well illustrated by one of the arguments advanced to explain the rise in brokers' loans in the past year or so—namely, that the expansion of brokers' loans merely corresponds with the rise in stock prices. This is putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance; it confuses cause and effect. By such reasoning any South Sea Bubble or Tulip Craze might be justified. We must not forget that in 1906 speculators drove up the price of stocks against a 100 per cent call-money rate and were equally bold in the early part of 1920 against a 15 per cent rate and 8 per cent on time loans. The terrible aftermath in each case is history.

But to return to the existing situation. Speculators labor, apparently, under the foolish idea that the function of the Federal Reserve is to provide unlimited credit. If that could be done and were done, it would lead to an inflation whose result might well be national bankruptcy. Of course the real purpose of the Federal Reserve is to control within reasonable limits the volume of credit, to maintain such stability of credit as it may, to act as a cushion against the shock of emergencies, to support the gold standard and to maintain public confidence in the banking and credit system. To do these things it must protect its own reserves—in other words, remain strong. If speculators had all the credit they want to put prices as high as they want, control of credit would pass from the Federal Reserve.

"It cannot be too strongly emphasized," says the National City Bank, "that the strength of the Reserve System is in ample reserves. As long as any surplus exists above the required minimum, somebody will be ready to argue that it ought to be in use, but stability and security are assured by the surplus. When inflation is under way the legal minimum is always too high for most people."

Taking Advantage of Easy Money

Now this rather dry and forbidding discussion will begin to take on more meaning once we look carefully into the causes of the great bull market of the past few years. There has been progress in research, invention and large-scale operation. There has been an increase in national wealth and savings. Corporations are stronger than ever before, and there is a new determination on the part of the people at large to be more than workers; they have an eager desire to be partners in the growing enterprises of the nation. But I do not see how anyone can be so simple-minded as to suppose that these have been the only forces at work, or even to suppose that they are quite as obvious in their causes and effects as seems to be the case.

In other words, the rise in stocks has only too apparently been connected with the very easy monetary conditions which prevailed for about seven years following the great deflation of 1920. Specifically an important factor was the policy of the Federal Reserve in the summer and fall of 1927. The desire to stimulate agricultural exports and, most important of all, the advisability of assisting European countries in returning to the gold standard and in stabilizing their currencies, led the Federal Reserve to use all its influence toward stabilizing money rates and, until the spring of 1928, in maintaining ease in the money market.

That excessive and perhaps dangerous advantage was taken of this policy by reckless speculators is now evident, but the return of Europe to the gold standard has been one of the most wonderful achievements since the war, and we should be proud of our part therein. There are those who say that the Federal Reserve should have reversed its policy sooner, or that the late Governor Strong of the New York bank was a little too insistent upon carrying out the policy of helping Europe to the last dot, but to me these seem petty details, and not worth developing.

We must carry our search, however, a good deal further even than the policy of the Federal Reserve. During the war Europe sent us gold in order to buy supplies, and continued to meet its enormous payments to us up to about 1927 by the same method. The European countries were off the gold basis themselves; they had no goods to pay us in, and they were forced to make some sort of payment. So they sent gold in great quantities. Large amounts, no doubt, represented funds sent here for safekeeping because of the depreciated currencies abroad.

The Increase of Time Deposits

Now there can be no question that this addition to our gold supply furnished the base for a later expansion of vast dimensions in credit. Nor was this the first time by any means that bull stock markets have followed a wave of gold. One statistician goes so far even as to maintain that the price of Stock Exchange seats has invariably responded to an influx of gold. In any case the enlarged gold base has probably had more effect upon the volume of credit "than any gold at any time anywhere," because of certain far-reaching but subtle changes in the banking system itself.

These changes center around the increase of time deposits in the banks as compared with demand deposits—a little noticed and but slightly understood development that may prove to be of the first importance.

In 1917, in order to promote financial measures to carry on the war, Congress reduced the required legal cash reserves of banks which belong to the Federal system. Most important was the reduction from 5 per cent to 3 per cent in the reserve against so-called time deposits. As from 7 per cent to 13 per cent is required on demand deposits, varying with the size of the city, there has been an immense stimulation in time deposits at the expense of those on demand. The result has been a release of reserves and a consequent expansion of credit. In other words, the banks can spread out more, because a smaller proportion of their resources is tied down in legally required inactive reserves. All this made for a long period of easy money, and led, according to older standards, to artificially easy money.

With the growth of time deposits the banks have tended to change the character of their investments. A slow liability, it is felt, can be offset with a slow asset. Banks are less inclined to stay close to shore with time deposits than they are with demand deposits. Banks tend, more than formerly, to invest in a miscellaneous collection of bonds and even stocks, although the average banker's experience and knowledge have not been gained in this field. It is a serious question whether he is not employing his special equipment and training more fully in the interests of society when he loans directly to a business concern, or refuses to loan, than when he buys or loans, or refuses to buy or loan, upon stocks and bonds with the original issue of which he has had nothing to do.

The old-time sharp distinction between commercial banking on the one hand and

savings or investment banking is breaking down and a hybrid form of banking is taking their place. Once we had the business man with his noninterest-bearing checking account and the small savings depositor who was not permitted to check out, who had to give notice of withdrawal in time of panic, and who received interest as a matter of course. But the line between these two kinds of business is being blurred. There is confusion as to what a savings account is, and sometimes checks can be drawn against them. All manner of banks now advertise for and receive so-called savings accounts. Sometimes interest as high as 4 per cent is paid on what are called savings, or time, accounts, in sums as high as $100,000 belonging to corporations.

This whole tendency is accentuated by the growing volume of stocks and bonds. After the bitter experience of 1920 the corporations learned to reduce bank loans and to finance themselves more than before by the sale of securities. Thus the banks have less occasion to analyze commercial paper than formerly and are obliged more than before to buy securities or make loans with securities as collateral.

Not Ordinary Savings

But what has all this to do with the stock market? Perhaps the connection is clear, perhaps not. It will become more obvious, however, as we look a little closer into the nature of the time deposit. There are those who say that the rise of time deposits represents true savings, and therefore is not responsible for credit expansion. They point to the enormous sums in investors' hands and insist that these must represent savings. But the careful studies of Dr. B. M. Anderson, Jr., economist for the Chase National Bank of New York, indicate that this reasoning is unsound. He says:

"The facts are as they state them. There has been a great volume of buying by investors and a great volume of free money in investors' hands. But the conclusions which they would draw seem to me not to follow. When an owner sells for $50,000 a piece of real estate for which, seven years earlier, he paid $25,000, turning into cash the increase in the value of his land which the cheap-money period has brought about, he has real money to invest, but it does not represent ordinary savings.

"When speculative profits in securities, which have risen because of the great excess of bank money, are turned into cash, and the successful speculator proceeds to invest the proceeds in bonds, he again has real money to invest, but not ordinary savings. The original foundation and source of this investor's money coming back to the money market is the money previously created by bank expansion in the money market. The frequent shifting of holdings, the displacement of holdings, and the profits from appreciation of holdings, all give rise to large sums for investment and reinvestment, but they are phenomena growing out of bank expansion and not phenomena growing out of ordinary savings.

"Another remarkable effect has been the great increase in activity on the part of financial middlemen and brokers, with a great increase in the volume of securities transactions, a great rise in the price of seats in the various exchanges, and a great multiplication in the number of finance companies, houses issuing and marketing securities and investment trusts. With a more normal money market the volume of these activities would be curtailed."

The enormous issues of new securities, especially of stocks, has had one sensational result which is but little understood as yet. It has enabled corporations not only to pay off bank loans and increase working capital but also to build up such extraordinary surplus and liquid reserves that the only employment for these funds lay in call loans in the stock market. Thus we have the striking new spectacle of several billion dollars of brokers' loans being made for the account of others than banks. This has been especially true since the marked rise last April in the rates paid on brokers' loans following the heavy exports of gold, the tightening of the Federal Reserve's money policy and the absorption of credit by the stock market itself.

An endless debate has ensued as to whether loans by others represent a safe or a dangerous development, and no one appears to have the slightest idea. Learned students as well as practical men differ radically. Of course the corporations did not acquire these funds originally to loan on call. They expect to use them some day in their business. They have no responsibility to supply funds to any given market such as the banks have. If an extended decline in stocks should result, as it almost always has, in much lower money rates, the other lenders might withdraw funds and thus accentuate the decline. Then, too, it is argued that there are no automatic regulatory safeguards to these loans such as operate in the case of bank loans. On the other hand, loans by others do for the time being ease what might be otherwise an intolerable burden upon the banks, and by the time they are withdrawn the banks may be able to care for the needs which then present themselves.

But all this is utterly futile guesswork. Prof. Irving Fisher says the loans by others are a symptom of the essential soundness of business. That may be so, but their primary source is a prior credit expansion based largely upon immense gold imports, which in turn represented conditions in Europe that no longer obtain. In the last year or two gold in vast quantities has gone out rather than in. In an address last fall, W. Randolph Burgess, an officer of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, said:

"It must be remembered that while we have a large gold reserve we also have a huge superstructure of credit built upon it. This country has indeed more than 40 per cent of the world's monetary gold, but it probably has more than half the world's bank deposits. Foreign banks and governments have substantial balances in this country, and some may be withdrawn in gold. Our present gold position does not offer cause for alarm. We still have a gold surplus. There is no reason why gold reserves should be a limitation to the supply of credit for every necessary use of trade. But the loss of gold in this past year and the present high money rates should constitute a warning that our credit resources are not inexhaustible. We cannot continue, in the years before us, to be quite as spendthrift of credit for speculative use as we have been recently."

Money Rates and Stock Prices

Now I am not seeking to forecast the future of the stock market, nor do I assert that credit conditions form the dominant or sole or controlling factor in stock prices. Economists and statisticians have debated rather heatedly among themselves the exact degree of influence which money rates have upon stock prices. It would be futile to attempt any answer here. Nor is it a simple matter to say how much of an increase in credit is normal and how much abnormal.

Yet one must be ostrichlike indeed to fail to recognize the close relation between the long-extended rise in stocks and the almost equally long-extended expansion of credit. I do not see how it is possible to disagree with Professor Sprague of Harvard when he says that while the function of the market is to discount the future, it is clearly not doing that when values are being boosted upon the "treacherous foundation of increasing supplies of credit secured at advancing rates." Credit is being used to an undesirable and excessive extent in the market, he adds, when its volume "permits and accentuates dealings which give rise to prices out of accord with a conservative capitalization of assured earning power."

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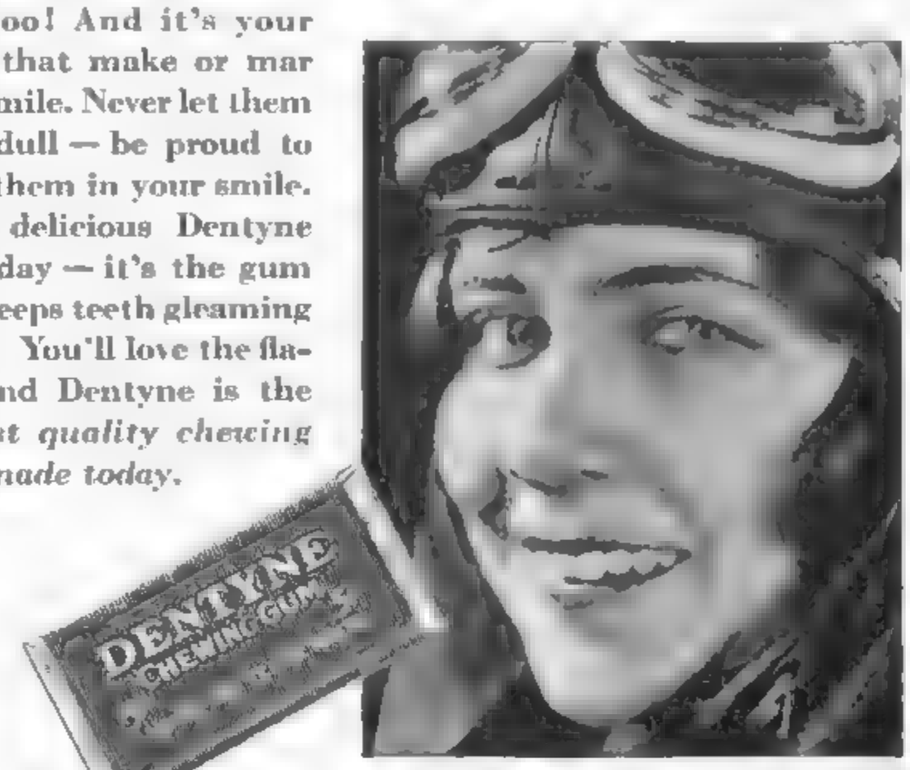

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[illegible]

But what of the idea so commonly held—that stocks can be driven to any desired height because the danger of panics has been eliminated by the Federal Reserve? It is probably true—at least we all hope so—that anything like a general suspension of payments by banks has been done away with. The Federal Reserve has developed an excellent measure of control over the volume of credit. But it cannot control prices. It cannot prevent individuals or banks or corporations from an unsound use of funds. It cannot guarantee the soundness of all the credit created. Price reductions, whether in stocks, real estate or commodities, are still possible, as far as anyone knows.

It is not in keeping with the American tradition to give the Federal Reserve or any other government agency drastic and extraordinary powers over banking and credit. "It is a tremendous power to pass over to a few men in a central bank—to determine in specific instances the purpose for which credit shall be used," says Owen Young, chairman of the General Electric Company and vice chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. "I do not believe that the American people would stand very long for the exercise of that kind of power."

A Much Desired Formula

These officials should have and do have considerable powers of discretion and room in which to exercise judgment. In a quiet way they accomplish much through advice and caution, and their actual influence is very great. They have been most successful in recent months in keeping interest rates for commercial purposes at moderate and stable levels, while permitting rates on brokers' loans to rise high enough to put the extraordinary stock market to real economic tests. Ogden L. Mills, Under Secretary of the Treasury, in a recent address to the officials of the Federal Reserve banks, remarked that it would be very pleasant if a single and simple formula could be intrusted to one group of men for solution; "for there would always be someone we could hold responsible, and we should never have any difficulty in finding the goat."

The Way of Progress

Mr. Mills was correct when he added that it is wisdom to permit those in charge who have justified confidence to meet new situations, step by step, and so "gradually build up an unshakable tradition of sound banking." But, unfortunately, there are thousands of banks which do not belong to the Federal Reserve System, and this handicaps the authorities in exercising the judgment, discretion and influence which the financial safety of the country requires.

The whole subject of legal reserve ratios needs clearing up. Possibly the reserve against time deposits should be put back to the old figure of 5 per cent. Generally speaking, the reserve figures are more historical than scientific. Then, too, the distinction between savings and other types of deposit need clarification and definition. These subjects will some day press for solution. But progress will be difficult unless the Federal Reserve System includes all banks that are eligible. The system is handicapped otherwise. The safety of the whole financial structure of the country, including the stock market, demands that the Federal Reserve be as useful as possible. How it can reach that point until all banks have come into the system is more than I, for one, can see.

UNREAL PROPERTY

(Continued from Page 23)

"What you better do," said the officer, pocketing his notebook, "is go down to the building department and see who took out the permit. If they don't know his name, you try the bureau of licenses and the highway department. Don't fret; you'll find your house all right. Only, don't get me in wrong by leaving this lot unprotected. You better give me your name and address, mister."

Billy started for the Subway station.

Passing the apartment house under construction on the corner, it occurred to him to make an inquiry there. Surely the people in charge would have been interested in the wrecking of a house only a hundred feet down the street. He picked his way over a littered floor in the cool dampness of setting concrete and asked for the builder.

"That's him." A broken-nailed thumb jabbed toward a fashionably dressed and hard-faced gentleman of indeterminate age who was chewing a dry cigar and watching a mason putting the required four-inch fire stop on a steel column. "That's Pink Rose himself."

"Mr. Pink Rose?" Billy approached the builder.

"Pinctus Rose," amended the gentleman, turning dark and unsmiling eyes on Billy. "What are you selling? You want to go to the office."

Billy told his story.

"Well, that does take the rubber crowbar!" cried Pink Rose, letting out a yell of laughter. "Grabbed your house away from you, did they? I guess I'll never know anything. Every day I hear a new one. Took your house when you were out, hey?"

"You take it in very good part, Mr. Rose."

"Well, I'll tell you, friend. Make the best of it—that's my way. Never miss a laugh. So they grabbed your house. Yes, I saw them working down there just before I started this job. And I think I can tell you the wrecker too—I'll look it up. The reason I was interested was because I was going to wreck here right away and I wanted to get all the figures I could. So I'm almost positive I asked who was wrecking there. . . . So they grabbed your house—ha-ha-ha! Pardon me, friend, while I laugh. Wait up and I'll call the office and see if I can locate that wrecker for you."

He walked outside, followed by Billy, climbed to the top of his sidewalk bridge and entered his shanty.

"Hello, hello! This is Pink. Say, the party is here that owns that job down the street and he wants to know who wrecked for him. . . . Never mind that, now; he don't know. . . . You got it there in the job book. . . . What's that? . . . Sorasek?"

He hung up. "Sorasek, friend. A good man too. He done a good job for you, didn't he? Ha-ha-ha! His yard is on the Southern Boulevard, somewheres around 138th Street. You hop right up there and ask for your house. Don't take no excuses either. He took it all right."

Billy thanked the merry Pink Rose and hurried to the Subway. He had been saved a trip to the building department at the lower end of the city.

He left the Subway at 138th Street and Cypress Avenue and walked eastward to the Southern Boulevard. He saw the name of the wrecker over the door of a lean-to that adjoined a tumble-down stable; in the weed-grown yard behind the stable were five trucks—the identical vehicles, no doubt, that had ridden off with the shattered fragments of Billy's old home.

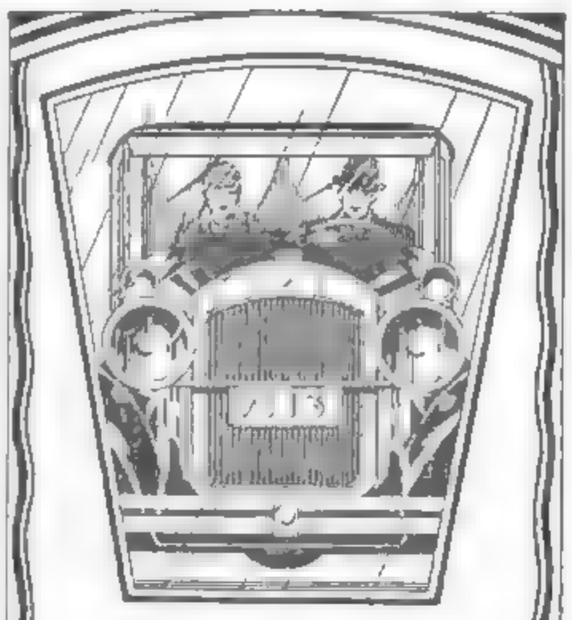
A towheaded and mildly spoken man behind a chipped desk admitted promptly that he was Mr. Sorasek.

"I want to talk to you," said Billy, not without grim enjoyment, "about a house that you wrecked some weeks or months ago."

"Yes, sir?"

"On East 93d Street."

(Continued on Page 137)



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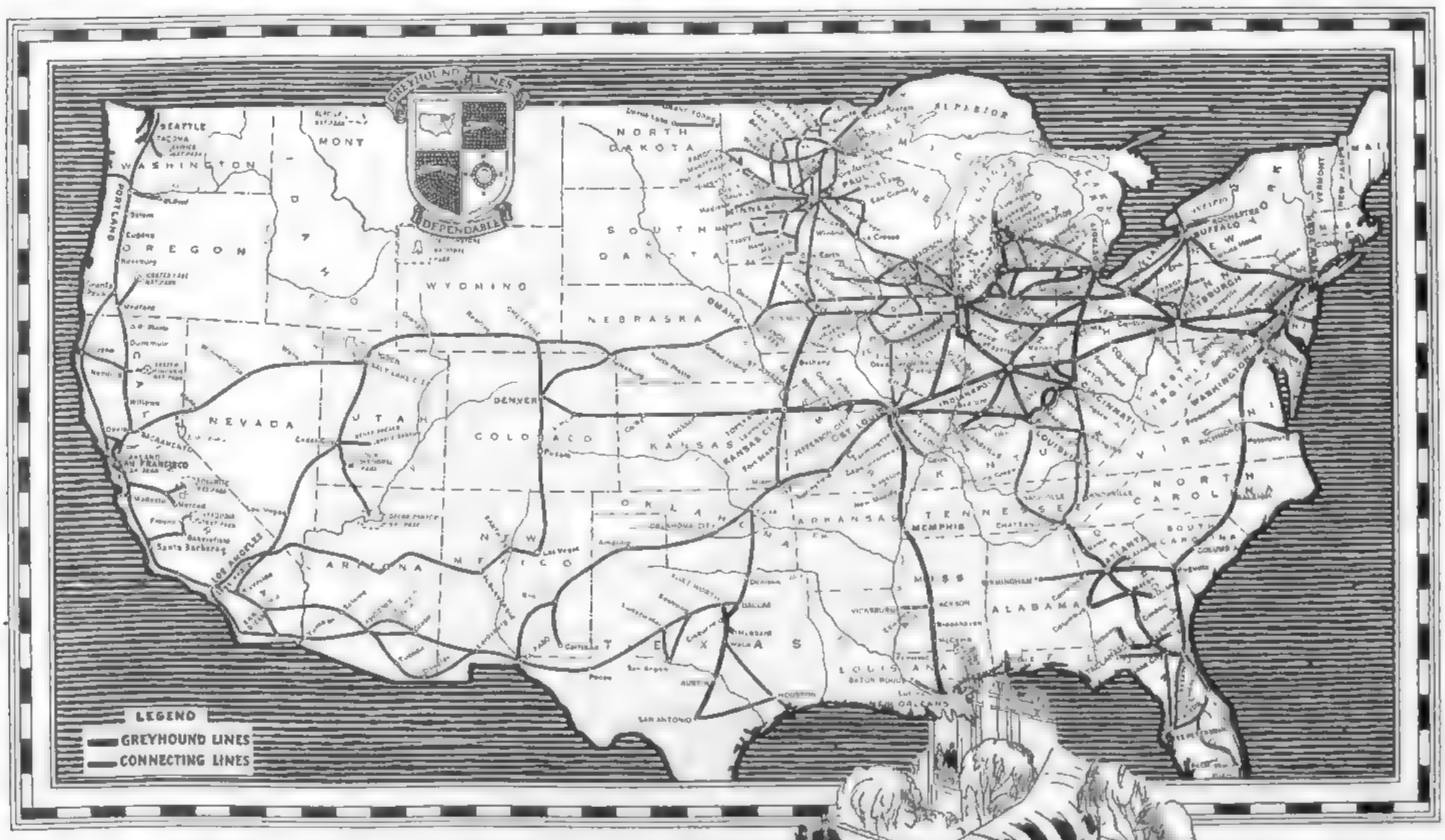

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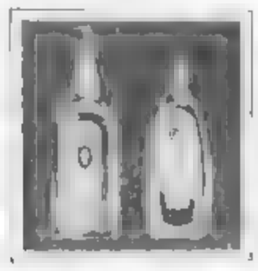

(Continued from Page 134)

"Yes, sir. I remember that job."

"Then maybe, Sorasek, you'll remember what was your confounded idea in wrecking that house when nobody told you to!"

"What do you mean?" Sorasek's blue eyes opened indignantly.

"Who told you to tear down that house?"

"The owner, of course. He came in the office and told me he wanted a house wrecked and asked me to give him a bid on it. So I went and took a look at it and give him a bid on it."

"Did I tell you to tear down that house?"

"You didn't. The owner did. His name was Davigne. William Davigne—that was his name. I give him three hundred and seventy dollars for the job. What do you mean, did you tell me?"

"I mean that I'm William Davigne and that was my house and I never told you or anybody else to tear it down. Can you get that through your head? I'm going right from here to the police and I'll find out if you can tear down my house and get away with it. I'll make it hot for you, Sorasek. You're no fool. According to your story, a stranger walks in here who hasn't even got the key of the front door ——"

"But he did, Mr. Davigne -if you're Mr. Davigne. He gave me the key, and that's how I went through the house. Mr. Davigne, how was I to know? I'm in the wrecking business and I don't know who people are. But just a minute; I remember now. He showed me letters. I didn't know how to spell his name and he showed me letters. Wouldn't that be proof enough for you? Well, I guess if he had the key he could easy get the letters, but that ain't my business, Mr. Davigne. I'm just a house wrecker. Mr. Davigne, I want you to see how it was and not want to blame me. I'm a poor man and there ain't the profit in this business people think, and all I made on the job was a hundred and twenty dollars. So you're Mr. Davigne, are you?"

"I certainly am," growled Billy, pulling out letters addressed to him.

"There you are!" exclaimed Sorasek. "That's how he done it too. Now do you blame me? Mr. Davigne, I want you to go easy on me. Anyway, you can't get blood from a stone. I got nothing but them trucks, and they ain't mine. I'm willing to give you the profit I made on the job, if you can prove yourself. But you can't expect me to take letters."

"What did this impostor look like?"

"He was just an ordinary-looking fellow."

"Didn't you notice anything special about him?"

"Well, all I remember special about him is he was eating a banana. He come in here eating a banana."

"He's probably finished it by now."

"I really can't say. Well, yes, I guess so. Yes, I'll go over to the police station with you, if you just wait a minute till I call my wife to mind the office."

Sorasek was questioned fruitlessly at the local station house. He was obviously not an observant person; one inferred that he saw people always through clouds of dust and while preoccupied with dodging falling walls.

The inquisition resulted, at least, in convincing Billy that the wrecker was an honest dunderhead and guilty of no complicity in the astonishing violation of Billy's property rights.

He returned to 93d Street to interview again the builder, Pink Rose, the only individual who had given him a genuine lead.

"You ought to had a caretaker," commented Pink Rose wisely. "Oh, you got to keep your chin up in New York, friend. It's a new game to me, but I see where it's a cinch. Some crook saw your house vacant, walked up your steps and made himself a key, came back and went through, and polished off the job by going to a wrecker and selling him the house. And what's to prevent him? You tell me that."

"It doesn't seem possible that such things can be done," protested Billy feebly.

"It don't? Say, they'll sell your lot on you next. And what's to prevent them? It's been done before. I heard of that one. They go to a real-estate broker ——"

"Real-estate broker!" exclaimed Billy, slapping his hands together. "That's who she was!"

"Who who was? I'm only saying what they could do. They go to a real-estate broker and tell him they're you, and offer him the house cheap. For that house—say, twenty thousand dollars. Even less, if it would be cheap. He rushes it down to an operator and gets an offer in half an hour. Two thousand dollars up on the contract—maybe more. See? And if he knows where you are all the time, and what you're up to, he can even go through with it and take the rest of the money. I've seen that done. That'll give you an idea, friend. Well, now that you got an empty lot, what are you going to do with it?"

"I'll have to try and sell it, I suppose."

"Want me to tell you what it's worth? Fifteen thousand dollars."

"Why, Mr. Rose, that's ridiculous. That property cost my father over fifty thousand dollars."

"Try and get it. Try and get it! You mean it cost that with the house. Well, to a builder it's worth about the same with or without the house. So much a front foot. Say, look at the Clarkin mansion over on Fifth Avenue. Do you know what that mansion cost old Clarkin? One million and a half of dollars. And do you know what the wrecker paid for it? Three thousand dollars—one, two, three. Do you know the builder made the heirs come down twenty thousand dollars on the price of the land just because the mansion was on it? It took a month to wreck, that's why."

"You're a builder, Mr. Rose, and you must know what land's worth. Would you give me even twenty-five thousand for that lot?"

"No interest," said Pink Rose, walking away abruptly. "Out of all reason. Offer it around and get educated, friend. Do that—shop it around. Maybe you'll get eighteen, but not from me, because I don't want it, except at a bargain. Peddle it good and hard, and you'll get a buyer."

III

THE 42d Street office in which Miss Ruth Hollins was engaged in the real-estate business was very compact. That was how Ruth thought of it—as being compact. There was room in it for Ruth and her new desk and her wastebasket of flowered cretonne; her telephone book and Atlas of Manhattan and the Bronx found place in it without a struggle. Even a small client could be fitted in. And what more room than that does one really require—so long, that is, as one sells real estate only to undersized people? Besides, really, very few deals are made in the broker's office; the successful broker is up and out, endlessly going, running clients down in the open.

Business was dead this day in Ruth's office, but not unusually dead. Oh, no, business as usual, quite. In fact, business was merely quiet. Ever so much depends on how one says things, how one presents. Ruth's book said that—the book that she was finding time to read while her office went on as usual. The book was called How to Sell Real Estate. Ruth had thought highly of that book in the long ago nearly four months away, and she was still amenable to its counsel in practical matters, but its philosophy was no longer so convincing. So many of its admonitions did not fit the real-estate business in hustling Manhattan, as Ruth apprehended it. They did not fit her case. Now, for instance, this:

Don't fight your customer, shouting at him, much less swearing. If he don't see things just your way. Request him to sit down close beside you and look right in his eyes while you talk. That does not imply that you are to blow tobacco smoke in his face and tell him improper stories. Everything in its time; if a prospect wants to be familiar with you, well and good, but let him lead first. And don't go around with a week's growth of beard on your

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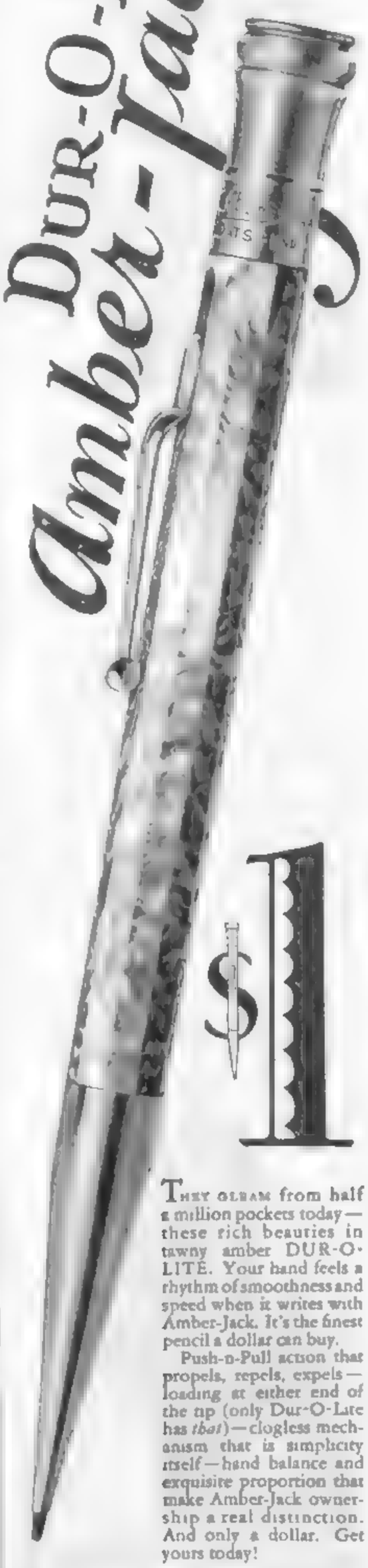

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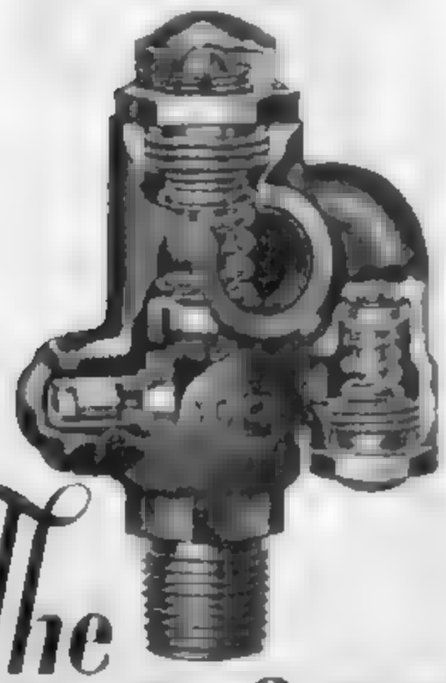

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face, and reeking of whisky, if you want to appeal ——

"Blah," said Ruth, throwing the book down and shooting out her tongue at it. "Darn old fool."

She took out her sewing kit, crossed her legs, and went to catching up a run in her silk stocking. The active life, endlessly galloping through offices after leads, is hard on the successful broker's shoes, and only less so on her stockings.

An elevator door clanged; it had clanged hundreds of times in the nearly four months and the person so heralded had always gone by. *Ergo*, unless one is to learn only from books and refuse to be tutored by experience, he would go by now.

"Pardon me."

"Oh."

"Miss Hollins?"

"Come in, Mr. Davigne. I'm sure —— Do come in, won't you?"

"Thank you," said Billy, wondering how it was to be done.

"Won't you have a chair?" Ruth stood.

"Couldn't think of it," said Billy, sidling in between the desk and the wall. "I'm perfectly comfortable. I've been sitting down all day. Miss Hollins, some two months ago you made me an offer of twenty-five thousand dollars for my property on 93d Street."

"I remember."

"I'll take that offer now."

She sighed deeply and audibly. "And make believe I wouldn't just love to give it to you! At the time, you told me that you wanted fifty-two thousand dollars. I told that to my client and he said it was quite out of the question. I didn't give him up, though; I kept right after him, Mr. Davigne, and tried to get him to offer more, but I finally lost him. He withdrew his offer of twenty-five and said he wouldn't be interested at any price. I'll tell you his name, if you wish, though it's against professional ethics to reveal a name to an owner, because they will go behind your back and deal direct. His name was Lanham and he's a lawyer. But he won't buy it at all now."

"In that case, Miss Hollins, I'm much obliged for the tip. I tried to sell the lot to the builder Rose on the corner. You know the house is gone, don't you?"

Billy told her of his discovery that his house had been whisked away during his unsuccessful trip on the road.

"Rose wouldn't be interested in a single lot," she said with conviction. "No builder —— But you know who Rose is, don't you? The firm is Rose and Flannery, the old booticians."

"Bootleggers! About three years ago, wasn't it? I thought they went to Atlanta."

"They did. You read about them in the papers. And after they came out of jail they went in the building business. They have barrels of money, Mr. Davigne—hundreds and thousands of dollars. You know, ever so many people who make a lot of easy money—Wall Street men, gamblers, booticians—finally put their money into real estate. Real estate is the safest and most profitable of all investments. It's the basis of all wealth, you know. Have you ever stopped to consider that? The greatest instinct in the human breast is to own a piece of land, and it comes to be the foundation of a great fortune."

"Yes. Oh, yes. I own some real estate, you know. I'm converted. So you don't think you can sell my lot to a builder?"

"Let me work on it. I've found out, Mr. Davigne, that the builders want plots over fifty feet in width, and yours is only eighteen. A house on each side would give us a nice plot. And you say that there's a caretaker in the adjoining house? Then that owner wants to sell. It will be ever so much easier to sell the three houses together, and I'm sure I can get more than seventy-five for the three. You're not in a position, Mr. Davigne, to buy the adjoining houses yourself? It would be an awful good investment."

"I dare say. Tell the adjoining owners about it and perhaps they will buy mine."

"But let me think." She laid her pencil alongside her delicate nose and looked under her black brows at him. "Didn't I see the owner of that house where the caretaker is? Why, I did. I saw him at the time I saw you. I was going through the block and I went to see every owner whose house had a sign on. Oh, isn't that unfortunate? He told me, Mr. Davigne, that all that property in through there was restricted to private houses only."

"I don't understand that," demurred Billy. "Here's my deed. Look at it. My property isn't restricted. There isn't a word in it about a restriction. But now that you mention it, I think I heard dad say once that the property on that side, all the way to the corner, was restricted to private residences."

"Not the corner itself, Mr. Davigne. There's a big new apartment house going up there. Rose & Flannery may be hard-boiled, but they couldn't violate the restriction, if there was one. They have a building loan there, and the loaning institution wouldn't lend them the money."

"Still, dad was in a position to know what he was talking about. He owned all that property at one time. In 1886 he bought a plot of land including the corner, and he built our house at the inside end and sold off the rest. He could have restricted the land to private houses so as to protect his own home, couldn't he?"

"Yes, and he probably did—all but the corner. Rose & Flannery wouldn't have got that building loan—eight hundred thousand dollars—if there was a restriction; don't you see? You have no idea how frightfully careful those big institutions are; I've tried to place loans with them."

"You seem to know the real-estate business, Miss Hollins."

"I'm not exactly a beginner," said Ruth modestly.

"How long have you been in the business, may I ask?"

Ruth glanced at her calendar. "This is June twelfth. I've had my own office, Mr. Davigne, for precisely eleven years, less twelve days, eight months, and—and ——"

"You don't tell me," breathed Billy, impressed, interrupting her, as she hoped he would, before she ended—"and ten years."

"I opened this office, Mr. Davigne, on my twenty-first birthday, the winter after I graduated from Barnard."

"And are there many college women in the real-estate business?"

"Not so many. I had a special reason for going into business. You see, I'm putting a boy through college."

"Ah! Is it permitted to ask how old your boy is?"

"Just sixteen, Mr. Davigne, thank you. He's five years younger than I."

"Five—years?" Billy's mouth drooped open.

"My brother," said Ruth.

"I'm going now," said Billy abruptly. "Keep the deed here. Sell the lot for a million dollars. You can do it. Good day, Miss Hollins. I'll think over all you told me. Is this the way out?"

IV

DURING the ensuing month Billy had a great many conferences with his real-estate agent. These were all strictly business conferences. The business was always the same, but it presented as many interesting facets as a brilliant-cut gem. When a man's entire fortune is in a single vacant lot, the business of merchandising that lot can't be studied too thoroughly. Ideas occurred to Billy in the early morning with the waking birds, and in the middle of the day and after hours.

It is not every agent whom you can call up after hours and expect to command his time. His mind, like the minds of common people, is then bent on pleasure, on relaxation from the dreadful strain of juggling New York's sixteen billion dollars' worth of real property. But Ruth wasn't like that. She met Billy at breakfast sometimes; sometimes her lunchtime was free of other

(Continued on Page 140)

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(Continued from Page 138

calls; and if he still wanted to talk real estate after New York was lit up, she would sacrificingly consent to go to an upstairs table-d'hôte or even a second-run moving picture. Business, business, always business; all work and no play; that's how to succeed. Ruth saw that she was succeeding and was glad.

Billy had a telephone call from Sorasek the wrecker: "Mr. Davigne, I recollect now that once I seen that man on 145th Street."

"What man?"

"The man that sold me your house."

"Sorasek, you better spy around there and see him again. Mark my words, if you don't find him for me I'll go to the district attorney and I'll get you from twenty-four to thirty-six years in prison, chewing old rope into silk neckties. I'll give you one more week."

It was two weeks before he heard again from Sorasek; during that time Billy's resentment against the man who had sold his house grew hotter daily. He had much time to think of his property and its incidentals. He was going to leave Byrne & Vallon. He was a born mixer and he liked selling, but he was convinced that Byrne & Vallon's proposition wasn't sound and worth while. The firm's goods weren't good enough, and it went against Billy's grain to sell a friend a poor article. Billy's customers were his friends; he sat down close beside them and looked them right in the eye.

Sorasek called up: "He's up here now, Mr. Davigne! Should I call a cop?"

"Yes. No, please don't! Not unless you see him getting away. I'm on 125th Street now and I can jump up there in less than ten minutes. But, for the Lord's sake, don't lose him, Sorasek! I want to be there when he sees you."

Billy hailed a cab, leaped into it and cried, "145th Street and Lenox Avenue—and step on it."

The cab wheeled into broad and beautiful Lenox Avenue, and whirled northward through colored Harlem. Beyond 140th Street it dropped the stately negro-tenanted elevator apartment houses and emerged into a district of vacant lots, billboards, car barns.

Sorasek was on the east sidewalk. "Hurry up," he urged, as Billy jumped to the street. "There he goes, down toward the river. He just came out of that speak-easy over there. But, say, we better get a cop. He don't look like a man would take fooling."

"He's not going to get any," said Billy. To the taxi driver: "Wait here."

He ran down the street after his quarry. He seized the man's arm as he was turning into a boarded-up lot. "Just a minute. We want you."

"Want me?"

The man was tall and husky, dressed in cheap clothes that were the worse for wear and neglect, but that still preserved evidence of their modish cut. His hair was an odd bluish-red and tightly curled; his eyes were blue, but with an indefinable duskiness, and on his pink cheeks were unusually large freckles. Only in a colored district would his appearance readily suggest that he was not a white man. It was plain that he didn't like the peremptory salute.

"This is the man, Sorasek?"

"That's him, Mr. Davigne," said the wrecker. "That's the fellow that sold me your house."

"Yes, that's me," said the fellow unpleasantly. He shrugged his shoulders and stared from one to the other of the two men. "And then what? Are you looking for trouble?"

"Can you make any?" growled Billy. In his heart was a mounting rage that was part despair. The man was nothing but a rough; he could never make good any part of the damage that he had done.

"Get away!" snarled the fellow, with a tentative swing of his hand. "I'll slap you both."

"Begin to slap," invited Billy, stepping up to him and shoving him back against the fence. "Keep out, Sorasek."

"Look out for a razor!" cried the wrecker.

Billy stepped back for room; his heel engaged the edge of a broken flag and he all but fell over backward. At that instant the fellow against the fence collected himself and rushed, shooting ponderous fists ahead of him. Billy could have turned that rush had he been on guard, but toppling, throwing up his hands to save his balance, he had barely chance to pull down his head and save his face. A fist took him fairly on the forehead, low down and centered. He went down, did a shoulder roll, and came to his feet just in time to dodge another headlong rush.

The jar of the blow had been almost stunning, though force had been taken from it by Billy's falling away from it. Billy blinked the flashes out of his eyes, set himself and stopped the next rush with a terrific uppercut.

As he said, "I had first to cut him down to my size!"

The rough was a street fighter and his technic was simple, though tremendously effective in its own place. Street fighting is business and not sport; the man who goes down is kicked into submission. Everything depends on the first blow. Billy had lost the battle when his gymnasium training saved him. The rough straightened, pulled himself together and tore at Billy again. He stooped as he came in, intending to seize Billy's legs and throw him. He knew his business.

But Billy was not a beginner at rough-and-tumble himself; during his college years, just gone by, he had spent two summers in lumber camps. He knew how to do. He brought his knee up into the man's face, causing him to sit down suddenly and consider conditions with bewilderment.

Billy had him by the shoulders. "Get up and fight!" he roared, jerking him to his feet. Having him there, he smashed him between the eyes.

"Sock him!" shouted the chauffeur delightedly.

Billy socked him. He let go with right and left, once and again, and the rough was a staggering wreck. He was against the fence, trying to guard himself, when Billy hit him again. He fell down.

"No, no! Get up!" urged Billy, seizing him. "You're going to take it! Sell my house, will you? Sell it for junk, will you? Knock me out of twenty-five thousand dollars, will you?"

He punctuated his questions with zestful swings.

"Don't kill me!" cried the rough, lying against the fence with arms wound over his head. "I'll give him to you if you stop! I'll give you Lanham!"

"Get up!"

"It wasn't me, buddy! It wasn't me! It was Lanham done it! He told me! So help me, buddy!"

"The lawyer?" Billy listened.

"The lawyer, yeah. He told me how."

"All right. Get up. I'll quit."

The man lurched to his feet. For some time his hands jerked upward automatically at Billy's every gesture. He was thoroughly satisfied.

"You come right downtown with me and we'll see this lawyer. You mean the man at Broadway? If you feel like changing your mind, go to it! I got enough on you to stick you in Sing Sing. And what's better, you'll be carried there on a stretcher."

They all got into the cab and rode down to 42d Street.

"Stop at the public library," ordered Billy, to whom an illuminating thought had come. He got out. "Wait here with him, Sorasek. If he kicks up, call a cop."

"But don't call that man," supplemented the rough heartily. "Call a cop—call a whole platoon. I'll be right here, buddy."

Billy went into the library and back to a reading room, and got out a file of old newspapers. He turned to the issues of three years before. There it was—an account of

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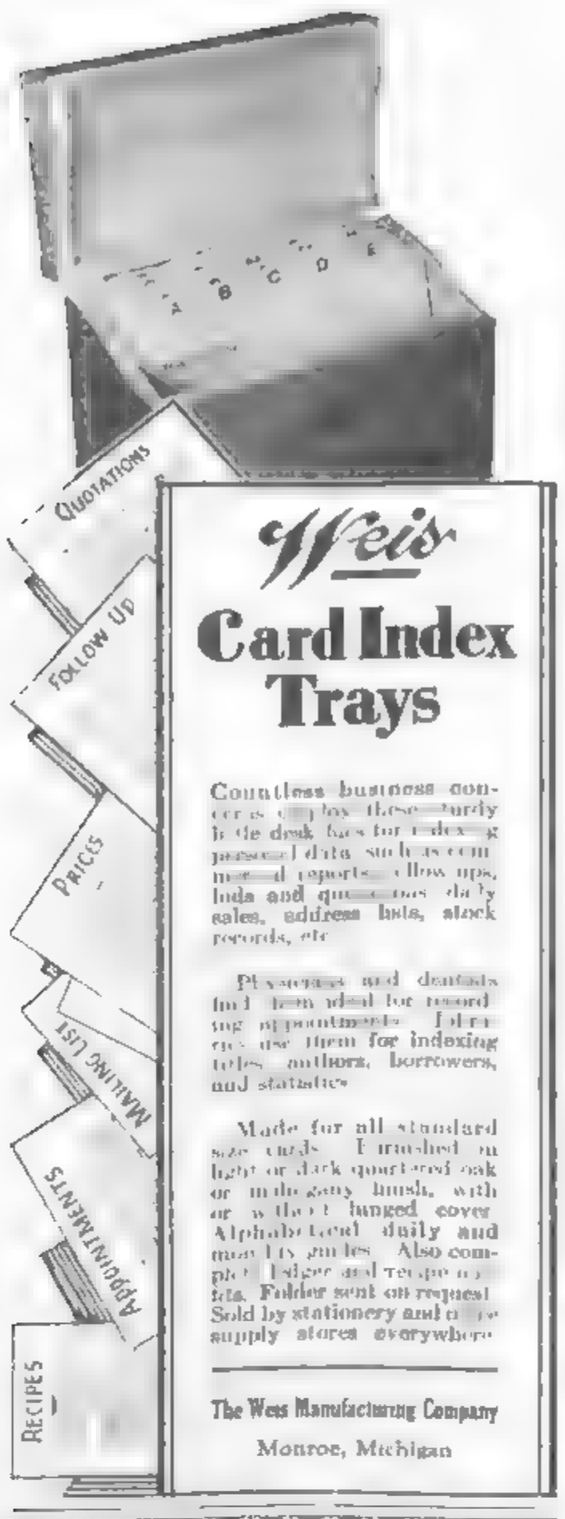

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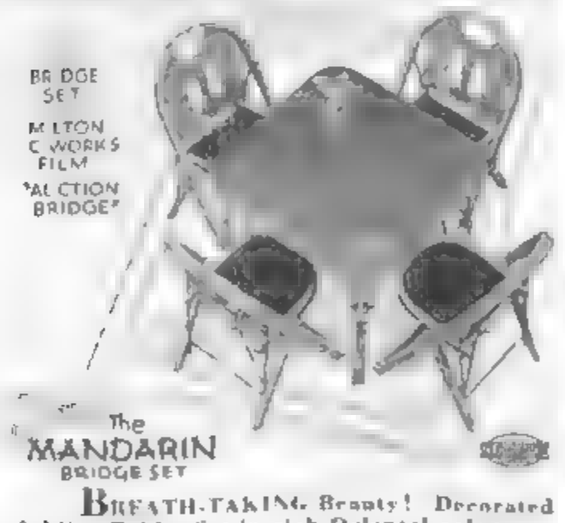

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the arrest and trial of a notorious gang of bootleggers, ending in the sentencing of Pincus Rose and John J. Flannery to the Atlanta Penitentiary. There was the name of their unsuccessful advocate—Merle Lanham of —— Broadway.

Billy's eyes were closing by the minute, nevertheless, and, speaking figuratively, it was right then that he began to see daylight.

He returned to the cab

"The Franklin Building," he ordered, "down 42d Street."

Five minutes later, Ruth, tucked in her tiny office in the Franklin Building, heard the elevator door clang and saw Billy, accompanied by two strange men, one of whom was much the worse for wear, advancing upon her strait quarters. She jumped up.

"Oh, Billy," she cried -they had come to that—"I've got a copy of that restriction on the property beside your house!"

"Never mind that, Ruth," he put her off. "You're a notary, aren't you? And I see you have a sport-size portable typewriter in there. Get me up an affidavit ——"

"But do read this, Billy!" She thrust a paper at him.

"Anything to oblige," he said, taking it. "And meanwhile you get me up an affidavit to the effect that this man here sold my house to the wrecker by the order of Merle Lanham, an attorney of —— Broadway. Put in—put in ——" He was reading the copy of the restriction. "Hello."

"Do you understand it, Billy?"

"So that was their game. Go right ahead with that affidavit, Ruth. . . . What's your name, you, and where do you live? . . . And, Ruth, when you have that done, just fill out a blank contract of sale. I'm selling my 93d Street lot. And what's more, I'm going to sell it this afternoon, and right in this office. There's no use in going elsewhere with business, is there? And besides, I don't know the shortest route to a police station from —— Broadway if my buyer reneges. May I use your phone?"

He called Counselor Merle Lanham. "Hello, Mr. Lanham," he said cordially. "My name is Davigne—William Davigne. . . . Oh, yes, you know me. I'm the owner of that lot on East 93d Street that you tried to buy some time ago. . . . You say you're no longer interested? See if this will make you keen again: I have a party here named Red Fleming of West 145th Street; also a wrecker named Sorasek. . . . That's right; you've heard perfectly. Now, Mr. Lanham, I want you to call up your client Pink Rose and tell him to come here at once. You come here, too—to Miss Ruth Hollins' office in the Franklin Building. It's just about midway between you and Rose, so I want you to see who can get here first. The limit is fifteen minutes—after which I'll call the police. One thing more—bring a check book. Somebody is going to buy a vacant lot on East 93d Street."

Pink Rose and his lawyer alighted from the elevator at the same time and came down the hall shoulder to shoulder, as if for mutual support. Pink Rose was wearing a grin that he probably intended to be infectious, but Billy did not catch it, even when the builder cried, "Hello, friend; what do you know?" and sought to grasp his hand

Lanham was younger than his client—about thirty—a fair young man with insolent eyes. Sorasek stepped into the hall and the newcomers edged into Ruth's office.

"Well, let's go inside and sit down," suggested Lanham.

"You are inside," said Ruth sharply.

"And you'll think faster on your feet," supplemented Billy. "Cast your eagle eye over this affidavit, counselor. I'll hold it for you, thanks. Do you get the gist of it? And now for something else. Here's a copy of a restriction that affects all the lots between mine and the corner. You see that it's an agreement between my father and people who used to own the land that new apartment house is going up on. I'll read you a few words. But perhaps you'd better read it, Miss Hollins; my eyes aren't what they were."

Ruth read: "'—— which land shall be improved with private residences only, each for the sole use of one family, not more than three stories and basement in height, and with fronts of brownstone, terra cotta or limestone, so long as the residence now built on the land of the party of the first part shall stand and remain.'"

"If I know what that means," said Billy, "you couldn't build an apartment house on that corner without my permission, until my house was torn down. So you, Lanham, used this thug as a cat's-paw between you and the wrecker. And over your shoulder I see your client Rose. A bold plot, and if you had spent the money to send this thug out of the city, you might have got away with it. But now we'll find out whether your hijacking methods will pay."

"Nonsense," snapped Lanham. "Those old restrictions aren't worth the paper they're written on. And your house is down now, no matter how it came down. The restriction is off."

Billy made a sudden move. It was only to pick up a paper, but it alarmed the man from 145th Street.

"Don't rile him, Mr. Lanham!" he exclaimed. "Don't rile him!"

"My profession is real estate, Mr. Lanham," said Ruth coldly and forcibly. "I've had a great deal of experience. Surely you do not think that you can go into court and have that restriction broken, when you yourself tore down the house. And while we do not wish to take advantage of our position to enforce an unfair price, you want to remember that you both have a great deal at stake. The court would make that man stop building his apartment house, and as a lawyer you have something to lose, besides your liberty. Here's the contract, if you're ready."

"Fifty-two thousand dollars!" exclaimed Lanham. "You made it big enough, didn't you?"

"A broker naturally gets all she can for her client, Mr. Lanham. That makes her commission bigger."

"I'll see you all hanged first," growled Pink Rose.

"Is that your answer?" said Billy. "Miss Hollins, call a policeman. And if anybody thinks he isn't going to wait for the officer ——"

"Ask me," said Red Fleming

"This is blackmail, Davigne."

"I'm sure you know. It's my first experience."

Lanham whispered to Rose. "I tell you I won't!" cried the ex-bootlegger. "They got nothing on me, Lanham. You take care of yourself."

"So that's how you're gaited," sneered the lawyer menacingly. "You'd leave me holding the bag, eh? Get that out of your mind right away. Come down to my office and I'll show you a stenographic copy of our talks down there. I knew you before today, Rose. Sit down there and take your medicine."

"Five thousand dollars down, Miss Hollins," suggested Billy.

"I've made it sixty-one hundred, Mr. Davigne. That's to cover the broker's commission too. It's payable now that the minds have met."

"Met," echoed Pink Rose, poising the pen. "And how!"

"Ruth," said Billy half an hour later, "did I tell you I'm leaving Byrne & Vallon? I can't sell their pumps and like it. So I'm out of a job. I wonder if you wouldn't take me in as a partner in the real-estate business."

"Oh, I'd love to. I know we could make a go of it."

"We certainly would," he said, putting his hand on hers, "if we were partners after hours too. You might have an idea, or I might have an idea, and we could talk it over. Look at the other night, when I woke up in bed and saw like a flash that that was my window. Now, if ——"

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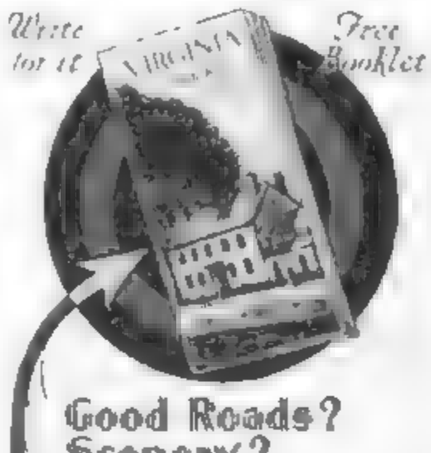

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"Yes," she said, drawing her hand away, "I think we could make this business go, now that you have capital. We could take a real office and put on clerks. We have no room here. One of us would have to be out all the time. We have room for only this one chair and we can't both use that."

"Why not?" He came close to her.

"I mean at the same time."

"But why not?" He added practically, "Let's try."

"Billy!"

But the chair wasn't too small at all.

"I could feel you looking at me that night in Signor Antonio's," she said after a while. "You have such blue, blue eyes." She looked to refresh her fond recollection. "They—they are blue, aren't they, Billy?"

Getting On in the World

If You Want the Job—Go After it Hard

"IT'S a mystery," said the employment manager, "that I've never been able to explain.

"Hundreds, even thousands, of young people have come to me or written to me regarding employment. A lot of them—maybe 50 per cent—were just drifters—restless souls sure that green pastures existed everywhere but in the jobs they held or from which they had just been separated. But the other applicants were deadly serious and very much in earnest. They were ambitious. They had thought things over and were soberly confident that a place with us would be a step up.

"And what did they do? Nine out of ten of them wrote us a letter or came in to see us and tell us about themselves, and then faded quietly out of the picture. Just sat back and waited.

"How these fellows could be so passive and resigned I never could understand. Can you imagine any business sending out one letter and calling it a sales campaign? Throwing a good hot list of prospects away after canvassing them once? Or shoveling the inquiries won by advertising dollars into the furnace after one letter, one sales effort had failed?

"To get a job, the applicant must sell the prospective employer the idea of his being able to render that employer service, and no half-hearted effort is very likely to make the sale. Everybody in business knows that there is nothing of the one-night stand about successful selling. Take the little study made by the dry-goods association a year or two ago in regard to the number of calls a salesman requires to secure an order. Maybe I haven't the figures quite right, but as I remember it, out of a hundred salesmen who called, forty-eight made one call, and quit. Twenty-five made two calls, and quit. Fifteen made three calls, and quit. And twelve made four or more calls."

Planning the Sales Letter

"These twelve salesmen who made four or more calls got slightly over 80 per cent of the sales. Charley Robinson, one of our own boys, called on one of his prospects every two weeks for three years and a month before he connected. His first order from this prospect came a little more than four years ago; two a month have been coming since.

"People interested in getting jobs should go about the business just as they would any other selling proposition. They are proposing to sell themselves. Very well. Let them study their product and thoroughly acquaint themselves with its various selling points. Then let them determine the logical markets for the services this product can render. Let them study these markets both collectively and individually. When they have done this preliminary work, they will be ready to plan their application letters.

"And you'll note that I said plan. That's important, for most application letters I've seen show no evidence of having been planned at all. The intelligent application letter is made up just like a mail-order catalogue. It is adapted to the people it hopes to interest. It is attractive in appearance. It looks and is easy to read. It deals in facts—neatly tabulated facts that invite an immediate reading. It stresses those points most likely to appeal to its readers. It makes no attempt at smartness and it disdains all trick approaches. Its virtue lies in its simple sincerity and in its intelligent marshaling of facts.

"So much for the application letter. With it written and in the mails, the ordinary applicant considers his task finished. Oh, he hopes, and perhaps he even prays, but aside from that he does nothing."

Just a Little Bit Added

"Now, the worthwhile candidate may get discouraged, but if so, he never shows it. He has decided what job he wants, he feels himself fitted for it, and he's got just enough spunk and stick-to-itiveness so that he refuses to be ignored. So far as he is concerned, the first application is just the opening gun of a campaign. If it misfires or seems to be proving itself a dud, he sends out a second letter quite as a matter of course. And if, in the writing of this second letter, he uses a little judgment and good sense, he is sure to help his cause considerably.

"If he knows what he is about he will rigidly exclude from his follow-up anything savoring of impatience or fretfulness over his first letter's not having been answered as promptly as he thinks fit. He will see to it, too, that his follow-up contains only fresh material—a rehash of what he has already written wouldn't be very interesting or speak much for his originality.

"And certainly his second letter will have a reason for being. Perhaps its writer has received a definite offer from some other firm and wishes to know if there is any possibility of action here before he commits himself. In such a case, he must be quite definite about the alternative position or he'll be laughed out of court; just as he would probably be kicked out were his rear within kicking distance. Maybe it's fresh data dealing with his qualifications; perhaps it's pertinent newspaper publicity, a sales letter he has fathered, a selling scheme that he has worked out and proved practical—anything likely to win favorable attention is ample reason for the applicant's knocking at the door again."

Here the employment manager paused and walked over to his files. A moment later he was back, triumphant, with a couple of letters in his hand.

"Here's a follow-up that was handed me two years ago by a school superintendent. The young woman had applied very early and had heard nothing from her first letter. This follow-up got her the job:

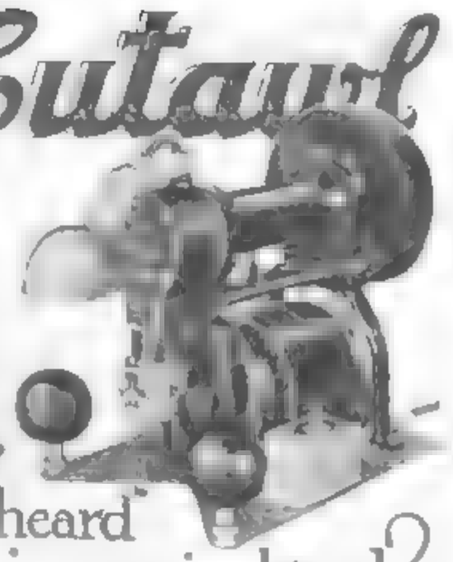
"*My dear Mr. Brown:* It is still very early, I know, for you to make any choice from among the candidates.

"And yet, in case Miss Dorothy Smith intends to resign at the end of the present school year I want you to know that I am still very much interested in the position she will be leaving vacant.

"Perhaps you will remember my letter of January 9, wherein I inclosed my picture and such biographical material as I thought would

(Continued on Page 146)

Cutawl



Have You heard of this magical tool?

This is an age of mechanical miracles. Machines are constantly being invented that completely revolutionize old methods. One of these is the Cutawl

[illegible] people you yourself, perhaps—are laboriously cutting by knife or handsaw, tediously, [illegible] work which the Cutawl will do easily, swiftly, with remarkable accuracy in almost [illegible]

[illegible] felt, leather or soft material; saws wood or hard materials up to [illegible] in thick.

[illegible] men the world over, sign makers and theatrical [illegible]

Write today for our interesting booklet showing work done

THE INTERNATIONAL REGISTER COMPANY
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GREEN GROWS THE GRASS

When you sow

GOLDEN HARVEST

Mixed

Lawn Grass Seed

Most good dealers have it—Grocers—Hardware—Druggists or mailed direct in U.S.A.

50c for 1 pound package, $2.00 for 5 pound bag, postpaid

BROOKMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

"I'd Like Him If—"

Untidy finger nails are often a bar to friendship and social acceptance. Refined men and women keep nails *always* clean with Gem, the pocket manicure that quickly cleans, trims, and files. Ask your cutlery dealer or druggist

The H. C. COOK CO., 5 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn

Gem Clippers MADE IN U.S.A. Gem Jr. 35¢

AGENTS—JUST OUT

New Wonderful Self-Wringing Mop

Overcomes every objection to other mops. Works from flat, solid steel plate.

Nothing Like IT For Big Profits

[illegible] revolution in Mop making. KLEANEZY does away with all old style mops. Three twists of knob wrings [illegible]. Broad, steel pressure plate above meshed cloth [illegible] up dirt practically without labor. Child can wring it [illegible]. Your biggest bet for quick selling. You'll find the KLEANEZY the fastest seller, biggest profit-maker out. Write today for complete information together with our Sample on Approval Offer

THE KLEANEZY CO., Dept. 3328, Delphos, Ohio

Clark's Famous Cruises

NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

Cruise, 52 days, $600 to $1300 s.s. "Lancastria" sailing June 29

Spain, Tangier, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Edinburgh, Trossachs, Berlin (Paris, London). Hotels, drives, fees, etc., included.

Mediterranean, Jan. 29, 1930, $600 up.

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELING
WIPES DRY

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
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Law *and* Order . . . *the foundation of* progress

ONLY by maintaining "law and order" . . . . forcing individuals to respect the rights of others . . . . can society as a whole progress. In Industry, too, this principle stands as basic. Discipline which results in the speedy and accurate discharge of ordered duties is the very beginning of good business management.

But with the universal replacement of manpower by electric motors, this fact was, for a time, overlooked. Now, industrial leaders have learned that motors are like men to this extent . . . . motors, too, must be directed, controlled.

Motor Control brings "law and order" to electric power. Motors are protected against burnouts, always disorganizing to production. Accidents to workmen are minimized. Machines are guided through automatic processes, if need be . . . . so time and money saving possibilities are fully utilized.

Such are the advantages at stake when Motor Control is selected . . . . such are the reasons why progressive plants direct their electric power with Cutler-Hammer Motor Control . . . . why many machine designers, alert to the requirements of modern industry, incorporate Cutler-Hammer Control in every motor-driven machine they build.

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Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus
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The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

SPEEDY-Low Cost Professional Work with this NEW SPRAYIT

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ONLY ninety days have passed since our original announcement of the *Agitator Type* ELECTRIC SPRAYIT—and today it stands in a position of undisputed leadership with thousands of satisfied users and distribution by leading jobbers and dealers throughout the world *Fluid Agitation,* the latest development in spray painting, is such a valuable contribution that it has established a new conception of performance and results. With this new principle, you get full value always, because the paint is constantly agitated.

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Will handle lacquer, Duco, varnishes, paints, enamels, etc., faster and better than by brush. For furniture, walls, general touch-up or maintenance work or in factories for small production work.

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Workmanship and material fully guaranteed. Handled by leading jobbers and dealers. If you do not know where to buy, use the coupon below.

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Principal use for Electric Sprayit

Write Complete Name and Address Below

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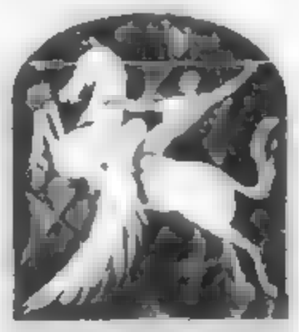
THIS IS THE AGE OF ALUMINUM



WINGED HORSE POWER

LYNITE strong aluminum alloy connecting rods, used in conjunction with LYNITE pistons, further reduce reciprocating weight, resulting in an even smoother running motor. Their high heat conductivity and the fact that a close thermal contact may be obtained by babbitting directly to the aluminum, result in cooler big end bearings. Further, big end bearing pressures at high speeds are lessened because centrifugal and inertia forces are reduced.

THE ENDLESS scientific research applied to the development of strong aluminum alloys by Aluminum Company of America has created in LYNITE an alloy of immeasurable value to motor performance.

LYNITE strong aluminum alloy pistons increase speed, pulling power and fuel economy . . . . decrease weight and wear on cylinders and bearings . . . . reduce vibration to a minimum . . . . and give you a cooler running motor with less carbon.

They will shoot you ahead at the flash of the green . . . . and keep you ahead on the highway. Insist on them.

LYNITE
ALUMINUM ALLOY
PISTONS AND RODS

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA
PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Get Your Copy of This Book

YOUR copy of "How to Use Photographs in Your Business" is ready. Your local commercial photographer will gladly hand it to you, or write National Advertising Headquarters, Photographers Association of America, 136 East Market Street, Indianapolis.

NO matter how clearly you put it on paper, there are always those who will not understand.

You can use half-a-dictionary full of language telling how to hook up Section "A" with Item "B"—and when you're through, your reader is lost in a haze of wasted words.

Use photographs! Show step by step exactly *how* the thing is done.

Remember always that photographs dispel doubt and compel confidence. Use photographs and build *believability*.

PHOTOGRAPHS *Tell the Truth*

(Continued from Page 142)

be of interest. May I not supplement that now by requesting some of my friends such as Mr. C. E. Burns, superintendent of the Omaha schools, or Mr. R. L. Tuck, principal of the West Technical High School of Cleveland, Ohio, to tell you of the teaching I have done for them?

"Our contracts here in Omaha must be accepted or refused by April first, and it is because of this that I would so much like a word of hope from you now. Yours very sincerely.

"I think that is a mighty pleasant and tactful reminder of the applicant's continued interest. It's politely insistent, yet it couldn't possibly arouse resentment, as it contains not the slightest hint of reproach over the first letter's not having been answered. And of course it passed the acid test—it got favorable action.

"Here is one more follow-up I want you to read. It was written by a man of wide and varied experience—a man with a splendid record. His application letter a long, interesting, workmanlike report dealing with the facts and details of his training and experience—impressed its readers very favorably and, as his references were splendid, he was called in for a hearing. He weathered the ordeal well, but when he left, the issue was still in doubt. He felt that he had lost out, and this is the effort to cinch the sale that a lesser man would have conceded lost:

"*Dear Mr. Rice:* I am somewhat hesitant about urging you to consider me further for the position now open at your Farm Implement Plant. I do so only with a sincere feeling of confidence in my unusual ability quickly and easily to adapt myself to the conditions surrounding the position.

"If, as you indicated in our conversation, no particular technical knowledge of ship or foundry practice is required, I am positive that I could successfully pass a preliminary test or examination on the required qualifications. I feel that I could do this without any preparation, and with an opportunity for a few weeks' study of the position at the factory, I feel that without question I could satisfy you as to my ability to handle it successfully.

If you decide that my qualifications do not fit me for this particular position, I trust that you will actively keep me in mind for any other vacancies that may occur. I am very deeply and sincerely interested in securing a connection with you. Yours very sincerely.

"Within a week or two after this letter was posted, the man was hired. The never-say-die spirit apparent in this letter, written when the candidate thought the cards were stacked against him, played its part in the happy outcome.

"What does a man gain by refusing to give up at the first rebuff -by sinking his teeth and hanging on? First of all, he sets himself apart from the mob and gives himself identity—makes of himself branded goods. And secondly, he shows himself possessed of initiative and perseverance—two qualities highly valued everywhere and by everyone. If you don't believe it, just think of the way executives and employers ate up Elbert Hubbard's Message to Garcia. It's been my experience that intelligent, persistent effort gets one somewhere almost every time."

—LOUIS W. MCKELVEY.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

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your teeth will shine - your gums will be firm

FOR the health of your gums—and the beauty of your teeth—will you make this simple experiment?

Stop at the next drug store you pass and get a full-size tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Tonight brush your teeth and gums with it. Then spread some Ipana on your fingertips and rub your gums a moment or two.

Tomorrow, start the day with another brushing and massage with Ipana. Note how clean, how fresh and invigorated your whole mouth feels.

Now keep it up, twice a day, for at least 30 days. Result: cleaner, whiter, brighter teeth . . . firmer, harder, healthier gums . . . and before a month is out!

The greatest enemy of our gums, any dentist will tell you, is our modern diet of soft and savory foods. For this fare gives gums no work, no stimulation. The blood does not circulate freely within their walls. The tissues become soft, tender, anemic. "Pink tooth brush" often warns of worse troubles on the way.

Naturally, you can't change your diet. But with Ipana and massage you *can* counteract the damage soft foods do your gums.

For Ipana is specifically compounded to tone and invigorate the gums while it cleans the teeth. Its special virtue in massage is its content of ziratol — a stimulating hemostatic widely used by dental specialists. And it is this ziratol content, plus Ipana's splendid cleaning power, that has won for Ipana the hearty support of dentists the country over.

The coupon offers you a 10-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent. But the full-tube trial makes a fairer test. So get a regular tube—enough for 100 brushings—from the nearest druggist. A full month's use of Ipana will prove not only its cleaning power and delicious taste, but its benefits to your gums as well.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P 29
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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Laundry-washed clothes LAST LONGER

"I ALWAYS thought of the laundry as a steamy, disordered, magnified picture of my own basement on washday," Alice Gartley declared. "But here everything is clean and fresh as a hospital!"

"Yes," agreed Ted Hall, the superintendent, "and we are equally careful in safeguarding the health of your family. In this purifying bath you notice we add a mild clarifying agent—a final safeguard to insure absolute sanitation. No home laundry could possibly be more sanitary. As for laundry sent away to questionable quarters, there simply is no comparison!"

In *your* city, modern laundries offer services to meet each need—they *all* save you money! Laundry-washed clothes are cleaner and they last longer.

A *Service for Every Family Budget.*

WHETHER you supervise the laundress at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry in a variety of services to meet every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and a plan which returns clothes damp for ironing are a few of many individualized services available at laundries today.

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

Go with Alice into Launderland

This delightful journey booklet may be had from any modern laundry displaying an ink marks this picture of Alice in Launderland. A telephone call will bring you one.

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SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

...*why* Shouldn't I?

"I can save at least five dollars every month on what I used to spend for milk and cream and butter and eggs.★ My family doesn't have less to eat. They admit they are better fed. And I know they are getting the best food they've ever had. Why shouldn't I be enthusiastic about Pet Milk?"

THOUSANDS of women are having this pleasing experience. They use Pet Milk in place of whipping cream in desserts and save two-thirds of the cost of cream. In their creamed vegetables and cream soups they get the finest of rich flavor that requires a lot of butter where ordinary milk is used. In breaded cutlets Pet Milk takes the place of eggs. In cream pies fewer eggs are used.

The extra richness and distinctive flavor of Pet Milk produce extraordinary qualities in taste and texture and substance in all cooked dishes. Rich enough to use in place of cream, Pet Milk makes better food than cream can make. Diluted to suit any milk use, it gives unusual richness in flavor and texture because the cream is always in the milk. It never separates. Pet Milk is never skimmed milk no matter how you dilute it. Yet it costs no more than ordinary milk.

The quotation on this page is a report of actual experience. We will send you, without charge, the menus and recipes by which the saving was accomplished. Send your name and address.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
1421 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Music *that charmed the kings of France in the days of old Versailles*

The world's great artists are Victor artists—**ELMAN STRING QUARTET, FLONZALEY QUARTET, BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET, PHILADELPHIA CHAMBER STRING SIMFONIETTA . . . . . .**

PORCELAIN ladies in patterned silks. Powdered perukes and periwigs. Across the gleaming floor, the court musicians are playing. A harp, a 'cello, a flute, a violin. The Haydn D Major Quartet. Charming . . . intimate . . . exquisite.

Great composers of all time have lavished their genius on chamber-music. This lovely old art-form has lost none of its peculiar charm. You can hear chamber-music played by the foremost artists *in your own home,* through the Orthophonic Victrola. Precisely as you would have heard it in the days of the Bourbon kings.

The new Victrolas are beautiful—in appearance and in performance. The home that does not have one of these great instruments is missing much, without question. Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, New Jersey.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola

Model Ten-thirty-five. The Automatic Orthophonic Victrola which changes its own records. $365, list.